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A

WEEK

AT

KILLARNEY.

BY

MR. & MRS. S. C. HALL.

LONDON:
JEREMIAH HOW.
1843.

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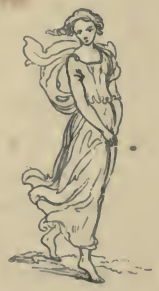
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publisher having resolved to convert a portion of our Work on "IRELAND" into a "Companion to Killarney," we have revisited the Lakes, in order to gather, and communicate, information concerning all matters with which it is necessary to make the TOURIST acquainted. We have, therefore, studied to obtain such knowledge as may enable us to facilitate his progress, and enhance his enjoyment, while visiting a district, assuredly more attractive — because more abundant in natural beauties — than any other portion of the British Islands. Bearing in mind that much of his pleasure will depend upon the manner in which he manages his time, and pre-arranges his plans, we have not considered any circumstance too trivial for comment, where we believed that minute explanation might advance the purpose of the Tourist, who — seeing all of the sublime and beautiful that may be seen — aims at obtaining information while receiving enjoyment.*

* Although we have endeavoured by every means within our reach to secure accuracy in those portions of our Book where accuracy is most essential, we cannot doubt that some errors will have occurred in the course of these pages, — and will thankfully acknowledge our obligations to any Tourist, or resident in the vicinity described, who will point out such errors for correction hereafter.

Although conscious that we have failed in giving the reader more than a limited idea of the grandeur and loveliness of the KILLARNEY LAKES, we trust we have succeeded in detailing their advantages, so far as to induce many persons to visit them who have been, hitherto, accustomed to make annual tours to the Continent. Those who require relaxation from labour, or may be advised to seek health under the influence of a mild climate, or search for sources of novel and rational amusement, or draw from change of scene a stimulus to wholesome excitement, or covet acquaintance with the charms of Nature, or wish to study a people full of original character,— cannot, we feel assured, project an excursion to any part of Europe that will afford so ample a recompense.

While the Lakes of Killarney hold out strong temptations to the Tourist, inducements to the journey are enhanced by the ease and comfort with which it may be made. It is not too much to say that the World cannot elsewhere supply so rich a fund of enjoyment at so small a cost.



ORK AND ITS HARBOUR.

Steam-Boats have done more than either Time or Legislation to unite England and Ireland: they facilitate intercourse almost as much as a bridge across St. George's Channel; and render the voyage, in summer time, little else than a pleasure excursion. Formerly, it was a serious business,—of so uncertain a duration, that not unfrequently weeks were spent between the opposite Ports. The "sailing packet" was a small schooner; the cabin, usually measuring 20 feet by 12, was lined with "berths," a few of which were "curtained off," and apportioned to ladies. A miserable paucity of accommodation, and utter indifference to the comforts of passengers, made the voyage an intolerable evil, to be endured only in cases of absolute necessity. Ireland was, therefore, rarely visited. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that little or no acquaintance existed between the two countries,—that England and Ireland were, indeed, almost as much strangers to each other, as if the channel that divided them had been as broad as the Atlantic. The introduction of steam has made them, as it were, one island; the voyage, now, either from Liverpool to Dublin or Belfast, or from Bristol to Waterford or Cork, is less fatiguing than a journey to Edinburgh.

Thus, a visit to Ireland, instead of entailing a weary, dangerous, prolonged, and expensive voyage, is in reality a pleasure-trip — promising advantages and enjoyments at once valuable and delightful. The results of increased facilities for intercourse have been, that prejudices and popular errors are passing away from both countries; that a more just and rational estimate has been formed by the one of the other; that the vast natural resources of Ireland have been increased and developed; and that the moral and social condition of the people has been essentially improved. The upper orders of both countries have more thoroughly amalgamated; while the humbler classes have still more largely benefited by the change.

Hitherto, however, although steam has so largely aided in inducing visits from Ireland to England, visitors to Ireland from England have not, in the same ratio, increased. Happily, many of the causes that produced this evil exist no longer, others are rapidly disappearing; and ere long the current of travel must set more strongly in this direction. The English will be induced to see and judge for themselves, and no longer incur the reproach of being better acquainted with the Continent than with a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, and which holds out to them every temptation the traveller can need — a people rich in original character, scenery abundant in the wild and beautiful, a cordial and hearty welcome for the "stranger," and a degree of safety and security in his journeyings such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe.* Ireland will, unquestionably, supply every means of enjoyment that may be obtained in any of

* To the "safety" and "security" of travelling in Ireland it may seem superfluous to refer; but there are many who, in utter ignorance of the country and its people, have formed unaccountably erroneous opinions on the subject. It may, therefore, be well to lay peculiar stress upon the testimony supplied by every writer concerning the country, and the report of every tourist by whom it has been visited. For ourselves, we have never hesitated to make journeys at all hours of the day or night, through any part of the country, upon ordinary jaunting-cars, under the full conviction that we were as safe as we should have been between Kensington and Hyde Park. It is not enough to say that we never encountered insult or injury: we never met with the smallest interruption, incivility, or even discourtesy, that could induce a suspicion that wrong or rudeness was intended. During our various wanderings we have been located at all sorts of "Houses of Entertainment," from the stately hotel of the city, to the poor "cabaret" of a mountain village; we never lost the value of a shilling by misconduct on the part of those to whom our property was intrusted. We should, indeed, ill discharge our duty, if we did not testify, as strongly as language enables us to do, to the generosity and honesty of the Irish character. It may be judicious to remark, that at no period has the security of travelling in Ireland been more certain than it is at this moment. During the present month — in June 1843 — we travelled upon an outside car from Macroom to Cork, a distance of twenty-four miles, between the hours of eight and twelve, at night. The mention of this fact will cause a smile in those who know the country; but there are many in England to whom it may be a necessary hint — who are postponing a desired excursion under the utterly groundless dread that it is dangerous to make it. We repeat, therefore, that a safer country for a stranger to travel in is not in the world.

the Continental kingdoms, and without calling for the sacrifices of money and comfort that will be inevitably exacted by the leeches of Germany, France, and Italy. Irish civility and hospitality to strangers have been proverbial for ages — existing even to a fault. Strangers will find, wherever they go, a ready zeal and anxiety, among all classes, to produce a favourable impression on behalf of the country; and in lieu of roguish couriers, insolent douaniers, dirty inns, and people courteous only that they may rob with greater certainty and impunity, they will encounter a people naturally kind and intelligent, in whom it is impossible not to feel interested; and even where discomfort is to be endured, it will be deprived of its character of annoyance by the certainty that every effort has been, or will be, exerted to remove it. We shall rejoice if our statements be the means of inducing English travellers to direct their course westward — knowing well that, for every new VISITOR, Ireland will obtain a new FRIEND.

KILLARNEY is "famous all the world over." It is, *par excellence*, THE Beauty of the British Isles; yet, although actually situate within a day and a half of London, how comparatively few are familiar with its attractions! — how infinitely greater is the number of those who may speak from personal knowledge of Como and the Jura, than of those who can hold discourse of Inisfallen and Glena!

To render these attractions better known and more generally appreciated, is the pleasant task we have assigned ourselves.

The more usual route to Killarney is by the steam-boat from Bristol to Cork; the "iron highway" from London to Bristol is passed in little more than four hours; the voyage across occupies about twenty-four hours; and the journey to Killarney is easily made in eight; so that within thirty-six hours a denizen of the British metropolis may have exchanged the close atmosphere of a great city for the pure air of lake and mountain, and "the endless pile of brick" for scenery unsurpassed in natural loveliness.

The distant appearance of Cork harbour, from the seaward approach, is gloomy, rocky, and inhospitable; but as its entrance between two bold headlands — scarcely half a mile apart, and crowned by fortifications — opens upon the view, its character undergoes a complete change. The town of Cove, with the island of Spike (forming a sort of natural breakwater), and several smaller islands, give variety and interest to a noble expanse of sea that spreads out, like a luxuriant lake, to welcome and rejoice the visitor; its sparkling billows heaving and tumbling in sportive mimicry of the wild and wide ocean without. The harbour is one of the most secure, capacious, and beautiful of the kingdom, and is said to be large enough to contain the whole navy of Great Britain. Cove is seen fronting the mouth of the harbour almost immediately after it is entered. It is built on the side of a steep hill, and rises from the water's edge, terrace above terrace; the more elevated parts commanding a magnificent bird's-eye view of the

extensive anchorage. The town has therefore natural advantages of a rare order. On all sides the shore is covered with villas — the trees, usually stunted on the coast, grow here gracefully and majestically: the islands, and fortified headlands, are so many imposing objects within view; and the gay yachts, which a tourist described a century ago as "little vessels, that for painting and gilding exceed those of the king at Greenwich," give animation and variety to the exciting scene.

The harbour is diversified by other islands beside that of Spike; one of the most conspicuous, Haulbowlin, — the depôt for naval stores, — is here represented, with fishing-boats waiting for the tide to proceed to sea.

Attention will be directed to "Rocky Island" — the government depôt for gunpowder: the store rooms are excavated in the solid rock, and communicate with each other by apertures in the sides. It is pictured on the opposite page.

Leaving these islands to the left, the voyager passes up the beautiful river; rounding a wooded promontory, the village and castle of Monkstown come in sight. The castle was built in the year 1636, and, according to popular tradition, at the cost of a groat. To explain the enigma, the following story is told: — Anastatia Goold, who had become the wife of John Archdeken, determined while her husband was abroad, serving in the army of Philip of Spain, to give him evidence of her thrift on his return, by surprising him with a

Passage.

...ed by Alfred Adlard

noble residence which he might call his own. Her plan was, to supply the workmen with provisions and other articles they required, for which she charged the ordinary price; but as she had made her purchases wholesale, upon balancing her accounts it appeared that the retail profit had paid all the expenses of the structure, except fourpence! The Archdekens were an Anglo-Irish family, who "degenerating" became "Hibernices quam Hiberniores" — more Irish than the Irish themselves,—and assumed the name of Mac Odo, or Cody. They "forfeited" in 1688, having followed the fortunes of James II.

About a mile nearer the city is the village of Passage, where all large vessels discharge their cargoes, and where an excellent quay has been built to facilitate the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers. The tourist again rounding a point, reaches Black Rock Castle, — famous in history as the spot from which William Penn "went on shipboard," to visit the New World; the honour, however, is disputed by the old Mansion of Dundanion, now a ruin, in the adjacent grounds of Sir Thomas Deane.

The "long wall," as they term a most unsightly heap of stones, that stretch above a mile into the river, is on the left, as we near the city; and on the right is the beautiful road to Glanmire. A line of pretty and picturesque villas extend along the river's banks. At the termination of this line is the quay, where passengers land, and on which the St. George's Steam Company have their office. As a handsome structure, and one of considerable interest to all voyagers to and from "the beautiful city," we have thought it right to copy it into our pages.

The whole distance to this quay from the harbour's mouth, about twelve miles, is one continued scene of varied interest. To do full justice to the exceeding beauty of the river Lee is impossible. On either side, immediately after passing the harbour's mouth, numberless attractive objects in succession greet the eye; and the wild and the cultivated are so happily mingled, that

it would seem as if the hand of taste had been everywhere employed, skilfully, to direct and improve nature. Moore during one of his visits called it "the noble sea avenue to Cork;" and an Eastern traveller, with whom we journeyed, observed that "a few minarets placed in its hanging gardens would realise the Bosphorus." As we proceed along, the land seems always around us; the river, in its perpetual changes, appears a series of lakes, from which there is no passage except over one of the encompassing hills. These hills are clad, from the summit to the water's edge, with every variety of foliage; graceful villas and ornamented cottages are scattered among them in profusion, and here and there some ancient ruin recalls a story of the past. A sail from Cork to Cove is one of the rarest and richest treats the island can supply, and might justify a description that would seem akin to hyperbole. Its noble harbour, indeed, originated the motto — "Statio bene fida carinis" — so aptly and deservedly applied to it. The city arms, here represented, there can be no doubt, were suggested by the arms of Bristol; similar privileges to those enjoyed by that city having been granted to Cork by charter.

The moment the voyager lands, he is impressed with a conviction that the natu-

ral advantages of Cork have been turned to good account. There is bustle on the quays; carriages and carts of all classes are waiting to convey passengers or merchandise to their destination; and an air of prosperity cheers him as he disembarks.

It does not fall within our province to supply the reader with extensive details concerning the city of Cork — the second city of Ireland. According to our present plan, it is of importance chiefly as furnishing to the tourist the means that enable him to reach Killarney.* He will not, however, pass through it, unless speed be very necessary, without pausing to examine its objects of interest, and they are numerous and striking; nor will he pursue his route without taking a day, at least, to drive about the beautiful scenery by which it is on all sides surrounded. A few of our pages may, therefore, be advantageously filled with suggestions for turning this portion of the tour to profitable account.

The situation of Cork is low, having been originally built on marshy islands; whence its name — "Corcagh," signifying, in Irish, land occasionally overflowed by the tide; but the northern and southern suburbs stand upon high ground. Scarcely a century has passed since the river ran through its principal streets, which are formed by arching over the stream. Spenser has happily described —

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood."

Cork has a cheerful and prosperous aspect; the leading streets are wide; and though the houses may be described as built with studied irregularity, their character is by no means ungraceful or unpleasing. The quays at either side of the Lee — here of course a river muddied from traffic — are constructed of limestone, and may be said to merit the term so frequently applied to them, "grand and elegant."

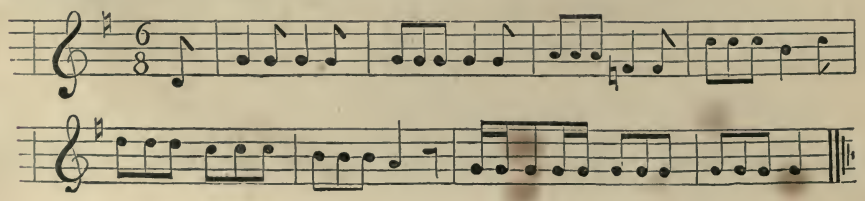
Antiquities are rare; the cathedral, dedicated to St. Finn Bar, is built on the site of the early church, a few of the remains of which have been introduced into the modern structure. The tower of the steeple is comparatively ancient. The pointed doorway, recessed and richly moulded, is shown in the annexed cut. A round tower formerly stood

* We refer the reader who desires more extensive information than it is our purpose to supply, to an excellent and highly satisfactory work, "Historical and Descriptive Notices of Cork and Killarney, by J. Windele, Esq."

in the churchyard; but having been considerably injured by the fire from the fort on Barrack Hill when the great Marlborough stormed Cork, this venerable remain was taken down, and no trace of it at present exists. Institutions, charitable, scientific, and literary, abound in Cork; it has been celebrated more than any other city of Ireland for the production and fosterage of genius, and is the birthplace of many persons who have attained eminence in literature, science, and the arts.

The jails of Cork — the "city" and "county" — are models of good management, cleanliness, and order; and the Lunatic Asylum is among the best conducted institutions of the kingdom. The prosperity of Cork is maintained exclusively by its export trade; — this principally consists of live stock, salted provisions, corn, whiskey, tanned leather, and butter. The population of the city, by the census of 1831, was 107,016; of the county — the largest and most populous of Ireland — 703,716.

The national customs that prevail among the people of Cork are common to other parts of Ireland, with one exception; and although it is partially found elsewhere — in the Isle of Man for instance — it is certainly confined to the southern districts of Ireland. For some weeks preceding Christmas, crowds of village boys may be seen peering into the hedges, in search of the "tiny wren;" and when one is discovered, the whole assemble and give eager chase to, until they have slain, the little bird. In the hunt, the utmost excitement prevails; shouting screeching, and rushing; all sorts of missiles are flung at the puny mark; and, not unfrequently, they light upon the head of some less innocent being. From bush to bush, from hedge to hedge, is the wren pursued until bagged with as much pride and pleasure as the cock of the woods by the more ambitious sportsman. The stranger is utterly at a loss to conceive the cause of this "hubbub," or the motive for so much energy in pursuit of "such small gear." On the anniversary of St. Stephen (the 26th of December) the enigma is explained. Attached to a huge holly-bush, elevated on a pole, the bodies of several little wrens are borne about. This bush is an object of admiration in proportion to the number of dependent birds, and is carried through the streets in procession, by a troop of boys, among whom may be usually found "children of a larger growth," shouting and roaring and singing "the wren boys' song" — to the air which a professional friend, Mr. Alexander D. Roche, has "penned" down for us: —



The following specimen will satisfy our readers as to the merit of the composition: —

"The wran, the wran, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was cot in the furze,
Although he is little his family's grate,
Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a trate.
Sing holly, sing ivy — sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy.
And iv you dhraw it ov the best,
I hope in heaven yer sowl will rest;
But iv you dhraw it ov the small,
It won't agree wid de wran boys at all."

Of course contributions are levied in many quarters, and the evening is, or rather was — before Temperance regenerated Ireland — occupied in drinking out

the sum total of the days' collection. The accompanying sketch, from the pencil of Maclise, will describe, better than language can do, the singular ceremony, and the fantastic group by whom it is conducted. This is, we believe, the only Christmas gambol remaining in Ireland of the many that, in the middle ages, were so numerous and so dangerous as to call for the interposition of the law, and the strong arm of magisterial authority. As to the origin of the whimsical but absurd and cruel custom, we have no data. A legend, however, is still current among the peasantry which may serve in some degree to elucidate it. In a grand assembly of all the birds of the air, it was determined that the sovereignty of the feathered tribe should be conferred upon the one who would fly highest. The eagle, in full confidence of victory, commenced his flight towards the sun; when he had vastly distanced all competitors, he proclaimed with a mighty voice his sovereignty over all things that had wings. Suddenly the wren, who had secreted himself under the feathers of the eagle's crest, popped from his hiding-place, flew a few inches upwards, and chirped out as loudly as he could, "Birds, look up and behold your king."

Promenades in the immediate neighbourhood of Cork are few; the oldest is the Mardyke, a walk between rows of aged but ungracefully lopped trees. Once it was lonely and retired, but the spirit of building has surrounded it with houses, and its solitary character—its only recommendation—is for ever gone. The new

cemetery, however, demands some notice. It was formerly a botanic garden attached to the Cork Institution; but in 1826 was sold to the very Rev. Theobald

Mathew, who converted it to its present use. It is, therefore, perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom, being full of the rarest trees, from all parts of the world; its walls are covered with climbing roses and other shrubs; and, from the nature of its soil and aspect, every thing is growing in luxuriant profusion. The hand of science has laid out its gravelled paths, and the art of the sculptor has been employed to ornament it—occasionally with remarkably good taste and effect, but not unfrequently so as greatly to mar its beauty.

The whole of the immediate outlets of Cork possess considerable interest, and their natural beauties are, perhaps, not exceeded by those of any city of the kingdom. The most "famous," and certainly the most interesting of the neighbouring localities, is Blarney,—a village about four miles north-west of Cork. Few places in Ireland are more familiar to English ears. This notoriety is attributable, first, to the marvellous qualities of its famous "stone," and next, to the extensive popularity of the song, —

"The groves of Blarney, they are so charming."

When or how the stone obtained its singular reputation, it is difficult to determine; the exact position among the ruins of the castle is also a matter of doubt. The peasant-guides humour the visitor according to his capacity for climbing, and direct, either to the summit or the base, the attention of him who desires to "greet it with a holy kiss." He who has been dipped in the Shannon is presumed to have obtained, in abundance, the gift of that "civil courage" which makes an Irishman at ease and unconstrained in all places and under all circumstances; and he who has kissed the Blarney stone is assumed to be endowed with a fluent and persuasive tongue, although it may be associated with insincerity;

the term "Blarney" being generally used to characterise words that are meant neither to be "honest or true."

It is impossible to contemplate the romantic ruins of Blarney Castle without a feeling more akin to melancholy than to pleasure; they bear, so perfectly, the aspect of strength utterly subdued, and remind one, so forcibly, that the "glory" of Ireland belongs to days departed.

The strong-hold of Blarney was erected about the middle of the fifteenth century by Cormac Mac Carthy, surnamed "Laider," or the Strong; whose ancestors had been chieftains in Munster from a period long antecedent to the English invasion, and whose descendants, as lords of Muskerry and Clancarty, retained no inconsiderable portion of their power and estates until the year 1689, when their immense possessions were confiscated. The scenery that adjoins the castle is exceedingly beautiful. We visited "The sweet Rock-close"—it well deserves the epithet—during a sunny day in June; and never can we forget the fragrant shade afforded by the luxuriant evergreens that seem rooted in the limestone rock. The little river Comane is guarded by a natural terrace, fringed by noble trees; several of the spaces between are grottos — natural also; some with seats, where many a love tale has been told, and will be, doubtless, as long as Cork lads and lasses indulge in pic-nic fêtes, while the blackbird whistles, and the wood-pigeon coos in the twisted foliage above their heads: it is indeed a spot of exceeding wildness and singular beauty; at some particular points you catch a glimpse of the castle, the river, and the mysterious entrance to the "Witches' Stairs." We wandered from the shades of the Rock-close across the green pastures that lead to the lake — a fine expanse of water about a quarter of a mile from the castle. The scenery here is rather English than Irish, but every step is hallowed by a legend: it is implicitly believed that the last Earl of Clancarty who inhabited the castle committed the keeping of his plate to the deepest waters, and that it will never be recovered until a Mac Carthy be again lord of Blarney. Enchanted cows on midsummer nights dispute the pasture with those of the present possessor, and many an earthly bull has been worsted in the contest. As to fairies — their rings are upon the grass from early summer to the last week in harvest.

We have devoted as much space as we can well spare to the City of Cork and its vicinity. The subject, however, might supply material for a full volume instead of a few pages. Thus much, at least, appeared necessary in order to suggest hints of the enjoyment the Tourist may derive from a visit to "THE BEAUTIFUL CITY;" which we must now entreat him to leave in order to commence THE JOURNEY TO KILLARNEY.

BUSINESS NOTES.

THE journey by the Great Western Railway occupies somewhat less than four hours and a half, between the London station at Paddington to the station at Bristol. The fares are, by the first-class carriages, 30*s.*; second class, 20*s.* Steam-boats from Bristol to Cork leave the Cumberland Basin every Tuesday and Saturday. The hours of starting are regulated by the tides; but monthly lists are printed, and may be referred to at any of the Railway offices. When the packet sails in the morning, the Tourist may proceed over-night to one of the hotels adjacent to the Cumberland Basin; — the York Hotel, Dowry Square, and the Cumberland Hotel, are both reasonable and comfortable. As a "family hotel," Leigh's Royal Western Hotel, College Place, may be strongly recommended. It is situated between Bristol and the Hotwells, on the road to the Packet Station. But arrangements may, generally, be made so as to avoid the necessity of any delay in Bristol; proceeding at once from the steam-carriage to the steam-boat.

The Cork and Bristol steam-boats, although fitted up with due regard to comfort, are by no means so admirably arranged as the Government packets, which voyage from Liverpool to Dublin. They depend for profit upon cargoes of merchandise; and, cattle being the principal export trade, it will be infinitely more pleasant to an English traveller to take this route going than returning. Once, we had no fewer than 930 pigs as *compagnons de voyage*. The fare is high, 2*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, including the steward; and the "entertainment" is, at best, only tolerable. The average voyage is twenty-six hours; it is sometimes performed in twenty-four, and not unfrequently occupies twenty-eight. Arrangements are, however, we understand, in progress for placing first-class vessels on the line, so as to bring London within twenty-four hours of Cork. The distance between the two ports, "from quay to quay," is 250 miles. The steam-boat cannot pass to the quay at Cork at all times of tide; passengers are sometimes necessarily landed at Passage, seven miles from the city: cars are here in sufficient abundance to convey them to the hotels. The charge for conveyance is, for a car, 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 6*d.* for each passenger. Neither can the boats pass up the Avon at ebb tides; they are often compelled to lie for several hours off Kingsroad.

There are several good hotels in Cork. That with which we are best acquainted, and believe to be the most excellent, is the "Imperial," situate on the South Mall; "Lloyd's," in George's Street, also bears a high character. The charges are very reasonable at both; and in reference to the "Imperial," at least, we can aver that great attention is paid to the guests. The landlord and landlady themselves superintend their establishment, — a matter by no means usual at hotels in Ireland. The hotel is very large; the sitting rooms are of considerable size, and the bed rooms airy and convenient. The hotel "makes up" about 100 beds. In no part of England is there an establishment better managed, or one that more effectually combines economy with comfort. The mails and nearly all the coaches start from the yard of this hotel.

Having arrived in Cork, the Tourist will be called upon to determine the mode by which he will proceed to Killarney. Let us offer him a choice of ROUTES; and, that he may be enabled to make a selection, it is necessary to explain the several advantages proffered by each.

1st Route. The shortest, simplest, most direct, and least interesting, is that by Macroom, through Ballyvourney and Glenflesk. It is usually posted (in post-chaises or one-horse cars) in three stages: thus, horses must be ordered the day before to be ready at Macroom; these convey the carriage to Glenflesk, where it is met by horses, previously ordered, from Killarney. The distance by this route is 57 miles. Distances—

To Macroom	24 miles.	57 miles.
Glenflesk	23 —	
Killarney	10 —	

Not unfrequently, however, the horses hired at Macroom proceed the whole way to Killarney — a very long stage. The wisest plan will be to order relays either from Mr. Roche of the Herbert Arms, Mucross, or Mr. Finn of the Kenmare Arms, Killarney, to be in waiting at Glenflesk. Or by avoiding Glenflesk, and taking the road through Millstreet, horses may be generally obtained there.

The mail, which leaves Cork at half-past 8 every morning for Killarney, quits this route at Macroom, and proceeds to the small and poor town of Millstreet, a road still more unpicturesque than that by Ballyvourney; adding to the distance about five miles. The mail travels this distance, 62 miles, in six hours and a half, arriving at Killarney at 3 o'clock. The fare is 15*s.* inside, 10*s.* outside. It starts from the "Imperial Hotel." Distances —

To Macroom	24 miles.	62 miles.
Millstreet	16 —	
Killarney	22 —	

2d Route. By far the best and most interesting of the several routes to Killarney is that which leads to Glengariff or Bantry, and thence to Kenmare, through Macroom and Inchageela, and which must be travelled in private or hired cars or carriages, for no public conveyances take this road. Relays must be either sent on from Macroom to a "baiting house" at Gougane Barra, or ordered to be in waiting there from Bantry or Glengariff. The distances by this route are —

To Macroom	24 miles.	108 miles.
Gougane Barra	21 —	
Glengariff	21 —	
Kenmare	21 —	
Killarney	21 —	

This route supposes that the tourist will not visit Bantry. The distance from Gougane Barra to Bantry is 18 miles; and the distance from Bantry to Glengariff 10 miles. The road to both places is the same, until within two miles of Bantry, when it branches off to Bantry.

3d Route. The Coast Road. The Mail to Bantry.—The Bantry mail leaves an office adjacent to the "Imperial Hotel" every morning at 20 minutes past 8; arriving at Bantry at 5. Fares, 10*s.* in, 7*s.* 6*d.* out. Distances —

To Inishannon	15½ miles.	72 miles.
Bandon	4½ —	
Clonakilty	12¾ —	
Rosscarbery	8¼ —	
Skibbereen	12½ —	
Bantry	18½ —	

A coach leaves Cork for Bantry through Bandon and Dunmanway — a shorter but much less picturesque route — every day at 12 o'clock. Fares, 10*s.* in, 7*s.* 6*d.* out. Distances —

To Bandon	20 miles.	60 miles.
Dunmanway	18 —	
Bantry	22 —	

From Bantry, a public car proceeds every morning at 8 o'clock for Killarney, through Glengariff and Kenmare. Fare 7*s.* It stops one hour at Glengariff. As we shall explain hereafter, however, the best way to proceed is to take boat at Bantry, and cross the bay — seven miles — to Glengariff, where the journey may be continued either by the public car, or by private car or carriage with post horses. The roads from Cork to Bantry are remarkably good — a new line has been recently made through Dunmanway. On this road, however, post horses cannot be obtained between Bandon and Bantry. They must be either sent on from Bandon, or ordered from Bantry to Dunmanway.

These several routes are from Cork to Killarney. The routes from Limerick to Killarney (to be taken by all who visit the Lakes *via* Dublin) remain to be described. As we have already said, the pleasantest route will be to proceed to Killarney by way of Cork, and return by way of Dublin. We shall trace the route, however, from London to Dublin, and thence through Limerick to Killarney.

The journey by the Grand Junction Railway to Liverpool is made in ten hours. The mail packets leave Liverpool every evening at eight; fare 20*s.* There is no difficulty whatever in proceeding to Dublin without stopping in Liverpool — by taking the morning mail train. The morning mail train leaves the Euston Square station at a quarter before 10; fare 2*l.* 16*s.* There is no second class carriage by the mail train. The steam packets from Dublin make the voyage often in ten hours; an average voyage is twelve hours. They are admirably arranged for convenience and comfort. Passengers are landed at Kingstown — from which there is a railroad to Dublin, distant six miles; fare 8*d.* Arrived in Dublin there is an extensive choice of hotels — for all classes, and at all charges. We have found Morrison's Hotel in all respects excellent — between the very stately and very ordinary. Gresham's Hotel is in high repute; the Shelburne is perhaps the most fashionable. The mail to Limerick leaves the office of the Hibernian Hotel, Dawson Street, at half-past 9 at night; fares, 1*l.* 15*s.* inside, 1*l.* out; arriving at Limerick (a distance of 94 Irish miles) at half-past 9 next morning. A day coach leaves Dublin every morning at 8; fares, 30*s.* inside, 19*s.* out; arriving in Limerick at 10 at night. But there is another mode of reaching Limerick, which may be strongly recommended to those who can endure fatigue and are somewhat indifferent to comfort. The journey is made by canal in "a fly-boat." On this subject we shall communicate some information.

Arrived at Limerick, the Tourist will select one of three routes.

1st Route. By mail, daily; fares, 15*s.* inside, 10*s.* outside. Distances —

To Adare	8 miles.	67 miles.
Rathkeale	9½ —	
Newcastle	7½ —	
Abbeyfeale	13 —	
Castle-Island	14 —	
Killarney	15 —	

This mail travels from Limerick to Tralee; but a car between Killarney and Castle-Island conveys passengers to meet the coach; leaving Killarney at 9 o'clock each morning, and returning to Killarney at half-past 6.

2D ROUTE. The route by way of Tarbert through Tralee. The tourist proceeds by steamboat from Limerick to Tarbert (about 25 miles). The journey to Tarbert can be made by land, through Askeaton; but there is no inducement to this deviation from the ordinary route; while the voyage through the Shannon is a most rare treat. Arrived at Tarbert, the distances are—

To Listowel	12½ miles.	52½ miles.
Tralee	20 —	
Killarney	20 —	

Tourists who proceed by public conveyances must take the coach or car from Killarney to Tralee. Cars for Listowel and Tarbert leave Tralee every evening at 3 o'clock; fare 1*s.* 6*d.* But these machines are suited only to persons who are indifferent to comfort. Upon one of them we saw packed seventeen passengers, with every imaginable variety of luggage, from a bandbox to a reaping-hook. Indeed, those who desire to take this route for the sake of voyaging the magnificent and beautiful Shannon, should hire cars or carriages. The public cars from Tarbert to Tralee wait at Tarbert the arrival of the packet. A mail car starts from Tarbert at 6 every morning, arriving at Tralee at a quarter before 11; fare 3*s.*

3D ROUTE. Through Mallow and Millstreet. Distances—

To Bruff	15 miles.	84 miles.
Charleville	12 —	
Buttevant	9 —	
Mallow	6 —	
Millstreet	20 —	
Killarney	22 —	

This route is not travelled by any public carriage, but will certainly be preferred to that by Castle-Island by all who desire to examine scenery and antiquities of singular interest.

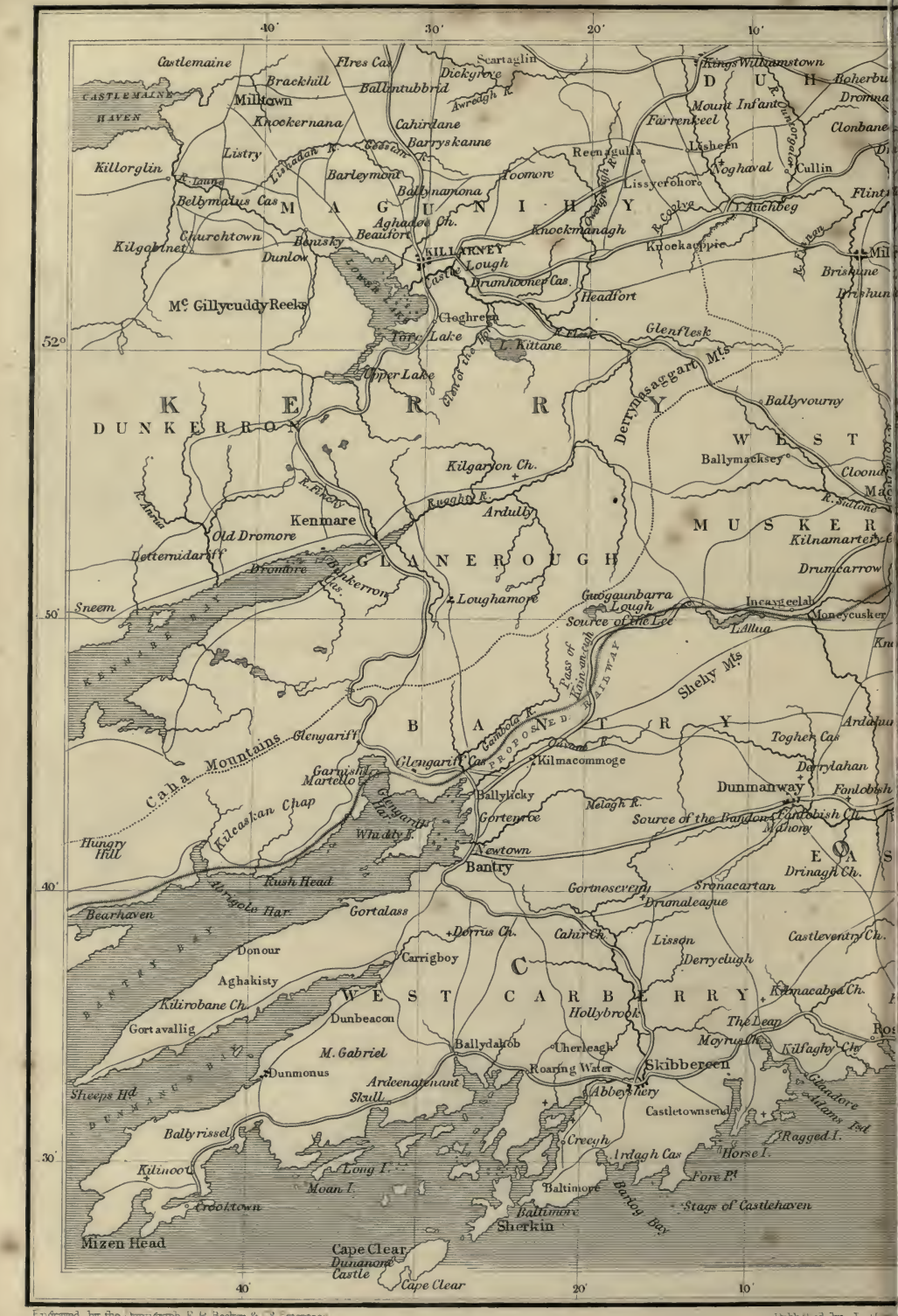
We have selected the route through Mallow, because, although somewhat longer than that through Kanturk, it is more interesting; and as Tourists must proceed in private carriages, a choice is easily determined. The direct route, however, is, after leaving Buttevant, to proceed—

To Kanturk	11 miles.	22 miles.
Millstreet	11 —	

And moreover, in proceeding through Mallow, it will not be necessary to enter Millstreet: it may be left four miles to the south, these four miles being saved.

Posting is 1*s.* a mile, by post-chaise; and by car, 6*d.* a mile for one person, 8*d.* for two persons, and 10*d.* for three persons. This rule is pretty nearly established throughout Ireland; but in some places 8*d.* will be the sum required in all cases, whether for one passenger or four. The post-boys expect 3*d.* a mile for post-chaises, and 1½*d.* a mile for cars.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the relative proportions of English and Irish miles are as 11 to 14, — 11 Irish miles being 14 English. Distances are calculated as English miles on all roads south of Cork and Limerick; and as Irish miles north of those cities.



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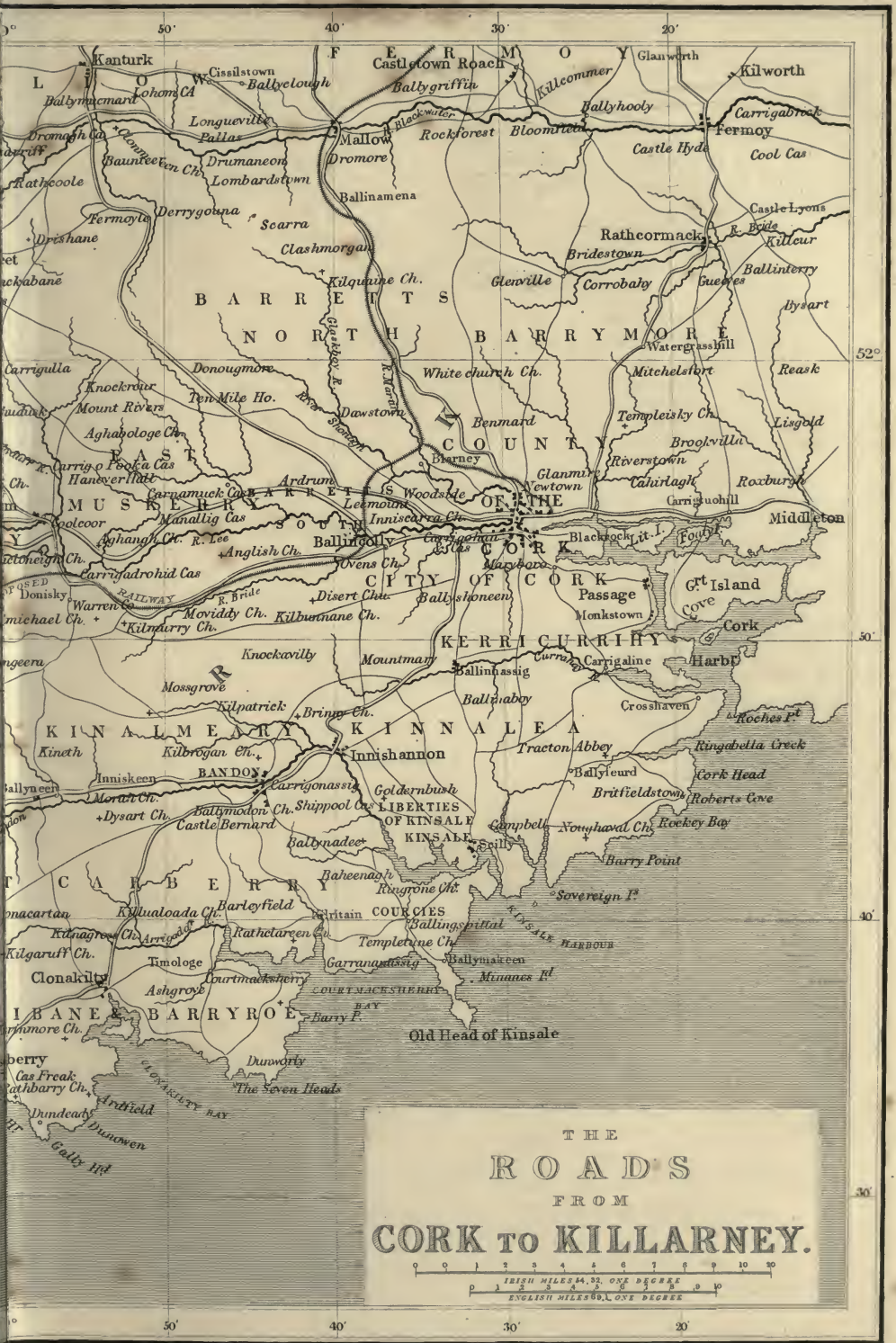

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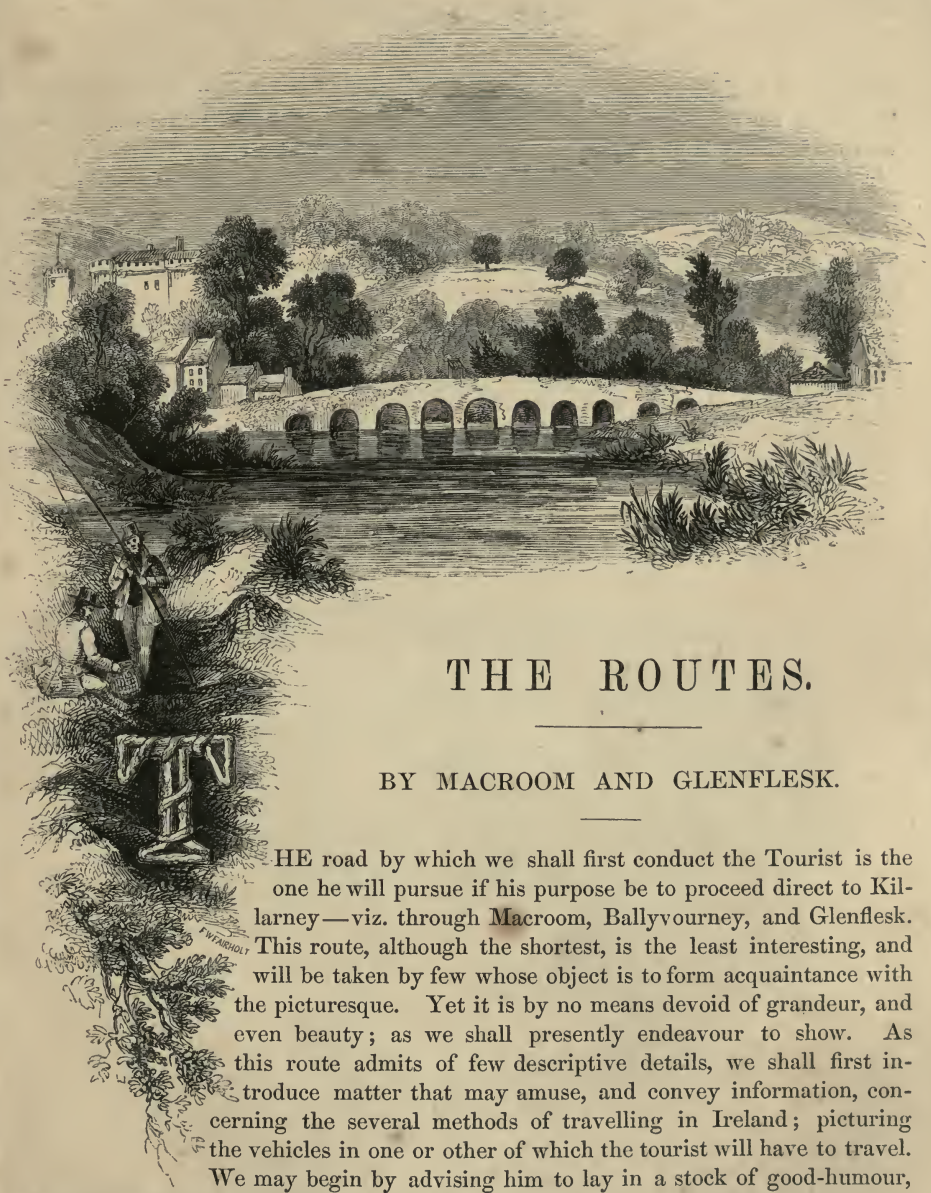


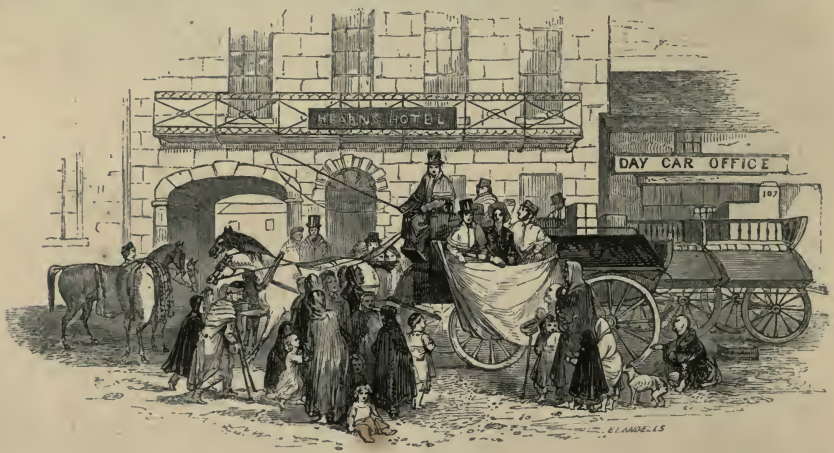
THE ROUTES.

BY MACROOM AND GLENFLESK.

THE road by which we shall first conduct the Tourist is the one he will pursue if his purpose be to proceed direct to Killarney—viz. through Macroom, Ballyvourney, and Glenflesk. This route, although the shortest, is the least interesting, and will be taken by few whose object is to form acquaintance with the picturesque. Yet it is by no means devoid of grandeur, and even beauty; as we shall presently endeavour to show. As this route admits of few descriptive details, we shall first introduce matter that may amuse, and convey information, concerning the several methods of travelling in Ireland; picturing the vehicles in one or other of which the tourist will have to travel. We may begin by advising him to lay in a stock of good-humour, for petty annoyances will frequently occur, and it is a coin that passes current everywhere, but is of especial value in Ireland; and to take, also, a plentiful supply of

water-proof clothing, for sunny June is no more to be trusted than showery April. Some one has said that the only day in which you can be certain to escape a wetting is the 30th of February — a day that never comes; and it is recorded of Mr. Fox, we believe, that whenever he received a visitor from Ireland, after his own brief tour in the country, his invariable question was "By the way, is that shower over yet?" This is, undoubtedly, a sad drawback upon pleasure; the humidity of the atmosphere is a continual affliction to those who are not used to it; and is insufficiently compensated for by the fact that the grass in Ireland is ever-green, and the clouds are at all times moving in forms, majestic or fantastic, of infinite variety. Yet the evil is one that can be guarded against; and, inasmuch as prevention is better than cure, heavy showers should always be encountered by anticipation.

Machines for travelling in Ireland are, some of them at least, peculiar to the country. The stage-coaches are precisely similar to those in England, and travel



at as rapid a rate. They, of course, run upon all the great roads, and are constructed with due regard to safety and convenience. The public cars of Mr. Bianconi have, however, to a large extent, displaced the regular coaches, and are to be encountered in every district of the south of Ireland. In form they resemble the common outside jaunting-car, but are calculated to hold twelve, fourteen, or sixteen persons; they are well horsed, have cautious and experienced drivers, are generally driven with three horses, and usually travel at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour; the fares for each person averaging about two-pence per mile. They are open cars; but a huge apron of leather affords considerable protection against rain; and they may be described as, in all respects, very comfortable and convenient vehicles.

It would be difficult for a stranger to conceive the immense influence which this establishment has had upon the character and condition of the country; its introduction, indeed, has been only second to that of steam in promoting the improvement of Ireland, by facilitating intercourse between remote districts, and enabling the farmer to transact his own business at a small expense and with little sacrifice of time.* Mr. Bianconi, a native of Milan, ran his first car—from Clonmel to Cahir—on the 5th of July, 1815. The experiment was at the commencement very discouraging: he was frequently for whole weeks without a passenger. But his energy and perseverance ultimately triumphed, and he has succeeded in obtaining a large fortune, while conferring incalculable benefit on the community; having preserved an irreproachable character, and gained the respect of all classes. Some idea of the extent of his establishment, the head-quarters of which are at Clonmel, may be gathered from the fact that his stud consists of 1300 horses—that his cars travel, daily, 3700 miles, and visit no fewer than 128 cities and towns.

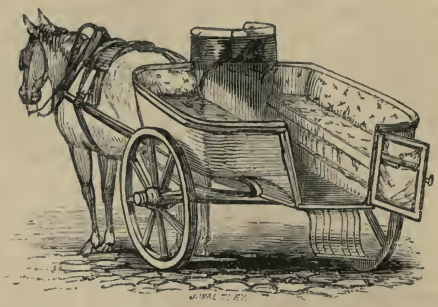
Post-chaises are now but seldom used; they are to be had in all the larger towns; but, although very different from what they were when the caricature pictured one thatched with straw, from the bottom of which the traveller's legs protruded, they are by no means vehicles that can be strongly recommended.

The cars are of three kinds; "the covered car," "the inside jaunting car," and "the outside jaunting car;" the latter being the one most generally in use, and the only one employed in posting. The two former, indeed, can seldom be procured except in large towns. The covered car is a comparatively recent introduction, its sole recommendation being that it is weather-proof, for it effectually prevents a view of the country except through the two little peep-hole windows in front, or by tying back the oil-skin curtains behind: yet our longer journeys in Ireland have been made in this machine; it preserved us from

* It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of opening roads through the less frequented districts of Ireland. The necessity which formerly existed for keeping a large armed force there has had, at least, this one good effect: "military roads" are to be found in all quarters. One of the wildest mountain-tracts of the county of Cork was, a few years ago, dangerous for travellers at all seasons, and a source of considerable annoyance to the government. The question was asked, "What was to be done?" A shrewd adviser answered, "Make a road through it." The advice was taken, and the Bograh mountains are now peaceable and prosperous.

many a wetting, and we endeavoured to remedy the evil of confinement by stopping at every promising spot, and either getting out or making the driver turn his vehicle round, so that, from the back, we might command the prospect we desired. This class of cars has of late multiplied greatly in all the large towns; they are, in Ireland, what the hackney-coaches and cabriolets are in England.

The inside jaunting-car is not often to be hired; it is usually private property, and is, perhaps, the most comfortable, as well as elegant, of the vehicles of the country.



The outside jaunting-car is that to which especial reference is made when speaking of the "Irish" car. It is exceedingly light, presses very little upon the horse, and is safe as well as convenient; so easy is it to get on and off, that both are frequently done while the machine is in motion. It is always driven with a single horse; the driver occupies a small seat in front, and the travellers sit back to back*, the space between them being occupied by "the well"—a sort of boot for luggage; but when there is only one passenger, the driver usually places himself on the opposite seat "to balance the car," the motion of which would be awkward if one side was much heavier than the other. The foot "board" is generally of iron, and is made to move on hinges, so that it may be turned up to protect the cushions during rain. This foot-board projects considerably beyond the wheels, and would seem to be dangerous; but in cases of collision with other vehicles, a matter of no very rare occurrence, the feet are raised, and injury is sustained only by the machine. The private cars of this description are, of course, neatly and carefully made, and have a character of much elegance; but those which are hired are, in general, badly built, dirty, and uncomfortable.

* This arrangement has been characterised as unsocial; but conversation is easily carried on by leaning across "the well." Its disadvantage is that the eye can take in but the half of a landscape; a caustic friend likened it to the Irish character, which limits the vision to a one-sided view of every thing.

The car, or rather cart, used by the peasantry, requires some notice. Flat boards are placed across it, and upon these straw is laid, and often a feather-bed. The one described in the engraving has the old-fashioned wheels cut out of a solid piece of wood. These vehicles are now, however, nearly obsolete; their unfitness having been understood, they have given way before modern improvements. In Ireland there are few turnpikes; the repairs of the roads usually falling upon the county, money for the purpose being annually voted by the grand juries. The roads are for the most part good; and of late years, a better system of surveying, so largely introduced into the country, has led to the formation of "new lines" to nearly every place of importance. The old plan, therefore, of carrying a road "as the bird flies," up and down the steepest hills, through morasses, and along the brinks of frightful precipices, has been entirely

abandoned; and, at present, the carriage will generally require springs no stronger than those which are used in England. The lover of the picturesque, indeed, will not unfrequently prefer the rugged pathway of former times, and think himself amply repaid for greater toil and fatigue by the prospect opened to him from the mountain tops, or the refreshment he derives from following the course of the river that rushes through the valley. He will, however, sometimes have to leave the car, and walk through a morass, over a broken bridge, or along a dangerous ravine, which time has deprived of the wall that once guarded it. Our friend Mr. Willes has supplied us with a sketch, that may convey some idea of the "perils that do environ" the traveller who seeks adventure along the neglected or deserted tracks.

Persons who have never travelled in Ireland can have but a very inadequate idea of the wit and humour of the Irish car-drivers. They are for the most part a thoughtless and reckless set of men, living upon chances, always "taking the world aisy"—that is to say, having no care for the morrow, and seldom being owners of a more extensive wardrobe than the nondescript mixture they carry about their persons. They are the opposites in all respects of the English postilions: the latter do their duty, but seldom familiarise their "fares" to the sound of their voices. In nine cases out of ten the traveller never exchanges a word with his post-boy; a touch of the hat acknowledges the gratuity when "the stage" is ended; and the driver having consigned his charge to his successor, departs, usually in ignorance whether his chaise has contained man, woman, or child. He neither knows, nor cares for, aught of their concerns, except that he is to advance so many miles upon such a road, according to the instructions of his employer. The Irish driver, on the contrary, will ascertain, during your progress, where you come from, where you are going, and, very often, what you are going about. He has a hundred ways of wiling himself into your confidence, and is sure to put in a word or two upon every available opportunity; yet in such a manner as to render it impossible for you to subject him to the charge of impertinence. Indeed it is a striking peculiarity of the lower classes of the Irish that they can be familiar without being presuming; tender advice without appearing intrusive; and even command your movements without seeming to interfere in the least with your own free-will. This quality the car-driver enjoys to perfection. Formerly, he rarely took his seat without being half-intoxicated; now-a-days an occurrence of the kind is next to impossible. It cannot be denied, however, that much of his natural drollery has vanished with the whiskey. The chances now are that the Irish driver will be as commonplace a personage as the English postilion, conveying you safely to your journey's end without causing alarm or exciting laughter. Still you may be lucky in meeting a pleasant fellow, who combines the humour of the old school with the prudence of the new; who can

be sober without being stupid; can entertain you with amusing anecdotes along a dull road; describe interesting objects upon a road that supplies them, and communicate information upon all points of importance, without endangering the bones of the passenger. Just such a pleasant acquaintance may be made at Killarney in the person of Jerry O'Sullivan, driver-in-chief of the Herbert Arms at Mucross, of whom we shall have some stories to tell.

The road usually taken to Macroom is that which lies on the north bank of the Lee; it is preferred not only because it is kept in better repair, and is somewhat shorter, but because the views are considered finer, and it skirts the river all the way. Proceeding by Ballyvourney, we shall take this route; and pursue the southern road when we conduct the tourist by way of Gougane Barra.

The river Lee, the Luvius of Ptolemy, from the mouth to its source in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra — a distance of fifty-five miles from the city of Cork — is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. It is less rapid than most of the Irish rivers, and its banks are frequently wooded. The Lee is interesting, however, not alone from its natural advantages: it has associations with the history of the past — numerous castles, now in ruins, look down upon it, and many monasteries and abbeys skirt its sides.

Various objects of interest will be pointed out to the tourist on this line of road. A little beyond Iniscarra bridge — about six miles on his journey — is the old church of Iniscarra; a mile or so further is the castle of Inch; then Dripsey village, with its flourishing paper mills, situated in the centre of a richly wooded valley, through which runs a rapid river to join the Lee: Dripsey castle is seen in the distance, and Dripsey bridge is crossed. Carrig-a-droid is next reached. The castle stands on a rock that juts out into the Lee. It is comparatively modern. In 1641, however, it was a strong fortress, and had the credit of baffling the arms of Oliver Cromwell. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross had garrisoned it with an army for Charles I.; Cromwell despatched Lord Broghill with orders to attack and scatter the Irish in this quarter; and in the rout that followed — upon which the muse of Davenant has complimented his lordship — the bishop was taken prisoner. A free pardon was offered to him if he would procure the surrender of the castle, which he appeared willing to do; he was conducted to the walls, — where, instead of calling upon the Irish to admit their enemies, he boldly adjured them to hold out while one stone remained upon another; then, turning to his astonished guard, he yielded to his fate, "whereupon he was immediately hanged." Yet the castle was, soon afterwards, taken by a very weak stratagem. The English drew towards it the trunks of trees, by yoking oxen to them, which the garrison perceiving mistook for cannon, and "presently began to parley, and surrendered upon articles."

Tradition states the castle to have been erected by a Mac Carthy, "to please

the lady O'Carroll," who desired a residence on this singularly wild and beautiful spot. A legend, however, attributes its origin to a circumstance still more romantic. A poor peasant, lame and hump-backed, fell in love with the fair

daughter of his chieftain, and pined in despair at the hopeless nature of his attachment. Wandering by the river-side, he suddenly heard the click click of the Cluricaune's hammer, seized the tiny brogue-maker, and compelled him to reveal the secret of the whereabouts of his treasure store.* The little being not only endowed him with riches, but changed his awkward and ungainly form to one of manly grace; and the lovely Maiga was readily wooed, and easily won, by a stranger rich enough to build for her a noble mansion and to place the wealth of earth at her feet.

The town of Macroom, 24 miles from Cork, is situate on the Sullane — a river which, for extent and beauty, rivals the Lee. The castle of Macroom is very ancient, or rather parts of it are of very remote antiquity, for it has undergone many of the chances and changes incident to the civil wars. It was converted by its late proprietor, Robert Hedges Eyre, Esq., one of the last of "the good old

* The Cluricaune is the most famous of the Irish pigmies. He is usually habited and occupied as a shoemaker. He is always alone; and, if encountered, may be compelled to reveal the secret of his treasure-house, provided the questioner keeps his eye upon the imp until he has been fully answered. Usually he contrives to outwit his captor by turning off his attention for an instant — when the elf is gone; or, if taken, and he has exhibited the "crock of gold," buried in the earth, over which the peasant of course leaves a mark, in the morning, when he comes to dig it up, he finds a thousand similar marks covering every part of the field.

Irish gentlemen," into a comfortable mansion ; and it is not now easy to distinguish the ancient from the modern portions of the building. It consists of one huge square of masonry — the mere keep — with embattled parapets ; but the hand of taste is not very apparent in the alterations it has undergone to convert the ancient fortalice of the O'Flynns into a dwelling-house of the eighteenth century. Its present owner is the Hon. W. White, the second son of the Earl of Bantry, to whom the estate was bequeathed by his uncle Mr. Eyre. The town is entered by a long and narrow bridge, exhibited in the print from the design of Mr. Creswick introductory to this division of our book. The castle-mansion is seen to the left.

From Macroom to Killarney the road is, as we have intimated, not very picturesque ; it passes along the banks of the river Sullane, and through the small village of Ballyvourney, almost the only congregation of houses in the route. It runs, however, within a few yards of the singular castle of Carrig-a-Pooka, built, according to Smith, by the Mac Carthy of Drishane, and placed on the summit of a solitary rock, so steep as to render caution necessary in climbing it. It is now a single tower, and never could have been much more extensive, for it almost covers the rock on which it stands. Associated with the castle is one of the fairy legends of Ireland — the legend of the Pooka.

Of the malignant class of beings composing the Irish fairy mythology — and it is creditable to the national character that they are the least numerous — the Pooka excels, and is pre-eminent in malice and mischief. In form he is a very Proteus, — generally a horse, but often an eagle. He sometimes assumes the figure of a bull ; or becomes an ignis fatuus. Amongst the great diversity of forms at times assumed by him, he exhibits a mixture or compound of the calf and goat. Probably it is in some measure owing to the assumption of the latter figure that he owes his name ; *puc* being the Irish for goat.

There are many localities, favourite haunts of the Pooka, and to which he has given his name, as Drohid-a-Pooka, Castle Pook, and Carrig-a-Pooka. The island of Melaan, also, at the mouth of the Kenmare river, is a chosen site whereon this malignant spirit indulges his freaks. It is uninhabited, and is dreaded by the peasantry and fishermen, not less because of its gloomy, rugged, and stern aspect, than for the tales of terror connected with it. The tempest wails fearfully around its spectre-haunted crags, and dark objects are often seen flitting over it in the gloom of night. Shrill noises are heard, and cries, and halloos, and wild and moaning sounds ; and the fishermen benighted or forced upon its rocks may often behold, in the crowding groups which flit around, the cold faces of those long dead — the silent tenants, for many years, of field and wave. The consequence is, that proximity to the island is religiously avoided by the boats of the country after sunset, and a bold crew are they who, at nightfall, approach its haunted shores.

The great object of the Pooka seems to be to obtain a rider ; and then he is all in his most malignant glory.—Headlong he dashes through briar and brake, through flood and fell, over mountain, valley, moor, or river, indiscriminately ; up or down precipice is alike to him, provided he gratifies the malevolence that seems to inspire him. He bounds and flies over and beyond them, gratified by the distress, and utterly reckless and ruthless of the cries, and danger and suffering, of the luckless wight who bestrides him. Of the pranks of the Pooka, as will be imagined, many amusing stories were told by the peasantry; all generally, however, having nearly the same termination : — " And, plase yer honour, I found myself in the morning lying in a wet ditch ; and it couldn't be the drop I tuk ; for, barring a few glasses at a neighbour's, I did'nt drink a drop at all at all, all day." This was, however, in the olden time ; the Pooka has gone out with the other " Spirits."

Soon after passing Carrig-a-Pooka, the tourist reaches the small village of Ballyvourney,—distant forty-two miles from Cork, and eighteen from Macroom. Here he will have no motive for even a brief pause ; but about four miles further on, when he enters the district of Glenflesk, and approaches Phil-a-dhaoun, he must arrange for some delay. A detour from the main road, while it involves but a mile of addition to the journey, brings him to one of the most striking and romantic glens in the neighbourhood of the Lakes.* He turns off, without crossing the Poul-gorham (Blue-

* We point especially to this object upon this route ; inasmuch as a visit to it, en route to Killarney, involves little delay. It should be seen, at all events ; and if there be leisure may afford ample and pleasant as well as profitable occupation for a day during a residence at the Lakes. Or, it is obvious the glen may be examined by those who proceed to Cork from Killarney by this route. Going to Killarney, the bridge referred to, where the road turns off, is not far from the house at which horses will be changed ; *i. e.* about four miles from Ballyvourney and ten from Killarney.

hole) bridge, close by where the Flesk is met by "the Coarse river"—passing, however, several other bridges, for the river rushes along in fantastic freedom, and twists and turns in all imaginable directions—and arrives at Phil-a-dhaoun, the Demon's Cliff. In this cliff is the far-famed Labig-Owen—Owen's Bed; Owen being an outlaw, whose adventures live in the traditions of the glen that gave him shelter. They contrast strangely with its present aspect; for in the midst of mountains, by the sides of rushing and foaming rivers, and amid as wild a scene as can well be pictured, civilisation flourishes. A dispensary crowns one of the hill-heights; upon another stands a national school, presided over by a learned dominie,—learned in legends and languages; and in the various gorges, near the car tracks, or beside the high road, are scattered cottages, which speak of the care, kindness, and liberality of a good landlord—duly whitewashed within and without, with vegetable gardens before, and small yards behind, with here and there roses making vigorous and successful efforts to climb the walls. These cottages look so happy and cheerful, and form such striking contrasts to those which surround them, that the tourist will naturally ask to whom they belong,—who is the landlord of these fortunate tenants? They stand upon the property of Herbert of Mucross, a resident Irish landlord,—one who is not less conscientious in discharging his duties than in maintaining his rights, and who, placed in the most beautiful locality of Great Britain, labours to give it physical and moral improvement. The Bed of Owen, the singular hill on which it stands, and the beautiful glen it looks down upon, we shall describe in one of our excursions from Killarney.

The road runs for a mile or two round the base of Phil-a-dhaoun and the adjacent hills and cliffs, and rejoins the coach road to Killarney. At a small congregation of houses where the Killarney side of the glen may be said to commence, two roads branch off—the new road and the old road into the town. Between both, and standing proudly on an eminence, is the ruined Castle of Killaha, an ancient fortalice of the O'Donoghues of the Glens. The old road leads by Lough Kittane, a dull and dreary way; but keeping in view the mountains, Cruchan, Kippagh, Mangerton, and Torc, and at length terminating in a striking view of the lower lake. The new road is more agreeable and picturesque; it leads directly into the town, passing the entrance to the demesne of Lord Kenmare.

And so Killarney town is reached by way of Macroom, Ballyvourney, and Glenflesk.

BY MACROOM, INCHAGEELA, AND GOUGANE BARRA, TO BANTRY AND GLENGARIFF.

SOUTH of the Lee, the road to Macroom runs upon elevated ground, and, for several miles, commands fine views of the valley, through which the river pursues its tortuous course, and the hills on the opposite side, upon the slopes of which are many beautiful villas. A little to the right, almost on the brink of an overhanging cliff, is the castle of Carrigrohan. Two or three miles farther is the town of Ballincollig, a depôt for powder and a barrack for artillery. Southwest of the town about a mile are the remains of an ancient castle, once a stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon Barretts. Two miles farther is the small village of "the Ovens," famous for its limestone caves. About halfway between Cork and Macroom, are the friary and castle of Kilcrea. They were both built by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry, the one for the protection of the other, and stand on the banks of the small river Bride, a mile to the south of the mail-coach road. They are highly interesting and picturesque. The approach to both is over

a long and narrow bridge, which appears to be as old as the venerable structures to which it leads. The castle is described by Smith as "a strong build-

ing, having an excellent staircase of a dark marble from bottom to top, about seventy feet high. The barbicans, platforms, and ditch still remain. On the east side is a large field called the Bawn, the only appendage formerly to great men's castles,—places that were used for dancing, goaling, and such diversions; and where they also kept their cattle by night, to prevent their being carried off by wolves or their more rapacious neighbours." Much of this character it still retains, and the hand of time has been less busy with it than with others of its class. We rejoiced to find that its present owner keeps the gate carefully closed, to prevent the entrance of unscrupulous intruders, who, in defiance of the Pooka by whom it is haunted, were in the habit of delving under the foundations in search of "crocks of gould" said to have been buried there in "ould times." The floor of the upper chamber, once the state room of the chieftain, is now overgrown with grass; and a pic-nic party were regaling there when we visited this relic of feudal strength and grandeur.

In the friary, or, as it is usually but erroneously called, "the abbey," are interred the bodies of a host of the Mac Carthys, and among them that of its founder, who died of wounds received in battle, in 1494. A considerable portion of the edifice still remains. It is divided into two principal parts—the convent and the church — and retains a character of considerable magnificence as well as of great extent. As in all the ancient churches, human bones are piled in every nook and cranny, thrust into corners, or gathered in heaps directly at the entrance — a sight far more revolting than affecting. The tower of the church is still in a good state of preservation, and may be ascended to the top with a little difficulty. Rows of ancient elm-trees lead to the venerable ruin.

Between Kilcrea and Macroom there are several ruins of castles, once the strongholds of the Mac Sweeneys, powerful chieftains, although feudatories to the lords of Muskerry. On the high road, it is stated on the authority of Smith,

there was a stone set up by one of the family, who were "anciently famous for hospitality, with an Irish inscription, signifying to all passengers to repair to the house of Mr. Edmund Mac Sweeney for entertainment." The historian adds, that, in his time, the stone was still to be seen lying in a ditch, where it had been flung by a degenerate descendant, who "never throve afterwards."

From Macroom to Inchageela (*i. e.* "the Island of the Hostage"), a village midway between the town and Gougane Barra, the road becomes gradually wilder and more rugged: huge rocks overhang it, high hills look down upon them, and over these again the mountains tower — each and all clothed with purple heath and golden furze, and other plants that love the arid soil; while here and there patches of cultivation have been snatched from them by the hand of industry and toil; and from many a small fissure the smoke arises, giving token that civilisation is astir even in this region of savage grandeur and beauty.

Soon after passing Inchageela, the Lee widens out into a sheet of water, forming the picturesque Lough Allua. The road winds for about three miles along its northern margin; the rocks on one side, the clear and deep water on the other— a more perfect solitude it is impossible to imagine. Not a tree is to be seen; but the rocks, as if to remedy the defect, have assumed forms the most singular and fantastic; and, every now and then, seem to stay the further progress of the wayfarer by pushing a monstrous base directly across his path. Yet a century and a half ago, these rocks and hills, as well as the valleys, were clothed with forests to the water's edge: in their fastnesses, unfamiliar with the step of man, the red deer roved; and often the labourer delves out, from a patch of mountain bog, some huge trunk that tells of the former occupiers of the soil—existing in decay many feet below the surface. Some three or four miles onwards, and we reach the first bridge that crosses the Lee—a bridge of many arches. We are now about two miles from the source of the noble river, in the singularly romantic lake of Gougane Barra. The car stops suddenly in the midst of remarkably savage scenery; and while the horses rest, the guide is summoned, or rather is sure to be at hand, and the tourist prepares for a walk across the hill to the Holy Lough. The resting house—where man and horse may find "entertainment"— is the cottage of a "decent farmer," named Burke, who accompanies visitors to the Lake, and afterwards supplies them with refreshment,— potatoes, eggs, butter, and new milk; — delicious viands when appetite has been obtained from mountain breezes, and labour supplies the sauce piquante.*

* A most pleasant, attentive, and intelligent guide, and a capital host, as far as regards the produce of his own fields, is this same Burke of Gougane Barra. Visitors sit, indeed, in a sort of out-house adjacent to a potatoe heap, and the pig strives to push his nose into the "public room;" but the character of the domicile is in keeping with the free nature of the place, and

The approach to Gougane Barra is now sufficiently easy; although, a hundred years ago, a pilgrimage of two miles occupied two hours. Dr. Smith pathetically describes the toil; he calls it "the rudest highway that ever was passed; a well-spirited beast trembles at every step: some parts of the road lie shelving from one side to the other, which often trips up a horse; other places are pointed rocks, standing like so many sugar-loaves, from one to three feet high, between which a horse must take time to place and fix his feet." The road is still, however, not conveniently passable for ordinary vehicles; and the tourist will do wisely to foot it from Burke's cottage — a mile, as the guide will tell him, but certainly two miles English.

A sudden turning in the road brings him within view, and almost over, the lake of Gougane Barra — a scene of more utter loneliness, stern grandeur, or savage magnificence, it is difficult to conceive; redeemed, however, as all things savage are, by one passage of gentle and inviting beauty, upon which the eye turns as to a spring-well in the desert — the little island with its group of graceful ash-trees and ruined chapel. Down from the surrounding mountains rush numerous streams, tributaries to the lake, that collects and sends them forth in a bountiful river — for here the Lee has its source — until they form the noble harbour of Cork, and lose themselves in the broad Atlantic. In summer these streams are gentle rills, but in winter foaming cataracts; rushing over ridges of projecting rocks, and baring them even of the lichen that strives to cling to their sides. We literally "hopped" across the river Lee.

When the traveller stands within this amphitheatre of hills, he feels, as it were, severed from his fellow-beings — as if imprisoned for ever; for on whichever side he looks, escape from the valley seems impossible; "so that if a person," writes the old historian, "were carried into it blindfold, it would seem almost impossible, without the wings of an eagle, to get out — the mountains forming, as it were, a wall of rocks some hundred yards high."

The small island is nearly mid-way in the lake; a rude artificial causeway leads into it from the mainland. This is the famous hermitage of St. Fin Bar, who is said to have lived here previous to his founding the cathedral of Cork. It is classed among the "holiest" places in Ireland, and has long been a favourite resort of devotees, in the confident expectation that its consecrated waters have power to heal all kinds of diseases; making the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame

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we are far from wishing, as some people do wish, for white bread and bottled porter to regale English guests. Every thing is, however, neat and nice; a cloth rivalling the snow is laid upon the table; and the chances are that the egg is warm from the nest, and the milk hot from the cow. Mrs. Burke and her tidy daughters are in attendance upon ladies; and all matters are scrupulously clean. A more agreeable resting-place, indeed, we have seldom met.

to walk. Here, at certain seasons—twice in the year—they assemble in crowds, bringing their sick children and ailing animals to bathe; and upon the neigh-

bouring bushes and wooden crosses hang fragments of clothes, or halters and spancels, in proof that to the various animals, biped and quadruped, the lake has performed the anticipated miracle of making them whole.

These patterns have grown out of fashion. On the 24th of June of the present year—the great fête day of the saint—not above 100 pilgrims attended. A few years ago, on the same occasion, there were probably not less than 10,000 present: some slept among the heather or under tents, but the most part spent the night in drinking and dancing. The scenes of depravity that took place it is, therefore, difficult to overrate. Mr. Burke joined us heartily in rejoicing that the evil was almost at an end. Happily, many customs that are equally opposed to reason and religion are rapidly removing before the advancing spirit of improvement, and its gigantic ally, Education: they will, no doubt, be classed ere long only among instances of gone-by absurdities. Very few indeed were this year the bathers in the holy well at Gougane Barra. It is, however, one of the Wells that have kept their reputation for centuries; their fame being undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of some probably preceded it—the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the

altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. These wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom: they are generally, as we have intimated, betokened by rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colours, hung upon the neighbouring bushes and left as memorials; sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings, for prayer and shelter, have been raised above and around them. As an example, we copy the far-famed and wonder-working well of St. Dolough within a few miles of Dublin, and on the road to the castle of Malahide. Not long ago we visited St. Ronogue's Well, a place high in repute, distant a few miles from Cork. There were not above a hundred persons of both sexes present, and scarcely a dozen cars were on the ground; the scene was remarkably tranquil; there were baskets full of cakes and biscuits for sale, but no whiskey. The beggars were of course numerous as usual — the halt, the maimed, the blind, and persons afflicted with all manner of diseases; and we were petitioned for charity, "for the love of God," in voices of all tones, from the bass of the sturdy vendor of relics, to the squeaking treble of the miserable baccach (lame man). But there was no drinking, no swearing, no fighting; the visitors appeared sober in mind as well as in habit, and acted as though they considered the well a place for serious reflection rather than for idleness and dissipation. Two old women were dipping up the water in tin cans, and exchanging supplies for small coins from the applicants; and when they had filled their bottles (brought for the purpose), and knelt at the rude cross, and repeated a few "paters" and "aves" before it, they departed to their homes in peace and quietness; — the only objects worthy of remark connected with the ceremony being two or three blind pilgrims, who stood by the sides of the well and handed to each comer a thin pebble, with which he signed the mark of the cross upon a large stone at the well-head, and which frequent rubbing had deeply indented. The accompanying print represents the well in its state of comparative solitude; but it was seldom on any day of the year without some devotees. The scene we have described presented a striking contrast to what we recollect it about

twenty years ago, when the "pattern" at St. Ronogue's Well was the signal for assembling the worthless and the dissipated of the whole county, when to the superstitious rites of the morning succeeded the saturnalia of the evening — the having drunk of the holy water being considered as a licence for every sort of debauchery; and it was rare indeed that the crowds (which usually amounted to some thousands) separated without having witnessed a fight between two factions, who invariably fixed the day and place for a settlement of their differences. Throughout Ireland similar and equally beneficial changes have taken place; and pictures of besotted bigotry and disgusting brutality have even now reference only to times past.

But to return to Gougane Barra. The greater portion of the island is covered by the ruins of a chapel with it appurtenant buildings, and a large court or cloister containing eight arched cells. In these arched cells the penance is performed. The penitent proceeds to one, where he repeats five "aves" and five "paters," adding five prayers to each of the cells subsequently visited, making forty to be said at the eighth cell; and the whole, with the addition of five more, are to be repeated at a small chapel outside. First, however, five prayers must have been said at "the tomb of Father O'Mahony"— a priest who about the beginning of the last century closed a life of seclusion here.* A spot better fitted for gloomy anchorite or stern ascetic, who desired perfect seclusion from

"The cheerful haunt of men and herds,"

it would be hard to find; but here, too, undoubtedly, study might have prepared the early Christian missionary for the "labour of love" he was called upon to undertake.

* We found in the churchyard a large broken slab, on which were engraved full instructions to penitents. From its appearance it is not likely to be more than a hundred years old. It contains some rudely sculptured crosses, cups, books, and circles. The inscription is long, and, although curious, not worth extracting. The following, however, is its most remarkable passage:—"It is said, and probable, that Saint Fin Barry, in his sanctimony, has had recourse to this place, from whom it derives the name of Gaggin Barry; the duty usually performed hereat, purporting to be the devotions of the Rounds, is exacted in the following manner," &c. &c. The stone records the death of the Rev. Denis O'Mahony as taking place in 1700.

To describe the romantic grandeur of the scene is, indeed, impossible without calling poetry to our aid. It has been rendered so happily and so effectually, that we do not hesitate to quote the composition entire: —

" There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

" And its zone of dark hills — oh! to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming:
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island!

" How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot! from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

" High sons of the lyre! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the grey legend that long had been sleeping,
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story, —
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory.

" Last bard of the free! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have bound me,
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But rouse thee, vain dreamer! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

" I soon shall be gone — though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken —
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean,
And a wild wreath to plant from the bank of the river
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever." *

The sacred character of Gougane Barra has, it is said, preserved it from the pest of so many Irish lakes — the monster worm or enchanted eel. We have heard stories of them in abundance; and have "seen the man who had seen" the metamorphosed demon that infests the little lough on the top of Mount Gabriel — it is "deeper than did ever plummet sound;" yet not so deep but that it supplies a home to one of these "things horrible." Often, but always at night, the hideous head of the serpent is raised above the surface of the water; and if a cow be missing from some neighbouring herd, there is no difficulty in ascertaining its fate — it has been made "a toothful for the ould enemy." In ancient times, indeed, the blessed isle of St. Fin Bar was subjected to the visits of such an intruder; who having been guilty of the imprudence and impudence of snatching, from the very hand of the officiating priest, the loneen — a vessel for holding holy water — as he was in the act of sprinkling with it a crowd of devotees, witnesses of the sacrilegious act, he was expelled the neighbourhood for his wickedness, and has never since ventured to leave his loathsome slime upon the green banks of the lake.

The Tourist will greatly enjoy a visit to the Holy Lake, not only as introducing him to one of the strongholds of which superstition held possession for centuries; but the stern and sterile grandeur of the place will astonish him, if perchance here his first acquaintance shall have been formed with the wild magnificence of Nature in Ireland.†

Having returned to Burke's cottage, and partaken of the homely fare to which we have made reference as a treat in harmony with the rude nature all about us,

* This poem was written, about the year 1826, by J. J. Callanan, a native of Cork: he died at Lisbon in 1829; and his grave was made, not by the "calm Avonbuee," in accordance with his fervent prayer, but by the banks of the Tagus — far away from "deep-valley'd Desmond." A volume of his poems was published soon after his death; and among them are many of merit fully equal to the fine example we have quoted.

† The echoes at Gougane Barra are certainly not inferior to those of Killarney; but unfortunately Mr. Burke is not the owner of a "Kent bugle," or any instrument louder than his own lungs.

the journey is resumed, and the far-famed pass of Keim-an-eigh is entered. It commences within a stone's throw of the cottage, and continues for about a mile. Perhaps in no part of the kingdom is there to be found a place so utterly desolate and gloomy. A mountain has been divided by some convulsion of nature; and the narrow pass, nearly two miles in length, is overhung, on either side, by perpendicular masses clothed in wild ivy and underwood, with, occasionally, a stunted yew-tree or arbutus growing among them. At every step advance seems impossible — some huge rock jutting out into the path, and, on sweeping round it, seeming to conduct only to some barrier still more insurmountable; while from all sides rush down the "wild fountains," and, forming for themselves a rugged channel, make their way onward — the first tributary offering to the gentle and fruitful Lee: —

> "Here, amidst heaps
> Of mountain wrecks, on either side thrown high,
> The wide-spread traces of its watery might,
> The tortuous channel wound."

No where has Nature assumed a more appalling aspect, or manifested a more stern resolve to dwell in her own loneliness and grandeur undisturbed by any living thing — for even the birds seem to shun a solitude so awful; and the hum of bee or chirp of grasshopper is never heard within its precincts. Our print affords but a poor idea of a scene so magnificent.

Protected by these fortresses of rocks, ages ago, the outlawed O'Sullivans and O'Learys kept their freedom, and laughed to scorn the sword and fetter of the Saxon; and from these "mountains inaccessible" they made occasional sallies, avenging themselves upon, and bearing off the flocks and herds of, the stranger. As may be expected, in modern times, these rocky fortresses have given shelter, often, to bands of lawless or disaffected men: here, in some deep dell, might have been detected the light curl of smoke issuing from the roof of some illicit still-cabin, to disturb the inmates of which would have required a very strong force of the revenue. Among these rocks, too, the smugglers had many a cave, in which

they deposited their goods until suspicion had been lulled on the highways, so that they might be conveyed in safety to the neighbouring towns. And here, too, men who had set themselves in battle array against the law, have often met to arrange their plans for carrying destruction into the adjoining valleys. In the immediate vicinity of the pass, there was a stronghold of the Rockites, during the disturbances of 1822. The subject of these agrarian bands, united under a score of names, is one of a too complicated nature for discussion here; we may, however, detain the reader while we relate an incident borrowed partly from the Rev. Cæsar Otway's "Sketches in Ireland," and partly gathered from the relation of an aged man we encountered at Bantry, who was an actor in the drama, and who lay for many days, wounded, among the hills, having been injured by an accidental shot fired by one of his own party. The story has been, indeed, in a great degree confirmed to us by the statement of Burke at Gougane Barra.

Several hundreds of the peasantry were sworn to obey an unknown Captain Rock; for their leaders professed to receive their orders from a person who made his appearance only when some work of more than common peril and difficulty was to be performed. The pass of Keim-an-eigh was their place of rendezvous, from whence they made their visits to the houses of the gentry for many miles around, demanding arms, and leaving directions as regarded the persons to be employed and the rent to be paid;—directions dangerous to disobey, and which were, at times, accompanied by the significant hint of a grave dug at the hall-door, or beneath the window, of the party to whom instructions were addressed as to his future conduct. The evil at length spread so widely and became so intolerable, that the neighbouring gentry combined to suppress it. Lord Bantry, his brother, Captain White, and about forty mounted gentlemen, accompanied by a party of the 39th foot, undertook the dangerous task of pursuing the outlaws into the recesses of their mountains. They arrived at the pass we have described; but the officer who commanded the military refused to proceed further with so small a force, and left his lordship and his companions to make their way through the defile, remaining at its entrance to cover their retreat. They rode through it, round the lake of Gougane Barra, and into the village of Inchageela—which they found deserted by all the men, who had joined their associates and were in arms among the hills. During their ride, however, the party had given token of the nature of their mission, and had killed one man, who, having mistaken them for his own friends, had ascended a bank and hurraed for Captain Rock. He was shot instantly — and his body was a few minutes afterwards discovered by his exasperated comrades, who swore, over it, to take ample vengeance. Having failed to arrest any of the persons against whom they had informations, the gentry commenced their ride back to Bantry, through the pass; and by this time the evening twilight was becoming dark and darker.

Meantime, the insurgents had not been idle; their captain — who he was has never been clearly ascertained, but it is certain that he belonged to the better order of society*— had noticed the separation of the mounted gentry from the soldiers, and guessed that in an hour or two they would return through the pass. He at once issued instructions to his men to loosen a huge rock that overhung the narrow road; at a signal agreed upon it was to be flung from its place, so as effectually to block up the passage, and, if possible, to crush some of the party by its fall. The design was then to rush upon them with stones and pitchforks, several who had guns remaining in the rear to shoot them as soon as they were scattered; and afterwards to wait the approach of the soldiers, who would no doubt be thus drawn from the open ground in which they had bivouacked. So shrewdly was the plan laid, that the destruction of the party appeared inevitable.

On they came, at a slow trot, cautiously, and fully conscious that they were in the midst of peril; the rock was near the extreme end of the pass, and they were rapidly approaching it; yet no human enemy was seen, and not a sound indicative of danger was heard; when an old man of the Mahonys looked down from a cranny in the mountain, and saw Lord Bantry and his troop in the path beneath him. We now borrow a passage from Mr. Otway. "This poor fellow had once two sons, the pride of his name, and the consolation of his descending years—active, honest, and industrious — but, alas! seduced into the Rock system. Their house near Gougane Barra was searched under the Insurrection Act, and arms and ammunition being found concealed, they were tried at Bantry, and sentenced to be transported, which sentence was put into instant execution, and their aged parents were left desolate and destitute: the mother wept her life away, and her grey hairs descended in sorrow to the grave; the father joined the rising, and cared not how he died." The old man, under the excitement of the moment, screamed a bitter curse against those who had made him childless, and flung a huge stone at them as they passed; it struck and wounded the horse of Lord Bantry. One of the party instantly fired his pistol at the aged man, whose body came tumbling down the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse upon the path. In a moment, every crevice of every rock sent forth a living man to avenge the deed; a crowd came rushing and yelling down the mountain sides; the mounted gentlemen spurred their horses into a fierce gallop; a minute was thus gained — and it was enough: the rock fell the

* "Was he a gentleman?" we asked of the old man we have referred to. "Och, surely," he replied; "for he couldn't speak to us in our tongue, and his hand was as soft as a lady's." We inquired if he was ever afterwards seen in the neighbourhood of the encounter, and the answer was, "No; but an uncle's son of mine would be on his oath that he saw him not many a long day back riding in a grand carriage about the streets of London; and nobody," he added, "that once seen his dark eye but would know it again."

instant the last of the party had passed uninjured beyond its reach, and just in time to bar the pursuit of the exasperated peasantry.*

Another generation must be removed, both from the gentry and the people, before the pass of Keim-an-eigh and this striking incident in its history will be forgotten.

From "the Pass" to Bantry the road is wild, and the land is but little cultivated. It is, however, full of objects that cannot fail to interest the stranger. — First, he will note the source of a river that will accompany him all the way to Bantry Bay — the river Ouvane issuing from a small crevice in the rock, creeping along among huge stones, at length becoming a brawling and angry stream, and ere long a broad river making its way into the sea. The ruined castle of Carriganass — one of the old fortalices of the O'Sullivans — lies directly in his path; and a little to the left is the picturesque ruin of a venerable church — with its small churchyard in the centre of a group of aged trees. A view of the Bay is soon obtained — a glorious accession to the landscape; and just at the turn where the road branches off — the left leading to Bantry, the right to Glengariff — is the fine waterfall of Dunamare, at times a magnificent sight. The proprietor of the land has taken advantage of Nature's aid, and has built a mill, in order to prevent the water from being idly wasted. A brewery, too, was erected adjacent to the Fall; and it is curious to note here a striking illustration of recent changes to which Ireland has been subjected. The mill is in full work, and has a cheerful, flourishing, and prosperous aspect; nothing seems out of order or out of place. On the other hand, the brewery is half a ruin; the door hinges have given way; the windows are nearly all broken. Such has been the general issue everywhere — Bread versus Beer.

At this spot, the Tourist will be called upon to decide whether he will proceed to Bantry, two miles distant, or to Glengariff, distant eight miles. There are many strong reasons why he should visit Bantry (although he is not compelled to do so, en route to Killarney), and therefore to that town we shall first conduct him.

* This rock has now vanished; but only within the last year. It was blasted and broken up to make a "parapet wall." The cliff from which it was loosened is still pointed out. It is near the west entrance to the pass.

THE COAST ROAD TO BANTRY AND GLENGARIFF.

CONDUCTING the tourist into Kerry, we pursue the coast road to Bantry and Glengariff; and so proceed on our course through Kenmare. But as this road, although travelled by a public coach, is not likely to be very frequently selected by persons whose only business is pleasure, we shall pass over it somewhat rapidly.

The port of Kinsale, although not in the direct route, may be visited in the way. The town is exceedingly interesting; and as, for a very considerable period, it was the most celebrated and frequented of the southern harbours of Ireland—taking precedence of that of Cork—it occupies a full and prominent page in Irish history. Approached from Cork (from which it is distant nineteen miles), it is seen to great advantage. It is built on the side of a hill; its character is peculiarly quaint: the streets are remarkably narrow, and many of the houses have projecting windows like those of the Spaniards, by whom some of them were probably built; for during the reign of Elizabeth, and at subsequent periods, Spain made this town and its neighbourhood a "seat of war."

The parish church is dedicated to a female saint — St. Multose or Multosia — by whom it is said to have been erected in the fourteenth century. A legend is told in connection with it. — When the Saint was building it, which she did with her own hands, she desired to place a large stone, too heavy for her to lift. Seeing two men passing, one a native of the town, the other a stranger to it, she summoned them to her aid; the native refused to help her, but the stranger laboured until her object was effected. Upon which she gave her blessing to the one, and left her curse with the other. It is a remarkable fact, and one that does not depend upon the authority of tradition, that, generally, when two inhabitants of the town marry, they will not go through the ceremony within the walls of St. Multose, but are "united" at some church in the neighbourhood; and we were supplied with proofs in support of the legend, by references to several unlucky couples who had been so unwisely sceptical as to neglect the ancient warning.

The harbour of Kinsale, although greatly inferior to that of Cork, is capacious, deep, and well sheltered. It is defended by a strong fort, called Charles Fort, so called in honour of Charles II., and erected by the Duke of Ormond in 1681. The

accompanying print represents the fort, the block-house, and covered way, with a sloop of war beating in, and a pilot-boat under a foresail. The "Old Head," the point nearest the sea, has long been a famous landmark for mariners.

The road from Kinsale to Inishannon (the village first reached on the direct line from Cork, from which it is distant fifteen miles and a half) passes along the banks of the river Bandon — according to Spenser, "the pleasant Bandon crowned by many a wood." The woods, however, have long since fallen under the ruthless axe of the woodman.

About midway to Inishannon, a pretty village that skirts the clear and rapid

river, is the ancient castle of Ship-pool, a structure erected by the Roches; and between Inishannon and Bandon is the castle of Dundaneere (or Downdaniel), which stands near the confluence of the rivers Brinny and Bandon. It is stated by Dr. Smith that "about the year 1612, the East India Company of England had a settlement here for carrying on iron-works, and building large ships, for which uses they purchased the adjacent lands and woods: the following year, two new ships of five hundred tons were launched, and a dock was erected for building more. They kept a garrison in the castle, and built three villages." Unhappily the old curse of Ireland—jealousy of "the stranger"—prevailed; the Company were so much "disturbed in their undertakings," and such was the "implacable spirit of the Irish against them, that by continually doing them several ill offices they forced them at length to quit the country." The castle is now a complete ruin, but one of the most striking and interesting we have visited; it commands a charming point of the river. The surrounding scenery is perfectly beautiful, and the neighbouring hills are covered with woods and villas. The road leads along the banks of "the pleasant Bandon" the whole way to the town to which it gives name. It was formerly

called Bandon-Bridge, and was built by the first Earl of Cork, who, in a letter to Mr. Secretary Cook, dated April 13. 1632, describes "the place in which it is situated," as "upon a great district of the country that was until lately a mere waste of bog and wood, serving for a retreat and harbour to wood-kernes, rebels, thieves, and wolves." The town is of considerable size, populous and flourishing, being the great thoroughfare into Carbery. It belongs partly to the Duke of Devonshire, and partly to the Earl of Bandon, whose beautiful seat, Castle Bernard, is in its immediate neighbourhood.

From Bandon to Bantry there are two roads : the northern and nearest, through Ballyneen, Dunmanway, and Drimoleague ; and the southern and most picturesque, along the coast through Clonakilty, Ross-Carbery, and Skibbereen. Ballyneen and Drimoleague are small villages ; Dunmanway is a poor town, although the only one in a very large district. The shortest and most direct road from Cork to Bantry runs, after leaving Bandon, through this town, Dunmanway being distant from Bandon eighteen miles, and Bantry from Dunmanway twenty-two miles ; Bantry being by this route sixty miles from Cork.

The coast road, however, runs from Bandon almost due south to Clonakilty. Although a sea-port, Clonakilty carries on but small trade ; and is a place of no importance. Ross-Carbery demands more particular notice. It is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, the ancient name being Ross-Alithri — "the field of pilgrimage ;" and according to Hanmer, "there was here anciently a famous university, whereto resorted all the south-west part of Ireland for learning sake." It was formerly a bishop's see, but was united with that of Cork, and, recently, also with that of Cloyne. A glance at the map of the county of Cork will convey some idea of the numerous bays and harbours along the coast. It is for the most part exceedingly wild and rugged : for miles upon miles there is not a single tree to be seen ; but the ocean around it is dotted with small islands, against which the breakers dash and foam. The peculiar scenery has been aptly described by Dean Swift, in a Latin poem — "Carberiæ Rupes *" — from which the following passage is translated : —

> "With hoarse rebuff, the swelling seas rebound
> From shore to shore ; the rocks return the sound.
> The dreadful murmur heaven's high concave cleaves,
> And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves ;
> For long the whirling winds and beating tides
> Had scooped a vault into his nether sides ;
> Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
> Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge."

* A tower near Castle Townsend is pointed out as the place in which the Dean composed the poem. It is now a complete ruin, being the mere shell of a turret overgrown with ivy, but commanding a beautiful prospect of the harbour and over the sea.

Between the towns of Ross-Carbery and Skibbereen, and at the head of Glandore Harbour, the tourist passes along a beautiful and picturesque road, where

"Lakes upon lakes interminably gleam,"

and to one point, in particular, his attention should be directed — the glen called "The Leap," the ancient boundary which divided the civilised from the uncivilised "beyond the Leap beyond the law" being, even within our own memory, an accepted proverb. Not far from Skibbereen is a singular salt-water lake, Lough Hyne, or Ine (the Deep Lake). In the centre is a long island, upon which are the

ruins of one of the castles of the O'Driscolls. It is surrounded by picturesque hills, some rocky and precipitous, others steep and woody, rising from the lake. Mr. Willes made his sketch from a church-yard, peculiar to Ireland, devoted exclusively to the interment of children, and where there was formerly a chapel dedicated to St. Bridget. In the foreground is one of the singular ring-stones or pillar-stones, engraven with inscrutable characters. It is immortalized in traditionary lore, and the country people attach great value to it, affirming that it has been gifted by the Patron Saint with miraculous power — at least for its own preservation. It has been repeatedly removed to form lintels for doors, and to answer various other purposes, but always found its way back again to its original station. Once it was taken off by a gang of sacrilegious sailors, and thrown into the sea; when, after raising a terrific storm, it was beheld, next day, safely and

soundly in its own proper place. With this lake there is also connected another legend — but one common to nearly all the deep-bedded and lonely loughs, with "gloomy shores;" for Lough Hyne

"Skylark never warbles o'er."

As at Glendalough, the sweet birds "singing to heaven's gate" having disturbed the saint at her orisons, she prayed to the Virgin to silence their song; and was so far answered, that they were ordered into a solitude less sacred to penitence and prayer. The coast, south-west of Skibbereen, is dotted with islands —

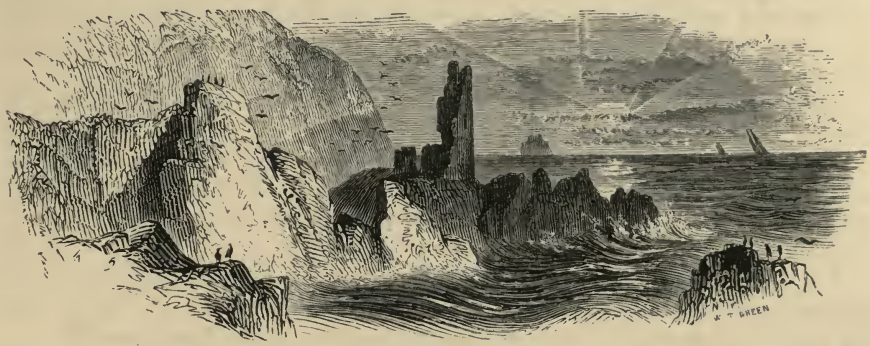
"Sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;"

the most famous of which is Cape Clear. Inisherken, immediately opposite Baltimore Harbour, is full of interest; its ruined abbey is pictured in the an-

nexed print. The O'Driscolls had formerly castles here, which defended the entrance to the harbour. Cape Clear — the well-known landmark for vessels outward or homeward bound — is the most southern point of Ireland. In the year 1750 there were, according to Smith, in the island, about four hundred families: they do not seem to have increased, for the latest returns give the population as less than eleven hundred.* Indeed it is not likely that it could supply the means of existence to a larger number — the island being only three miles long

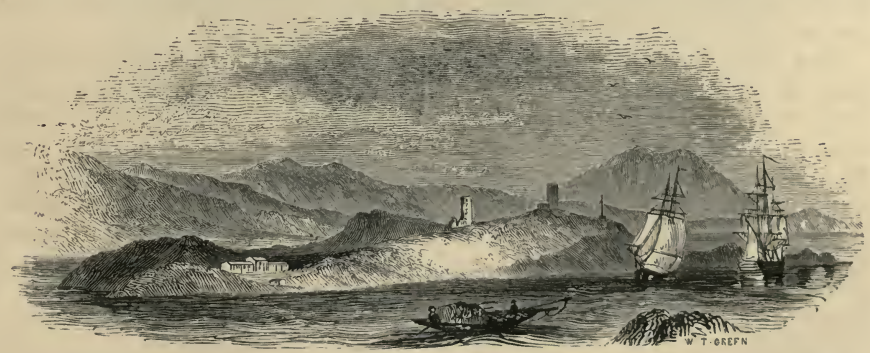
* The inhabitants exist almost in a state of nature; depending for food upon the potato crops, and the fish that swarm round their coast; seldom visit the mainland; and are devotedly attached to their rugged strand, and almost as rugged plain, — a temporary exile from which they consider a serious affliction.

and one mile and a half in breadth. On the south side is the light-house, which, it is said, may be distinguished in clear weather from a distance of twenty-eight nautical miles. On the north-west point of the island is the singularly picturesque ruin of the castle of Dunanore, or the Golden Fort — represented in the annexed print. It stands on a rock; a very narrow passage leads to it: the path being



so steep and high, and the sea dashing and foaming against it on either side, the ascent to it is a somewhat perilous task. "When I got to the top of the castle," says Dr. Smith, "and beheld the ocean roaring round me, I wished heartily to be again on the mainland." Legends enough to make a volume are connected with this remarkable ruin; it was formerly a stronghold of the O'Driscolls — some of whom are stated to have mingled the hospitalities of the Irish chieftain with the reckless darings of the buccaneer.

To the west of Baltimore is the harbour of Crookhaven, separated by a narrow



promontory from the beautiful Dunmanus Bay, which another promontory divides from the famous Bay of Bantry.

The mail-coach road from Skibbereen to Bantry runs through a wild and uninteresting country; and the traveller who desires to examine the most peculiar and picturesque portion of the Irish coast will have to pursue a route less easy of access, but far more certain of recompence for the expenditure of time and labour. The mountains appear to rise directly from the sea, as if they were but the continuations of mountains underneath the ocean; small villages are thickly scattered at their base. Mount Gabriel, bleak and barren from the foot to the summit, looks down upon the poor village — once a famous collegiate town — of Scull.

Lakes are to be seen in every valley, upon the mountain sides and on their summits, from whence pour down the streams that now and then break in cataracts over precipices; and on the opposite sides the sea, with its stores of green islands, or black rocks — creeks and bays and harbours running into the land; and beyond all the broad Atlantic, that affords no resting place for the sea-bird until he closes up his wings and stands on the continent of America.

The ocean with its tales of shipwrecks and piracies, the land with its legends and traditions, afford themes to fill folios of interest and excitement; every castle (of which there remain the ruins of hundreds) has its story of bold adventure.

The Lakes, too, are fertile of legends: for examples — that on the summit of Mount Gabriel, with its eternal serpent and depth that has never been fathomed; Loughdrine, where on a certain day of every year the islands used to dance merrily, change places, and shift from one side to the other from sunset to sunrise; Ballinlough, where the fairies keep nightly guard, protecting the passage that leads from the ancient rath that borders it to the bottom, where flourishes the Thierna-na-oge — "the land of perpetual youth." The stranger will, in short, find, wherever he travels, in this wild and comparatively primitive neighbourhood, a rich abundance to interest, excite, and amuse, and not a little to inform and instruct.

And so, by this Coast Route, the Tourist arrives at Bantry. A brief sojourn here will amply recompense; principally, however, by the views to be obtained from the summits of adjacent hills, or by a sail across the Bay. But, as we shall elsewhere observe, the purpose of visiting Killarney is little advanced by passing through Bantry. By this route, however, it is necessarily taken in the way; and it is more than probable that fatigue, if there be no other motive, will induce the traveller to remain a night in the town, and continue his journey with the morrow.

BANTRY, GLENGARIFF, KENMARE.

JOURNEYING either by the Coast route, the route through Dunmanway, or the route through Gougane Barra, the tourist arrives at Bantry. The far-famed "Bay" is, perhaps, unsurpassed by any harbour of the kingdom for natural beauties combined with natural advantages. As we approach it, along the dreary road from Skibbereen, a sudden turn, at the base of a rugged hill, brings us suddenly within view of the most striking objects which make up the glorious scene. Far away, in the distant background, tower and meet the clouds Mangerton and the Reeks; nearer, rises Hungry Hill, the Sugar Loaf, and a long range—the Caha Mountains; among which, it is said, and said on good authority, there are no fewer than three hundred and sixty-five lakes — the number having, of course, suggested a legend that some holy saint prayed effectually for one to supply water for each day of the year. Little flat and fertile islands lie at the feet of the spectator; and, nearly facing the

town, Whiddy Island, with its fierce-looking fortifications, and its fields rich with the promised harvest. It is impossible to do justice to the exceeding grandeur and surpassing loveliness of the scene; the whole of it is taken in by the eye at once. We are not called upon to turn from side to side for new objects to admire

— we gaze upon it all; and he must be indeed dead to nature who does not drink in as delicious a draught as Nature, in the fulness of her bounty, ever presented.

The road into the town — a town that has been too truly described as "a seaport without trade, a harbour without shipping, and a coast with a failing fishery" — runs immediately under the fine demesne of the Earl of Bantry — and all the way it is one continued line of beauty: we never for a moment lose sight of the distant mountains, or the foreground of green islands; while the ear is gladdened by the mingled harmony of the rippling waves, and the birds that sing among the foliage of the thickly and gracefully wooded plantations. The seat of the Earl of Bantry adjoins the town; it is a plain substantial building, now occupied by his lordship's eldest son, Lord Berehaven.

There are not many islands in this vast expanse of water — "Whiddy" is the largest; and there are besides Hog, Horse, Coney, and Chapel islands, flung into the glorious bay — landlocked, as we have said, by gigantic abrupt headlands, beyond which the Killarney mountains seem to tower into the clouds.

The Bay is memorable in history as having been twice entered by a French force, for the invasion of Ireland — the first in 1689 in aid of James II.; the next in 1796: — some details concerning the latter cannot fail to interest our readers.

The project no doubt originated with Theobald Wolfe Tone, who had visited France, after a residence in America, as agent for the Society of United Irishmen, and obtained a commission in the French service.*

On the 1st of December, Tone embarked on board the "Indomptable," a ship of the line, and on the 16th of December the fleet "for the invasion of Ireland" set sail in two divisions from the port of Brest. It consisted of 17 ships of the line, 13 frigates, 5 corvettes, 2 gun-boats, and 6 transports; with about 14,000 men, 45,000 stand of arms, and an ample supply of money for the purposes of the expedition. In their passage from the harbour, as if ominous of the disasters they were subsequently to encounter, one of their ships, a seventy-four, struck on a rock, and of 550 men on board only thirty were saved; and a few days afterwards another was driven on shore, when 1000 out of 1800 perished. After other disastrous accidents — every ship of the line being more or less injured — the main body arrived off the coast of Ireland, and on the 22d anchored off Bere Island, in

* Tone afterwards made another attempt to introduce the French into Ireland — in 1798. He was captured in the Hoche, off Donegal; transmitted to Dublin, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. He appeared at his trial in French uniform; and, on hearing the sentence, requested to be shot as a soldier holding a commission in the French service, under the name of Smith: the request was of course refused. On the evening previous to the day fixed for his execution, he wounded himself in the throat so desperately, that he could not be moved without the probability of dying before he reached the scaffold; after lingering in this state for about a week, he died in prison, on the 19th November, 1798.

Bantry Bay.

Bantry Bay. Intelligence of the event was, as rapidly as possible, communicated to the Irish and English governments. Not the slightest preparation, however, had been made to meet the enemy; and, but for the interposition of Divine Providence, Ireland must have been involved in a bloody and desolating civil war.

For several days previous, the weather had been even more than usually stormy at this period of the year; and when the wind lulled a dense fog overspread the sea, so that the French ships were seeking each other, in vain, along the ocean. Of the 43 that quitted Brest, 16 only anchored at Bantry; next day, a heavy gale once more dispersed them. On the morning of the 26th, others having parted company, the fleet was reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate. The force in men had by this time dwindled to 4168; it was therefore resolved at a council of war "not to attempt a landing, as no demonstration had been made" by the Irish on shore in favour of the French*; and it was determined to put out to sea,

* The French had marvellously miscalculated as to the co-operation they anticipated from the Irish people; who were, in 1796, totally unprepared to receive them as friends, or to adopt the republican principles and government they designed to disseminate and establish. In his memorials to the Directory, Tone had represented the Irish as "fixing their eyes most earnestly on France," as "eager to fly to the standard of the republic;" the Catholics as "ready to join it to a man;" and that "it would be just as easy, in a month, to have an army in Ireland of 200,000 men as 10,000." Whether he had wilfully misstated the fact, or whether his sanguine temperament had led him to believe that his countrymen would join the French *en masse*, it is difficult to say; but it is certain that the invaders would have been received by the Irish generally, not as friends, but as enemies. Along the coast, the south and west, most distinctly threatened, the peasants were actually in arms—such arms as they could command—to repel them. We have frequently heard Colonel Hall state that on his march to Bantry his men were cheered by the peasantry, supplied with food and drink by them, and received unequivocal demonstrations of their resolves to fight upon their cabin-thresholds against the entrance of a Frenchman. (Colonel Hall commanded the small force of about 700 men, hastily collected, and foolishly sent "to oppose the landing of the French.") In the London Gazette of the 7th of January, 1797, this feeling is particularly adverted to. "The accounts of the disposition of the country where the troops are assembled are as favourable as possible, and the greatest loyalty has manifested itself throughout the kingdom. In the south and west, when the troops have been in motion, they have been met by the country people of all descriptions with provisions and all sorts of accommodations to facilitate their march; and every demonstration has been given of the zeal and ardour to oppose the enemy in every place where it could be supposed a descent might be attempted." The Gazette of the 17th contains a letter from the lord-lieutenant (Earl Camden), in which, after noticing the good disposition evinced by the troops, his excellency states, "The roads, which in parts were rendered impassable by the snow, were cleared by the peasantry. The poor people often shared their potatoes with the soldiers. * * * In short, had the enemy landed, their hope of assistance from the inhabitants would have been totally disappointed." Every account published at the time bears out this statement. Our own experience of the Irish justifies us in asserting that, even now, they have neither sympathy with, nor affection for, the French; and that under no circumstances could the majority of the people be brought to consider them as desirable allies.

and to cruise off the Shannon, in the hope that the dissevered armament might be concentrated there. On the 27th, they weighed anchor and quitted the Bay; but on the 1st of January a portion of them returned, and remained inactive for two or three days. By degrees, ship after ship of the once formidable fleet entered the French harbours; and on the 15th, General Hoche himself, in the Fraternité, reached Rochelle, having had several narrow escapes from capture by the English fleet.

Bantry was, thus, soon freed from the presence of the invaders; no Frenchmen having trodden upon Irish ground, with the exception of an officer and seven men, who, being sent in a boat to reconnoitre, were taken prisoners by Mr. James O'Sullivan, of Berehaven.

The storm that scattered the French fleet, and, under Providence, preserved Ireland from civil war, and contamination by the atrocious principles of the republicans of 1793, is still remembered in the vicinity of Bantry Bay, where it is referred to as an epoch to assist memory.

To visit Glengariff, the Tourist may proceed either by land round the Bay, or by sea across it. It will be a pleasant row, introducing to a remarkably beautiful scene; but the road is, perhaps, preferable, inasmuch as a noble view of the Bay will be obtained from the hills above Bantry or Glengariff, or by taking a boat a mile or two from the shore of either. The road — although "a new road" — is exceedingly wild and picturesque. About two miles from the town the Miallock, "the murmuring river," is crossed by a small bridge, close to which is the Fall of Dunamare.

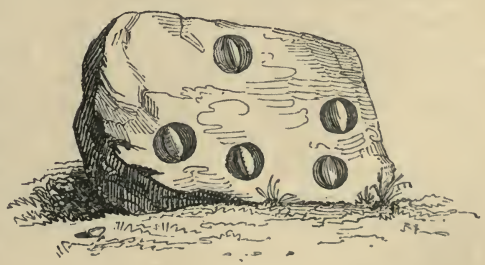
The traveller should not pass unnoticed a mountain, north-west of Bantry several miles; but seen from all parts of the road he journeys. It is the mountain of the Priest's Leap — formerly the principal line of communication between the two most picturesque portions of Irish scenery, Glengariff and Killarney, but now abandoned for one of the best roads in the kingdom. Besides considerably abridging the distance between them, this old road possesses to perfection the characteristics of the fine old vigorous and uncompromising system of road-making, now exploded, that was observant only of the straightest line of access — following as nearly as possible the flight of the bird — regardless alike of acclivity or declivity, of cliff or crag, of stream or torrent.* In this respect the Priest's Leap road offers to every student of the ancient mystery of road-making the fairest subject for inquiry and contemplation; nothing can be more direct than its up-hill

* To account for the absurd manner in which these old roads were laid down, it must be remembered that, generally, they were not the lines deliberately selected; they were old foot-ways, gradually improved into some approach to the character of high roads.

flights, or more decided and unswerving than its downward progressions; no mountain elevation, however bristling with crags or formidable the aspect of its precipitous sides, deterred the stern and uncompromising engineer who laid it down. He carried it over the loftiest summits, the wildest moors, at the bottoms of the most desolate glens, and along the most dizzy steeps overlooking the deepest dells. A savage-looking defile is sometimes made available as a conduit for every ferocious breeze that loves to howl and sweep along such localities; and the loneliness of many of the scenes is emphatically marked by the significant "leacht," or stone-heap, that points out the spot where, in other times, some solitary traveller met his fate from the way-side plunderer. Such alarming "hints" are now, indeed, rare; and, of later years, the record of acts of violence, committed in the security of these seldom-trodden paths, is a barren one. The heaps of stones, to indicate where deeds of murder have been done, still remain, however; and to the present day the peasant discharges what he considers his solemn duty by flinging, as he walks or rides by, a contribution to the mass.

To the lover of the wild, the picturesque, and the romantic, we recommend this road for his special enjoyment. Glorious is its scenery over mountain and through glen. The broad bay of Bantry is glistening far beneath, and the blue shores of Ivera and Bere in the distance are noble features in the majestic panorama. Nor has the voice of tradition failed, or become silent, among these hills; many a wild legend and whimsical fiction may be gathered, by a little kindness, from their shrewd, inquisitive, and really imaginative inhabitants.

Nearly midway in the course of the mountain road stand the ruins of one of those small ancient churches, whose era, from their style—the Romanesque—must be placed between the fifth and eleventh centuries. A portion of the walls only remains. The stones are large and Cyclopean, curiously jointed, and well fashioned. We were told that it is "one of the first churches called at Rome"—a traditional record of its high antiquity. Outside the burial-ground is a perfect curiosity;—a natural rock of a tabular form with five basin-like hollows on the surface, of four or five inches in depth, and about a foot in diameter. These are severally filled with water, and in each is a stone of a long oval form fitting the space fully. The whole forms a *petrified dairy*—the basins being the "keelers," the ovals the rolls of butter.



The history of this strange monument is, that, in ancient times, a woman lived

here, who, not respecting the commandment against thieving, at night milked the cows of her neighbours, and transferred the milk as well as the butter to her own dairy. Suspected at length, the hue-and-cry was raised against her; and Saint Fiachna, who led a holy life at the church we have referred to, resolved to punish the culprit. He mounted his horse to visit her, but she fled. The Saint as he passed turned her dairy to stone, and then descended the hill towards the river in pursuit of her. In crossing the stream his horse left his hoof-marks on a stone in the centre of it; this we did not choose to wet ourselves to look at, but we were assured by several that it was there. He then drove up the opposite hill-side, where, about midway, he overtook the criminal of whom he was in chase, and instantly turned her into *stone;* and there she still stands, the Irish "Lot's Wife,"—not, however, a pillar of salt, but a goodly *dallan* of six feet in height; yet still holding a resemblance to the original lady. The tree beside it grew out of the "kip-pin" of the spancel which she carried in her hand, and with which she was accustomed to tie the cows' legs at milking. And see what a goodly picture it now makes as a blooming hawthorn! It is a singular and striking object, standing, as it does, in the midst of a mountain solitude.

In the immediate vicinity of Dunamarc, according to one of the fanciful traditions of Keating, the first human foot trod upon Irish ground — Ladra having effected a landing in Ireland exactly forty days before the Flood. After passing three or four miles of good road, and comparatively cultivated land, we enter a rude and rugged district; barren hills towering over us at either side, and among them rapid streams rushing over gigantic stones down into the valleys. We left to the right an interesting object — a little chapel nestling among the barren hills; and a short way farther on we passed one of those singular dwelling-places, by no means rare in this wild part of the country. We were startled by a human form issuing from a mass of huge rocks; and, upon inquiry, learned that a family actually lived in a hole which the rocks protected and sheltered. They had evidently fallen, ages ago, in the position they retained, enclosing and covering a natural chamber. On entering, we found a woman with three children — the man was at work in the adjacent "garden;" — here they contrived to exist during the summer months;

for we ascertained that, in winter they quitted it for some neighbouring town, where they worked or begged, according to circumstances. The woman replied to our few questions with cheerfulness and civility; and to an expression approaching to condolence as to the misery of her lot, replied, "It's bad enough to be sure, yer honour; but there's many have worse places to lay their four bones in."* As we drew near Glengariff, we had a foretaste of the rich treat we were about to enjoy; for, long before we had again a glimpse of the bay, the scenery assumed a rich and luxuriant character, strongly contrasting with the dreary solitude we were leaving.

Language utterly fails to convey even a limited idea of the exceeding beauty of Glengariff — "the rough glen" — which merits, to the full, the enthusiastic praise that has been lavished upon it by every traveller by whom it has been visited. It is a deep alpine valley, inclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom, as it were, a scene of surpassing loveliness — endowed by nature with

* We cannot point out the exact spot in which the "dwelling" may be examined. The tourist, however, will find one precisely similar in the demesne of the Earl of Bantry at Glengariff. It is *inside* the avenue gate, and not far from the gate-keeper's lodge. The family converted the huge heap of stones into an abode about two years ago, when the mother was ill of fever, with which she was seized while travelling; no one, therefore, would receive her into a house, and to locate in this miserable place was then a necessity. They have since grown used to it, and prefer remaining to removing. It is but justice to Lord Bantry to state, that he has given the man regular employment, and offered to build for him a proper cabin. The man has declined the offer; and we presume there must be a regular and formal ejectment. Under no circumstances should his lordship permit this family to continue in so wretched a state, in a spot where they may be seen by all travellers — many of whom will contemplate the sight with horror, without being cognizant of the circumstances connected with it, and may attribute such apparent misery to his lordship's neglect or indifference.

the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains. Beyond all, is the magnificent bay, with its numerous islands, — by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to receive the aspect of a serene lake. The artist cannot do it justice; and the pen must be laid aside in despair! Our memories, indeed, recal every portion of the magic spot, — but only to convince us how weak and inefficient must be our efforts to describe it. We are again wandering through the glen — among majestic trees, fantastic rocks, and bubbling rivulets which every now and then rush by huge masses of stone, and, finding a declivity, roar along their rapid way, until, encountering some new obstruction, they creep awhile, and anon force a passage onwards, breaking into masses of foam — for there the mountain torrents creep or gallop to mingle with the broad Atlantic. The song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple, or the roar, of waters, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound. We look up to the mountains; they are of all forms, altitudes, and outlines. The most prominent among them is the Sugar-loaf, Slieve-na-goil, "the mountain of the wild people," with its conical head, soaring into the clouds; and, to the rear, but at a considerable distance, Hungry Hill, with its naked and meagre sides, down which runs a stream from the lake upon its summit, until, gathering as it goes, it breaks in a tremendous cataract of eight hundred feet, expanding as it falls, and flinging a spray around it, that seems to cover with a thick mist a third part of the hill.

"Now a blue wat'ry sheet; anon dispersed,
A hoary mist; then gather'd in again,
A darted stream along the hollow rock;
This way and that tormented, dashing thick
From steep to steep, with wild refracted course
And restless roaring, to the humble vale."

We turn from the mountains, but a step, and gaze over the broad bay: the foreground is composed of islands of various shapes and sizes*; and we stand in the midst of cultivation, as if nature had resolved upon mingling as much grandeur and beauty as the eye could take in at once. We turn again and look inland: enormous rocks are scattered in all directions, without order or arrangement, but picturesque from their very confusion; seeming as if the giants of old had done battle here, and fought with huge masses they had wrenched from the adjacent mountains.

* Of these islands there is only one of size — Garnish Island; and that is not, we believe, above five or six acres in extent. It is crowned by a Martello Tower. The other islands are, Brandy Island, Ship Island, Rough Island, Bark Island, &c. &c.

But the most grand of the many grand views is from the height of the hill road that leads to Killarney. Before we ascend it, however, we must visit Lord Bantry's pretty cottage, for the sake of which he has deserted his more stately mansion at Bantry. It is sheltered like a wren's nest in its charming little island. We cross a foot-bridge, made, it is said, from the planks drifted on shore after the wreck of 1796 in the Bay, and enter — for his lordship kindly arranges that strangers shall be invited to rest, and partake of refreshment, within. It is a sort of Hibernian Museum, containing many specimens of Irish Natural History, and one living one of much interest — a genuine Irish terrier. The breed has been here preserved with great care: it is very like "the pepper and mustard tykes" of Dandie Dinmont, and singularly reserved and snappish in its habits and manners; but, we were told, the race is faithful and intelligent.* Crossing another little bridge, we are invited to ascend a soft and gentle-looking hill, and to our delight find it commands a scene fit to illustrate "the Happy Valley." Nothing can be more delicious, more varied, more enchanting, than the panoramic view that surrounds you on all sides; mountain, rock, river, and ocean! — trees of the most picturesque growth, and shrubby underwood, of such luxuriance that painters there may study nature under every shade and form. We could have lingered on that hill until night shut out the landscape, but we had much to do; and, recrossing the fairy-like bridges, we proceeded to drive through the demesne. We do not know whether others may feel as we did the deep silence of Glengariff: we heard neither bleat of sheep nor song of bird. The weather, when we visited it last, was warm,—the very sea breeze blew hot; and the sun, reflected by the white and grey rocks, rendered the heat still more oppressive. When we complained of this, our guide smiled. "Ah! then it's just proud the weather is to see ye; and it's the other thing, the wet and the rain, and the storm, we do have to complain of, just changing from one bad luck to the other — as Molly Malone said when she married her third husband. It's seldom we've too much of the sunshine, glory be to God! The birds are silent through the heat, — they're not used to it either; nor the cattle, poor things! — there is'nt a bleat left in them hardy goats." This was certainly true, for every creature seemed oppressed by the unusual and continued sunshine. The drive through the demesne is one of a peculiar kind; for though art and cultivation have done a great deal, the wild, rugged, abrupt character of the glen, is admirably retained. Patches of rich brown bog produce the most

* Faithful and intelligent also, no doubt, are the numerous descendants of this race that infest every road throughout the country; but more utterly worthless curs (to all appearance) never existed. They spring out from every cabin, yelping and barking at every horse or car that passes, and seriously alarm the traveller, often to the endangering his life.

luxuriant vegetation — marsh weeds of every hue flourish — rocks of various sizes form the bases of now sloping, now abrupt hills; while above them are the mountains; and above them again, canopied by the clear blue sky, the eagle floats calmly, now rising, now falling, and then soaring away, away, until he becomes to our pained and restricted vision a speck, an atom.* Sometimes the drive is arched over by trees; then you cross a bridge feathered with ferns and wild heaths, beneath whose arches a bright glittering river steals along, as if half asleep; then you turn away from cultivation, and are by the borders of mimic morasses, with hoar mountains on the one side, and such peeps and glances of the bay on the other that you are fairly bewildered; then again you are plunged into thickets of stunted oak and birch, — and sunbeams creep through the

* All tourists should visit the "Eagle's Nest:" the cliff where the lordly bird has for centuries made his dwelling rises five hundred feet above the valley. Cæsar Otway relates a story connected with it — so beautifully, that we recommend it to all who love a well-told legend, merely offering a brief outline of what, entire, would here occupy too much space.

At the time when the O'Sullivan had real right to the territory of which he was despoiled, he took refuge, with his wife, children, and a remnant of his people, in Glengariff. Here he maintained a guerilla warfare against his foes, who were unfortunately almost as good guerillas as himself. At last, driven to the last extremity of despair and starvation, he resolved to join his friends in Ulster and Breffny, leaving his wife and children to the care of his follower and fosterer, Gorrane M'Swiney. All honour be to his inharmonious name! Gorrane conveyed his precious charge to the foot of the Eagle's Cliff, and sheltered the Princess of Bere and Bantry beneath a hut so cunningly contrived as to seem but a rise in the furze, or a swell in the heather. It is true, he had neither sheep, nor cow, nor goat; he had one salt salmon wrapped in a rough skin: but he had, like all his countrymen, a stout heart and an inventive brain; and though the country was reeved and rent by cruel Saxons, Gorrane put his trust in the Saints, and kept a clear look-out, hoping something would turn up "for good." But still he suffered bitter trouble, because of his noble mistress, not knowing how he could procure her food; and one morning, as he was wondering what he should do, he observed one of the eagles sailing with a leveret in its talons to its eyrie, and then he heard the joyful screams of the young birds as they divided their prey. A sudden thought struck Gorrane, and, without communicating it to any one, he busied himself all day long in twisting a rope made from the fibres of the bog fir; and, long before the dawn of the next day, accompanied by his son, he climbed the mountain, and, as twilight opened to the morning, saw the old eagles soar away to meet the sun. He then told his boy his project, which was, that he was to let him down by his woody rope to the eagle's nest — that he should tie a strap round their necks, not so tight as to injure them, but sufficiently tight to prevent their swallowing — that he would then draw him up, and await the eagles' return, who would leave, as usual, their prey in the nest, and then soar away to seek for more. During their absence, the boy was again to descend, loosen the eaglets' throats, and, leaving them the offal, ascend with the game, which the birds intended as a banquet for their own young. The youth managed as cleverly as his father desired — the eagles provided liberally for the sustenance of the lady and her children, until the English abandoned the glen; when the Princess, aided by the faithful Gorrane, sought and found a more secure and fitting refuge.

branches, and freckle the long dark grass; and after thanking Heaven for the cool green shade, you open upon a bit of fresh prairie, watered by countless little shy, sly brooks, crawling listlessly from their "home in the mountains," while above them float an absolute host of sparkling insects. One tribe of particular beauty we never saw so numerous — gigantic green dragon-flies. Certainly the day was one of pleasure and variety: it was Midsummer-day, and the previous evening we had watched for nearly two hours "the bone-fires," or, properly speaking, the Baal fires, kindling on the most prominent headlands, and brightly reflected in the glorious bay beneath.

But to enjoy the adjacent scenery to perfection, the Tourist should ascend the "SUGAR LOAF" mountain. This will be hard labour — amply recompensed.

The village of Glengariff consists of but a few houses: there is an inn, happily situated at the head of the bay; and the glen is divided between two proprietors — Lord Bantry, and the widow of his brother, Colonel White. The residence of this lady skirts the left of the bay; it is cultivated to the water's edge, and commands a view of the principal island (Garnish), on which is built a Martello Tower — as if for the express purpose of giving interest and value to the demesne. The only "antiquity" in the immediate neighbourhood is the old bridge, now a picturesque ruin, which, in ancient times, was on the high road to Berehaven; it is called "Cromwell's Bridge." History being silent as to the origin of the name, we must have recourse to tradition. When Oliver was passing through the glen to visit the O'Sullivans, he had so much trouble in getting across the narrow but rushing river, that he told the inhabitants if they did not build him a bridge by the time he returned, he would hang up a man for every hour's delay he met with. "So the bridge was ready agin he come back," quoth our informant; "for they knew the ould villian to be a man of his word."

From every part of the glen some attractive object may be discovered; but the best view, perhaps, is to be obtained from a small hill — small in comparison with its stupendous neighbours — in the immediate vicinity of a chapel west of the village: it places the spectator in the very centre of a glorious panorama, absolutely bewildering from its profusion of beauties. There will be a gush of enjoyment from the heart the instant this hillock is ascended. But, as we have intimated, it is from the

road to Kenmare that the surpassing loveliness of the valley, and the full glory of the bay, will be seen to perfection. For three or four miles the traveller winds round the side of a mountain — a steep and weary road, so barren of interest that he has ample leisure to ponder over, and fix in his mind, the marvels he has seen. Suddenly he arrives on the brow of the hill. He is over the glen, many hundred feet above the ocean, which he beholds stretching out into space, while the islands appear as dots upon it; the river that runs through the valley has dwindled to a white thread; the trees have gathered into masses; and the hill upon which he stood, so lately, seems no bigger than a fairy mound. Midway down are scattered cottages, the pale smoke from which alone distinguishes them from mole-heaps. Thin and narrow streams, like snow-wreaths, are running from the mountains; and every now and then his eye falls upon the lakes that send them forth to fertilise the valley. The whole scene is within his ken — its sublime beauty and its transcendent grandeur — ocean, mountain, glen, and river. He is in the midst of solitude; the clouds are on a level with him; at times they hide for a moment every object from his sight. There is no song of bird to break the perfect loneliness; but if he look upward he will see the eagle winging his way homewards in solitary grandeur. We were startled by the scream of one of them flying over our heads, so near to us that we could almost count the feathers in his wing. Our feeling was that we had seen enough of the sublime and beautiful in Nature, and need go no further in search of either.

On the summit of the mountain an incident occurred to us, which we may not omit to notice in this record of our journey.

We had been gazing so earnestly upon the scene below and around us, that we had not noted the sudden appearance of a lad upon a bank, a little to the left of the place on which we stood; but our attention was attracted by his clapping his hands together, and laughing, or rather shouting loudly, in evident delight at the scene. There was nothing in his appearance different from that of many young goatherds we had passed, and who hardly raised their heads from the purple heath to gaze at our progress. His sunburnt limbs were bare below the knees; but his long brown hair had been cared for, and flowed beneath a wide-leafed hat, that was garnished not untastefully by a couple of wreaths of spreading fern. His garments were in sufficient disorder to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirer of "the picturesque;" and although we called to him repeatedly, it was not until a sudden diffusion of cloud had interfered between him and the sunset, so as to diminish the light, and of course lessen the effect of the shadows, that he noticed us in the least; indeed, it was evident he would not have done so at all, but for the unexpected appearance of another "child of the mist," in the person of a little bright-eyed girl — literally one mass of tatters — who sprang to where the boy stood, and, seizing his hand, pointed silently to us. He descended immediately, followed by

Glengariff

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the girl, and after removing his hat stood by the side of our carriage, into which he peered with genuine Irish curiosity.

To our question of "Where do you live?" the mountain maid replied, "Nein English." We then addressed ourselves to the boy, when the girl placed her hands on her lips, then to her ears, and finally shook her head. "Deaf and dumb?" I asked. Upon which she replied, "Ay, ay, deaf, dumb — deaf, dumb." The little creature having so said, regarded him with one of those quick looks so eloquent of childish love; and, seizing his hand, raised her rosy face to be kissed. He patted her head impatiently, but was too closely occupied examining the contents of our carriage to heed her affectionate request. His eye glanced over our packages without much interest, until they rested on a small black portfolio; and then he leaped, and clapped his hands, making us understand he wanted to inspect it. His little companion had evidently some idea that this was an intrusion, and intimated so to the boy; but he pushed her from him, determined to have his own way. Nothing could exceed his delight when turning over a few sketches and some engravings. He gave us clearly to understand that he comprehended their intent — looking from our puny outlines to the magnificent mountains by which we were surrounded, and smiling thereat in a way that our self-love could not construe into a compliment.

While he was thus occupied, his little companion struck by some sudden thought, bounded up the almost perpendicular mountain with the grace and agility of a true-born Kerry maiden, until she disappeared; but she soon returned, springing from rock to rock, and holding the remnants of her tattered apron together with evident care. When she descended she displayed its contents, which interested us greatly; for they were her brother's sketches, five or six in number, made on the torn-out leaves of an old copy-book in pale ink, or with a still paler pencil. Two were tinged with colour extracted from plants that grew upon the mountain; and, though rude, they bore evidence of talent. The lad could have had no instruction; the copy-book was the property of his eldest brother, and he had abducted the leaves to record upon them his silent observations of the magnificence of Nature, whose power had elevated and instructed his mind. We should not have read even this line of his simple history, but for the opportune passing of another "Kerry dragoon" — a wild, brigand-looking young fellow, mounted between his market-panniers on his rough pony — who proved to be the lad's brother, although he did not at first tell us so.

"We all," he said, "live high up in de mountain; but I can't trust him to look after de goats by himself. His whole delight is puttin' down upon a bit of paper or a slate whatever he sees. I'd ha' broke him off it long agone; but he was his mother's darlin', and she's wid de blessed Vargin these seven years, so I don't like to cross his fancy; besides, de Lord's hand has been heavy on him

already, and it does no harm, no more than himself, except when any of de childre brake what he do be doing; den he goes mad intirely, and strays I dunna where; though, to be sure, de Almighty has his eye over him, for he's sure to come back well and quiet."

The lad at last closed our portfolio with a heavy sigh, and did not perceive until he had done so, that his little sister had spread out his own productions on the heather, which grew so abundantly by the road-side. He pointed to them with something of the exultation of spirit so natural to us all when we think our exertions are about to be appreciated; and he bent over them as a mother would over a cherished child. His triumph, however, was but momentary—it was evident that his having seen better things rendered him dissatisfied with his own, for while gathering them hastily together, he burst into tears. We gave him some pencils and paper, and a few engravings; and as the evening was approaching, bade him a hasty farewell; as he stood, his little sister clinging to his side, waving his hat on a promontory, while we were descending into the valley.

We are describing the high road to Killarney; but, if time permits, there is a vast deal of the sublime and beautiful in Nature to be examined before it is resumed. Our plan will not allow us to do more than glance at the temptations which induce a visit to the adjacent wild sea coast.

West of Glengariff is the promontory of Berehaven, separating Bantry Bay from the Kenmare River. It is a wild and primitive district; abounding in pic-

turesque and romantic scenery; full of legends; with historical associations of great interest; and possessing the ruins of many castles of the O'Sullivans — for centuries the lords of the soil, although their descendants are now but hewers of stone and drawers of water. The accompanying print represents the harbour of Berehaven, and the ruin of the ancient castle of Dunboy.

We have described the view of Glengariff and Bantry Bay from the summit of the hill road that leads to Killarney. There is another view, however, scarcely less grand. Upon this height is the division between the counties of Cork and Kerry. The entrance to the county of Kerry ("the kingdom of Kerry," as it was anciently called), from that of Cork, is through a tunnel of about two hundred yards in length; a very short distance from which there are two others of much more limited extent. They have been cut through rocks—peaks to the Esk mountain.* As the traveller emerges from comparative darkness, a scene of striking magnificence bursts upon him — very opposite in character from that which he leaves immediately behind; for while his eye retains the rich and cultivated beauty of the wooded and watered "glen," he is startled by the contrast of barren and frightful precipices, along the brinks of which he is riding, and gazes with a shudder down into the far-off valley, where a broad and angry stream is diminished by distance into a mere line of white. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the prospect; it extends miles upon miles: scattered through the vale and among the hill slopes are many cottages, white always, and generally slated; while to several of them are attached the picturesque limekilns so numerous in all parts of the country. The road, of which there is a view almost the whole way to the Kenmare River, is a gradual descent, and has been so admirably constructed, and is kept so carefully in repair, that it is smooth and finished enough to be the entry to a demesne, and is classed by universal consent among the best roads of the kingdom. The whole district, we believe, belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne; and a better ordered estate, or a more flourishing tenantry, are not to be found in any mountain district of Ireland. Such was not always the case; at one period it was proverbial for the poverty of the land and the wretchedness of its inhabitants. The misery of the soil has been illustrated by a saying that "a Kerry cow never looks up at a passing stranger, *for fear it would lose the bite:*" and it was asserted that, at stated seasons, his lordship's agents stationed themselves at the old entrance into

* Until these tunnels were cut and the road made, travellers to Killarney were compelled to order carriages from Kenmare to meet them at the Kerry side of the mountain; or, as was usually done, hire five or six stout peasants from Glengariff to carry the car on their shoulders over rocks and along precipices, exceedingly dangerous from the want of a protecting wall, and in consequence of the numerous ruts in the way. The misery of travellers so circumstanced was whimsically but pathetically described to us by several who had endured the fatigue and peril of the journey.

the county, to meet the beggars as they were returning homewards from Cork to Kerry, and received the rents of their cabins by taking from them the halfpence they had collected. We had heard of its old character, but not of the change that had taken place in the district; and were gratified to meet every where proofs of the desire of the landlord, to promote the welfare of the tenant by encouraging his industry and securing to him a certain and enduring reward for his capital, of labour, expended upon the soil. Of the town of Kenmare little can be said. Its natural advantages are equal to those of any town of the kingdom; the river being navigable from the Atlantic to the Quays, and a suspension bridge having been erected over it by the joint subscriptions of the Lord Lansdowne and the Board of Works, at an expense of 5000*l*. This bridge is a beautiful object; and has been of immense value in facilitating intercourse and traffic with the adjoining districts.

The road from Kenmare to Killarney, for the first five miles, possesses little to interest: it is nearly due north; but before entering on this road a deviation to the west will conduct the traveller to many objects of considerable beauty. A mile or two from the town are the ancient ruins of Dunkerron Castle, once the hospitable seat of the O'Sullivan Mor; and Cappanacuss, another shattered castle of the same family. Farther on, the river Blackwater flows into the bay. The adjacent country is highly picturesque; the river rushes through a deep ravine, the steep sides of which are thickly wooded. Its source is a small dark lake among the Dunkerron mountains; and near its mouth it is crossed by a bridge of two lofty arches, passing over a chasm of great depth.

The new road to Killarney is one of the best roads of the kingdom, and the surveyor (Mr. Nimmo) who laid it down should receive a passing benediction from the lips of every traveller.

The old road, which lay between Mangerton and Torc, is now completely deserted. The new road runs for a mile or two by the side of a brawling river; but the bleak mountains are before us, and we are soon made aware that we are nearing the "Reeks" and the glories—mountains, rivers, lakes, and foliage—of Killarney. We must not however anticipate; for we are nearing the spot from whence these glories are to be overlooked. Hither we shall conduct the Tourist on his first day's excursion.

Engraved by the Omnigraph, F. P. Becker & Co. Patentees

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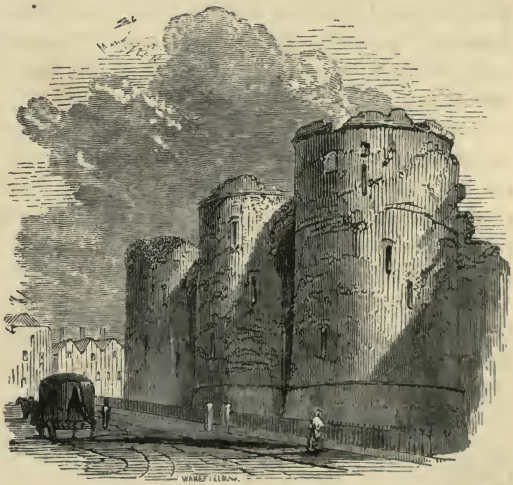
LIMERICK AND THE SHANNON.*

LIMERICK is distinguished in history as "the city of the violated treaty;" and the Shannon, on which it stands, has been aptly termed "the King of Island Rivers." Few of the Irish counties possess so many attractions as that of Limerick for the antiquarian and the lover of the picturesque; and, with one exception, no city of Ireland has contributed so largely to maintain the honour and glory of the country. The brave defenders of Limerick and Londonderry have received — the former from the Protestant, and the latter from the Catholic historian — the praise that party spirit cannot weaken; the heroic gallantry, the indomitable perseverance, and the patient and resolute endurance under suffering of both, having deprived political partisans of their asperity — compelling them, for once at least, to render justice to their opponents; all having readily subscribed to the opinion that "Derry and Limerick will ever grace the historic page, as rival companions and monuments of Irish bravery, generosity, and integrity."

The charter of Limerick is as old as Richard the First; and King John, according to Stanihurst, "was so pleased with the agreeableness of the city, that he caused a very fine castle and bridge to be built there." The castle has endured for above six centuries; in all the "battles, sieges, fortunes," that have since occurred, it has been the object most coveted perhaps in Ireland by the contending parties; and it still frowns, a dark mass, upon the waters of the mighty Shannon. Recently, improvements that have taken place in the city



* We are to suppose the tourist arrived in Limerick, taking the route to Killarney through that city. Our space will not justify our describing the road from Dublin; although some

have opened it to view; and an idea of its strength and magnitude may be obtained from the accompanying print.

The city is, indeed, very famous in history. Before it, in 1651, Ireton "sate down;" there he continued to "sit" for six months; and underneath its walls the fierce republican died of plague. Greater celebrity, and higher honour, were, however, obtained by Limerick in 1690. Early in August, William summoned it to surrender: the French general, Boileau, who commanded the garrison—"rather for the king of France than the king of England"—returned for answer, that "he was surprised at the summons, and thought the best way to gain the good opinion of the Prince of Orange was to defend the place for his master King James." The siege was at once commenced. The city was amply supplied with troops and provisions; its natural strength had been considerably augmented; it was fortified by walls, batteries, and ramparts, and defended by a castle and citadel. It consisted of the English town and the Irish town: the former being on an island, built upon a rock, and surrounded on all sides by morasses that could at any time be flooded, was considered almost impregnable; and although the Irish town was less defensible, if it were captured the English town might still be maintained. The flower of the Irish army were within its walls, or in its immediate neighbourhood; the counties of Clare and Galway were open to them, from which to draw supplies; and a French fleet rode triumphantly in the Shannon. The garrison, however, was little disposed to act in concert: the jealousy of the commanders of the French and Irish had spread to their troops; and they cherished feelings of contempt or hatred towards each other, that augured ill for their success in opposing the steady and disciplined forces of William.

Yet the Irish succeeded; the siege was raised on the 30th of August. But in the autumn of 1691, it endured a second, which occupied about six months; when the garrison wearied of a struggle from which they could derive nothing but glory; on the 23d of September, a cessation of hostilities took place; an amicable intercourse was opened between the two armies; and articles of capitulation were, after a few brief delays, agreed upon. The treaty was signed on the 3d of October, 1691; it consisted of two parts, civil and military. It is said to have been signed by the several contracting parties on a large stone, near to Thomond Bridge, on the county of Clare side of the river. The stone remains in the position it

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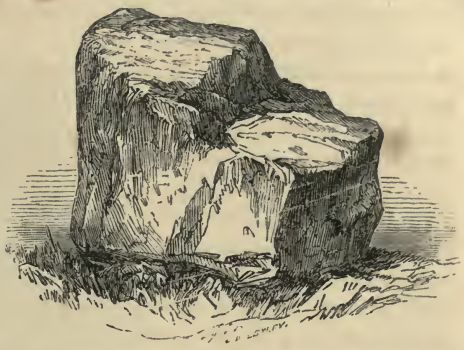
remarks will be required in reference to the route by canal. It must be sufficient to state, that journeying by mail coach road from Dublin, the tourist will pass through Naas, Kildare, Maryborough, Roscrea, and Nenagh. He will not, however, merely pass through Limerick; a day, or two, or three, may be, and ought to be, spent in this remarkable and interesting neighbourhood.

occupied at the period, and is an object of curiosity to strangers, as well as of interest to the citizens of Limerick. We therefore thought it desirable to procure a drawing of the relic, which retains its name of "the Treaty Stone." Although the statement depends entirely on tradition, it is not unlikely to be true. A statue of Sarsfield, the general who commanded the Irish, is, we understand, about to be placed upon it by the corporation of Limerick.



The city of Limerick, situated in an extensive plain watered by the mighty Shannon, about sixty Irish miles from the sea*, is divided, like all the towns of note in Ireland, into English town and Irish town; but a third division, called Newtown Pery, was added to it during the last century — the work being commenced in 1769, by the Right Hon. Edmond Sexton Pery. The English town stands on "the King's Island," an island formed by the Shannon, which divides, about half a mile above the city, into two streams; the narrowest of which is named the Abbey River. There is also an extensive and populous suburb on the opposite side of the river, in the county of Clare. The more modern parts are remarkably handsome, the streets being wide and the houses evenly built: the ancient portions, on the contrary, are narrow and confined, and dirty to a proverb. Limerick may be classed among the best cities of Ireland; and it is rapidly improving. Within the last few years, squares and crescents have been largely added to it, and several public buildings have been erected on a plan at once elegant and convenient. When Dr. Campbell wrote his "Survey," in 1577, the number of its streets was twenty-seven, and of its houses 3859: in 1787, the houses, according to the calculation of Mr. Ferrar, numbered 4300; in 1827, according to M'Gregor, there were seventy streets, besides numerous lanes; and by the census of 1821, the houses were enumerated at 8268. The population was then 59,045; and in 1831, it had increased

* Ferrar states that the city derived its ancient name "Lumneach" from the fact that "the island on which it is built, so pleasing in its situation, and so well calculated to prevent surprise by the river Shannon surrounding it, was fixed on for the rendezvous of a gang of outlaws, who subsisted by plundering the neighbouring counties. Here they brought their horses and other booty, from whence it acquired the name of Lumneach, or a spot made bare by feeding horses."

to 66,554; including, however, that of the "rural district." The most remarkable of the ancient structures of Limerick, with the exception of "King John's Castle," is the Cathedral—dedicated to "St. Mary;" a large and heavy-looking structure, built on the site of the palace of O'Brien, king of Limerick. Its tower is remarkably high; and from the summit there is a magnificent prospect of the various objects of attraction in the immediate neighbourhood : — it is, indeed, the only place from which a view can be obtained, for there are no adjacent hills — a circumstance to which the city is considerably indebted for its natural strength.

The city has been long unrivalled in Ireland for some peculiar advantages; the world is familiar with the fame of Limerick lasses, Limerick gloves, Limerick hooks, and Limerick lace — the latter, however, is a distinction of more recent growth. The women of all ranks throughout the county are remarkably beautiful in form and feature. The gloves retained their celebrity for above a century, and are still made in the family — the Bourkes — by whom the manufacture was in a measure introduced. The hooks have long been, and still are, famous ; the saying that "every hook is worth a salmon," continuing to hold good. The original O'Shaughnessy is dead; but his namesake and successor — as well as another maker named Glover — uphold the high character they have established in the estimation of every brother of the angle. They bear a very high price — necessarily so, in consequence of the exceeding nicety and care with which they are manufactured. They have been, of late years, greatly improved. They were formerly ill-shaped and heavy; they are now lighter in the wire, of a more graceful form, and far better tempered. Large quantities of them are exported to America; but in England, too frequently, anglers are deceived by a base imitation of them made at Sheffield. Of the Limerick lace, we have more to say. The lace manufacture, now so extensively carried on and brought to so high a state of perfection as not only to rival but surpass that of any district in England, was introduced into Limerick in 1829, by Mr. Walker, an Englishman. The experiment was com-

menced upon a very limited scale; twenty-two lace-workers having been brought from Nottingham, the cradle of the English lace trade, to teach the art, and endeavour to establish it in the neighbourhood. The attempt was eminently successful; year after year it continued to prosper, until it has attained a high degree of vigour — producing immensely beneficial results, and promising to increase largely in value and importance. There are now employed in the manufacture about 1700 females, in the various branches of the trade, consisting of tambourers, runners, darners, menders, washers, finishers, framers, muslin-embroiderers, and lace open-workers; the ages of the workers vary from eight years to thirty years. The average scale of wages is three shillings and sixpence weekly; some earn, however, as much as seven shillings.*

The influence of these introductions has been largely felt in Limerick and its vicinity. A love of industry has been extensively spread among the humbler classes, arising from the certainty that it will be amply recompensed; the cottages of the workers are conspicuous for neatness and good order; and very many of the apprentices have sums varying from one pound to twenty pounds deposited in the savings bank — a considerable portion of them earning more in a week than the day-labourer, and the employment continuing during the whole of the year.

There is another establishment in Limerick that we may not omit to notice — it

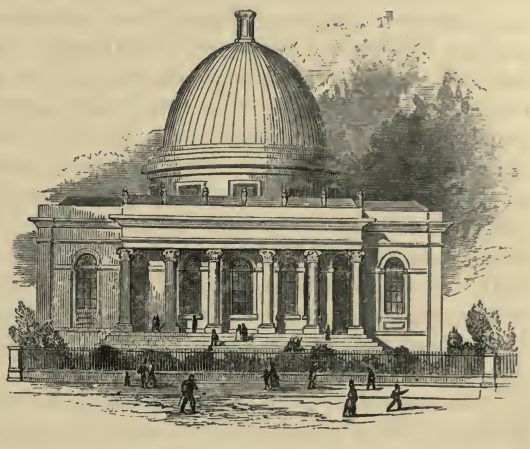
* We have taken some pains to examine into the character of the Limerick lace, and procured specimens from the three leading manufactories, with a view to compare them with those produced in England and on the Continent. We fearlessly assert — and challenge scrutiny — that it may vie in delicacy and beauty of finish with any thing of the kind wrought at the present time in Europe; while it is infinitely less costly than that manufactured in France or Belgium, and considerably cheaper than that of Nottingham or either of the lace districts of this country. Here are two lappets from Mr. Walker's factory; for the one we have paid eight and sixpence, and for the other seven shillings; for inferior articles we have frequently paid half as much again in London. Here is a collar, elaborately worked in six different stitches, and inlaid with the finest cambric. This specimen would be charged at any lace house in London at least sixteen shillings; we have paid for it ten shillings. Imitations of Point and Lisle lace are rendered with great accuracy; and the muslin work in shirts, cuffs, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. &c., is deserving of all praise. From the factory of Mr. Greaves we procured three specimens: a muslin collar, made at the establishment in the County Clare, fifteen shillings; a habit shirt, made in the establishment at Limerick, ten shillings; a canezou, made at the same place, twelve shillings and sixpence. From the factory of Mr. Lloyd we obtained a singularly beautiful specimen — a shawl, charged to us 1*l.* 9*s.*; but this we believe is the wholesale price, for he does not deal by retail. We must, of course, trust that our readers will have confidence in our statement (for it is impossible here to establish it by proof), and that some of them will put it to the test, by obtaining specimens from either of the factories — which they may easily do through the Post-office (the medium through which we had our supply); a more certain mode of procuring it genuine than by application to a London dealer in the article.

is that of Mr. Russell, the extensive provision-merchant. In this concern an annual sum of about 200,000*l.* is expended; the average number of pigs salted annually is about 50,000, and about 2,000 head of cattle. The building in which the business is carried on covers an area of three acres, entirely roofed in; while underneath are tanks capable of containing 600 tons. When we walked through it, we saw above 15,000 hams cured and dried; and the managers have attained so much skill by practice, that the article is held in the highest estimation throughout Ireland,—and would be equally so in England, if the consumer were enabled to distinguish it from the York ham, for which it is continually sold by the retail dealers of London. Mr. Russell employs 250 men—coopers, curers, smokers, renderers, "bacon-bed-men," choppers, packers, sorters, &c.; and pays weekly above 100*l.* in wages.

In Limerick originated an institution, of which there are now branches in nearly every populous town of Ireland—the "Mont de Piété" or charitable pawn office. The objects of this institution are twofold: first, to protect the needy from the usurious exactions of trading pawnbrokers, by lending money upon pledges at a very low rate of interest, and abolishing altogether the legal but oppressive charge for "tickets;" and next, to distribute among the poor the sums thus raised from the poor, by maintaining and extending the benefits of an Hospital for their relief. The circumstance out of which it arose is simply this:—Matthew Barrington, a gentleman whose name will be classed with those of the most munificent benefactors to the human race, having built an Hospital—at a cost of nearly 10,000*l.*, which he bestowed upon his fellow-citizens—found, to his surprise and regret, that it was not supported in the way he had reason to expect, and that the "annual subscriptions" for its maintenance were far more limited than the applications for relief. Instead, however, of becoming proportionately apathetic himself, he considered how a remedy for the evil might be provided; and finding that many of the hospitals in the principal cities of France, Holland, Belgium, and Italy were supported by Monts de Piété, he resolved upon endeavouring to introduce the system into Ireland. He met a few of the leading inhabitants of Limerick in October, 1836, explained to them his views, and the project was unanimously adopted. A capital was formed by the issue of debentures, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. (the legal rate of interest in Ireland): the debentures vary from 5*l.* to 500*l.*, and the value can be drawn from the joint stock, by giving three months' notice of an intention so to do; or moneys may be, at any time, raised upon them.

Mr. Barrington's next step was to procure a competent person to superintend the projected establishment; and Mr. John W. H. Haynes, the present upright and intelligent manager, was selected. He was first sent to Paris to acquire the necessary information relative to the Mont de Piété there. Having been furnished with

letters from the British to the French Government, his purpose was in every way facilitated; and in March, 1837, he opened the first establishment of the kind in Great Britain. A handsome and convenient structure —one of the chief ornaments of the city — was built for conducting the concern; and the result has been most gratifying in all respects. The subscribers have been amply recompensed for the use of their capital, and — when the cost of the building has been liquidated— they will, without any pecuniary sacrifice, have rendered the hospital commensurate with the wants of the people; while the poor of the city are already relieved to an almost incredible extent.



The great attraction of Limerick—although by no means the only one—is, however, its majestic and beautiful river; "the king of island rivers,"—the "principallest of all in Ireland," writes the quaint old naturalist, Dr. Gerrard Boate. It takes its rise among the mountains of Leitrim, and, running for a few miles as an inconsiderable stream, diffuses itself into a spacious lake, called Lough Allen. Issuing thence it pursues its course for several miles, and forms another small lake, Lough Eike; again spreads itself out into Lough Ree,—a lake fifteen miles in length and four in breadth; and thence proceeds as a broad and rapid river, passing by Athlone; then narrowing again until it reaches Shannon Harbour; then widening into far-famed Lough Derg, eighteen miles long and four broad; then progressing until it arrives at Killaloe, where it ceases to be navigable until it waters Limerick city; from whence it flows in a broad and majestic volume to the ocean for about sixty miles: running a distance of upwards of 200 miles from its source to its mouth—between Loop Head and Kerry Head (the space between them being about eight miles), watering ten counties in its progress, and affording facilities for commerce and internal intercourse such as are unparalleled in any other portion of the United Kingdom. Yet, unhappily, up to the present time, its natural advantages have been altogether neglected; its munificent wealth having been suffered to lie as utterly waste as if its blessings were offered only to an unpeopled desert.

To render the Shannon a navigable river has long been a cherished object; but the difficulties appeared insurmountable. So far back as 1638, the subject excited

the earnest attention of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, then viceroy of Ireland; and a letter has been preserved addressed by him, and signed by the Privy Council, to the Earl of Thomond and others, stating that "heere is one that offers to make the river Shannon navigable from Lymericke to above the foord of Killalow, and hee demands for his payment and charges therein 3000*l.*" Until very lately, however, no effort was made to improve it; and so recently as 1832, Mr. Rhodes (civil engineer, member of a commission appointed in 1831) reports that the grand designs of nature have been in a great measure frustrated; and the river (an odd simile, by the way) may not unaptly be compared to a sealed book." It would be foreign to our purpose to enter upon the subject of the Government plans now in progress for removing the obstacles that have hitherto rendered the broadest, the longest, and the most beautiful of British rivers comparatively valueless; there can be no doubt that, if successful, they will amply repay the enormous sums expending upon them, by "effectually advancing the commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and population of Ireland, and the consequent strength of the empire at large." *

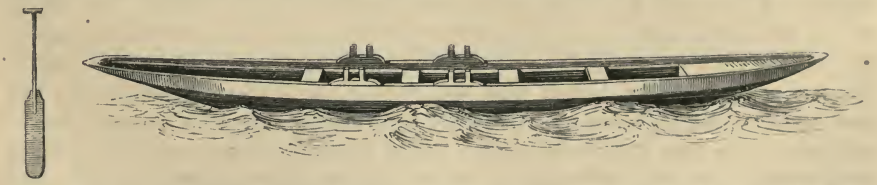
"The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea," thus answers to the description of Spenser. For a long space its course is so gentle that ancient writers supposed its name to have been derived from "Seen-awn," the slow river; and for many miles, between O'Brien's Bridge and Limerick, it rolls so rapidly along as almost to be characterized as a series of cataracts. At the Falls of Killaloe it descends twenty-one feet in a mile, and above 100 feet from Killaloe to Limerick; yet there is scarcely a single mill at work all that way. Its banks too are, nearly all along its course, of surpassing beauty. As it nears Limerick, the adjacent hills are

* "On the whole face of the globe, probably no river exists of so large a size in proportion to that of the island through which it flows, as the river Shannon; and were all the advantages which it is capable of affording turned to the best account by the industry and intelligence of the inhabitants, *aided by capital*, its influence upon the internal communication and commerce of the country could not fail of being very extensive. In its natural state, however, the Shannon has conferred fewer benefits upon the country it waters than streams of far inferior magnitude, which were more even and regular in their course, and at the same time easier of access along their banks. This will be more readily understood, when it is explained that in the distance between Lough Allen and Limerick, amounting to about 120 Irish miles, no less than seventeen different falls or rapids intervene, amounting in all to at least 146 feet 11 inches in height; each of them operating as a positive impediment to navigation." This was written by Mr. Weld in 1832; since, as our readers are aware, Government has undertaken the Herculean labour of rendering the Shannon navigable. The work is still carrying on,—with what advantage we are unable to determine. It is the latest of many plans to achieve this most desirable purpose, and the only one that appears likely to be attended with even partial success. The source of the Shannon is in a gulf or hole, near the base of the Culkagh mountains, about six miles north-east of Lough Allen, in the county of Leitrim.

crowned with villas; and upon its sides are the ruins of many ancient castles. Castle Connell, a village about six miles from the city, is perhaps unrivalled in the kingdom for natural graces; and immediately below it are the Falls of Doonas, where the river rushes over huge mountain-rocks, affording a passage which the more daring only will make, for the current — narrowed to a boat's breadth — rushes along with such frightful rapidity, that the deviation of a few inches would be inevitable destruction.* This, although the most remarkable of the falls, is succeeded by several others, between Castle Connell and Limerick — the whole scene, however discouraging to the political economist, as presenting a picture of wasted strength, being delicious in the highest degree to the lover of natural beauty.

The immediate environs of Limerick are not picturesque; the city lies, as we have said, in a spacious plain, the greater portion of which is scarcely above the level of the water: at short distances, however, there are some of the most interesting ruins in the kingdom, in the midst of scenery of surpassing loveliness. Of these, the tourist should first visit Carrig-o-gunnel, next Adare, and then Castle Connell, the most beautiful of many beautiful places upon the banks of the noble Shannon. Some of them, however, as we shall presently show, may be taken *en route* to Killarney.

* We cannot easily forget our sensations of mingled alarm and enjoyment, while rushing along this course — at night, but by the light of a brilliant moon; it was exciting to the highest degree. We had confidence in our helmsman (if so we must term the man with the paddle-rudder he held in his hand); yet every now and then the voyage was a startling one, and the danger quite sufficient to shake stronger nerves than ours. He had nothing to do but to keep a keen eye upon the rocks at either side, and guide his "cot" by pushing aside a wave with a strong arm, so as to keep in the centre of the current; and he did so with wonderful accuracy. We were afterwards convinced that there was in reality no more peril than there would have been upon the Thames; for the boatmen are so skilful and so well practised, that they govern their boats with absolute certainty. The boats are flat-bottomed (for often the stream is not above a few inches deep), narrowed, and squared at the stem and stern. The paddle is a piece of flat wood, about



three feet long, increasing from the handle to the breadth of about ten inches; only one is used, which the man changes from side to side according to the direction in which he desires to proceed — using it alternately to advance the boat, and as a helm to steer its course. We refer more especially to the boats used by the fishermen, in which the oars are seldom resorted to; for they are pushed up the stream by a long pole, and the current takes them down it without an effort.

We have referred to a peculiar mode of travelling from Dublin to Limerick; we allude to the Fly-boat, which voyages by canal from the metropolis to Shannon Harbour. The boat is here represented, passing under one of the bridges in the suburbs of the Capital. It is long and narrow; covered in, as we see it; and there are two divisions for different classes of passengers. It is exceedingly inconvenient: there is scarcely room to turn in the confined cabin; and an outside "berth" for more than one is impossible. The guide, or guard, takes his stand at the bow of the boat, and a helmsman controls its motions. It proceeds at a very rapid pace,—about seven miles an hour,—drawn by two or three horses, who are made to gallop all the way.

There is also a more cumbrous vessel, called a "night boat," which travels at a much slower rate,—about four miles an hour,—and always at night. It is large, awkward, and lumbering, and is chiefly used by the peasantry on account of its cheapness. The canal runs for nearly sixty miles through the far-famed Bog of Allen.*

The passage through the Bog of Allen, although dreary and monotonous, is by no means without interest; and as the recurrence of Locks enables the passenger occasionally to walk on land, the "voyage" will amply repay curiosity. The aspect that surrounds him on all sides is very singular; huge "clamps," or stacks, of turf border the canal; and here and there a cabin rears its roof a few feet above the surface, from which it can scarcely be distinguished. It is hardly possible to imagine more wretched hovels than those which the turf-cutters inhabit. The man rents usually from two to five acres; the turf he cuts with his own hands, and conveys to market as he best can. When settling, his first care is to procure shelter from the wind and rain; he selects, therefore, a dry bank a little beyond the influence of floods; here he digs a pit,—for it is nothing more,—places at the

* The Bog of Allen commences at Robertstown, twenty miles from Dublin, and continues with little interruption to Shannon Harbour, sixty-two Irish miles from Dublin.

corners a few sticks of bog-wood, and covers the top with "flakes" of heath, leaving a small aperture to let out the smoke. Yet the inhabitants of this miserable district, existing in this deplorable manner, are by no means unhealthy; and around their huts we saw some of the finest children we have seen in Ireland.

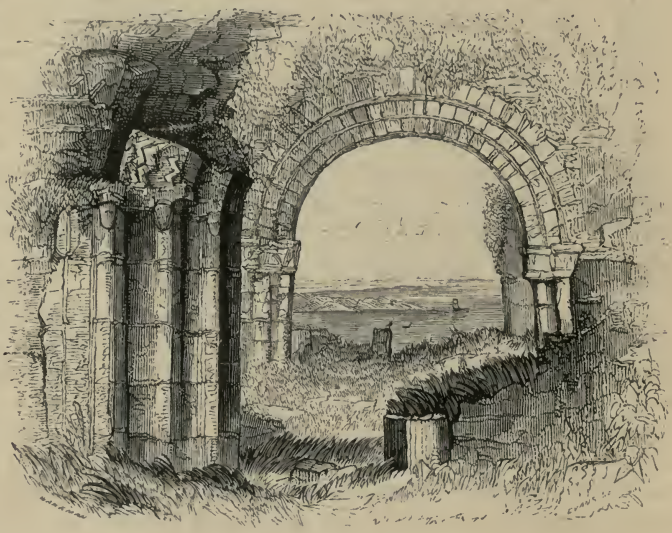
There can be no doubt that, in ancient times, this huge tract of country was one immense forest; although its remains are less numerous here than elsewhere, the turf being, for the most part, peat, with little admixture of wood — a circumstance to be accounted for by the fact that, in consequence of the difficulty of drainage, the cutters seldom work far beneath the surface. Many attempts have been made to drain portions of it, and with partial success; those which border the canal having been in several places converted into good arable land. When internal peace, in Ireland, has been followed by prosperity, the expenditure of capital will certainly convert this immense waste, which contributes so little to the national wealth, into fertile and productive fields; the next generation may see the merry harvester taking the place of the miserable turf-cutter, and smiling and happy cottages occupying the sites of the now wretched hovels that would be contemned even by the bushmen of southern Africa.*

From Dublin to Shannon Harbour, a small town on the borders of Longford and King's counties, few objects of interest occur; the towns of Tullamore and Philipstown offering no temptation to the tourist even to disembark from the boat. Arrived at Shannon Harbour, however, circumstances become altered. The scenery here begins to grow beautiful and majestic. Shannon Harbour, where the boat stops, or rather where it delivers its passengers "going south," for it proceeds on to Ballinasloe, is distant about twelve miles from Portumna. A small steamer conveys passengers to this point; and here the tourist is at the northern

* An ingenious writer in the "Dublin Penny Journal" states, that "In ancient times the Bog of Allen was computed to contain 1,000,000 of acres. At present, it does not exceed 300,000; and even this quantity is rapidly diminishing under the hand of cultivation; and, in all probability, the day is not far distant when the whole of these wastes will be reclaimed, and this perhaps once one of the fairest portions of Ireland be restored to its pristine state. To this end the Grand Canal, and also the Royal Canal, which traverses the counties of Meath, Westmeath, and Longford, in its passage also to the Shannon, materially contribute. A large breadth of drainage has been effected since their completion; and a corresponding extent of land has been thereby brought into cultivation. To these ends, also, the humble labours of the turf-cutter have been essentially aiding." He adds, "It is a high table-land, raised, at its highest elevation, about 270 feet above the Liffey, at low water, in Dublin; and stretches, from the latter place, across the King's County, to the Shannon; and, beyond it, in a direction east and west, into the counties of Galway and Roscommon; and, laterally, spreads through the counties of Meath and Westmeath to the north, and into the Queen's County and Tipperary to the south."

extremity of Lough Derg, and may anticipate a pleasant voyage down the Shannon.

In front of the little bay of Skariff, which lies at the upper extremity of Lough Derg, is a group of three small islets — the principal of which, Iniscealtra, or Holy Island, contains twenty acres. It has been famous from very early ages for its reputed sanctity: it possesses structures belonging to the Pagan as well as Christian periods; — a round tower and seven small churches, or rather cells or oratories. The round tower is about seventy feet high, and in good preservation. The principal church is called Teampol Camin, or the Chapel of Saint Camin, because that saint was either the founder or patron. Holy Island continues a favourite burial-place with the peasantry; and, although its religious establishments are ruined and desecrated, the ancient sanctity of its character still endures, and pilgrims from remote distances seek its shores.



Through Lough Derg the Tourist is conveyed by a large steamer, which lands him at Killaloe — distant from Portumna eighteen Irish miles; and from Killaloe there are cars and canal-boats which proceed to Limerick — distant from Killaloe twelve miles. At Killaloe he will be disposed to linger; for it is full of deeply interesting memorials of the past; and in its immediate neighbourhood was the famous palace of Kincora — the palace of Brian Boro.

To describe the attractions offered by this route — the route, that is to say, from Shannon Bridge to Limerick — would require far more space than we can afford.

BY RATHKEALE AND CASTLE-ISLAND.

FIRST, we conduct the reader to Killarney, by the coach route, through Adare, Rathkeale, Newcastle, Abbeyfeale, and Castle-Island — a distance of sixty-seven miles. Within a mile or two of Limerick, attention will be directed to the venerable ruin of Mungret Priory — said to have been founded by St. Patrick, and bearing evidence of high antiquity. A few broken walls only remain; insufficient to bear out the testimony of "Cormack Mac Cuillenan in the Psalter of Cashel," that it formerly gave shelter to "one thousand five hundred monks," five hundred of whom were devoted to preaching and instruction; five hundred more being so classed and divided, as to have a perpetual full choir day and night; the remainder being old men, who devoted themselves to religious and charitable works.*

Adare, the first stage from Limerick, is a neat and apparently flourishing town; immediately adjoining which are the remains of several monastic edifices, the

* A whimsical legend in connexion with the Priory is still current among the peasantry; a saying "As wise as the women of Mungret" being common to this day. It arose, as it is said, from the following circumstance:—The fame of the learned and musical monks having widely spread, a deputation was sent from the famous college at Cashel, in order to ascertain which of the two monasteries might claim the honour of being most perfect in the dead languages. The monks of Mungret became alarmed, lest they might be beaten in the contest, and so their reputation be ruined. They therefore hit upon an expedient to escape the danger of defeat; and having dressed up some of the junior students as women, and others as peasants, placed them at convenient distances along the road, by which their rivals of Cashel must necessarily travel.

greater number of them being within the walls of the Earl of Dunraven's beautiful park. One of the old abbeys has been converted into a church, and another into a chapel; and both retain traces of their original grandeur, although modern "improvements" have essentially changed their character. The erections of these abbeys, churches, and a castle of the Desmonds, which "much incommoded the English" during the Elizabethan wars, are not of very remote dates. A house was founded here, for friars of the order of the Holy Trinity, for the redemption of Christian captives, in the reign of King Edward the First, by John Earl of Kildare. The Augustinian Friary, called also the Black Abbey, was founded in 1315, and King Edward the Second confirmed the grants made to it A.D. 1317. The house of Grey Friars was founded in 1465, by Thomas Earl of Kildare, and Joan his wife — and they were both buried in the choir. The ruins of these, and others, have been recently put into complete repair at the charge of Lord Dunraven; and, at the time of our visit, the new additions of mason-work were so apparent as considerably to impair the "beauty of age;" but, within a comparatively short period, the ivy will grow over them, and they will have been secured from further dilapidations of Time for ages yet to come.

In the immediate vicinity of Adare — but also in other parts of the country — a singular and peculiar race of strangers settled, a century and a half ago, and still keep themselves, to a considerable extent, apart and separate from the people. They are known as "the Palatines."* Early in the last century, Lord Southwell

As the deputation advanced, they naturally inquired the way to Mungret, and put to the persons they met other questions — each of which was immediately answered either in Greek or Latin. The worthies, consequently, held a conference; and disliking, also, to encounter the risk of being worsted at their own weapons, they very wisely resolved to retrace their steps, and avoid a battle in which they would of course be overcome — inasmuch as so impregnated was the whole neighbourhood with learning, that even the women and workmen thereof could speak fluently the languages they came to make the subject of battle.

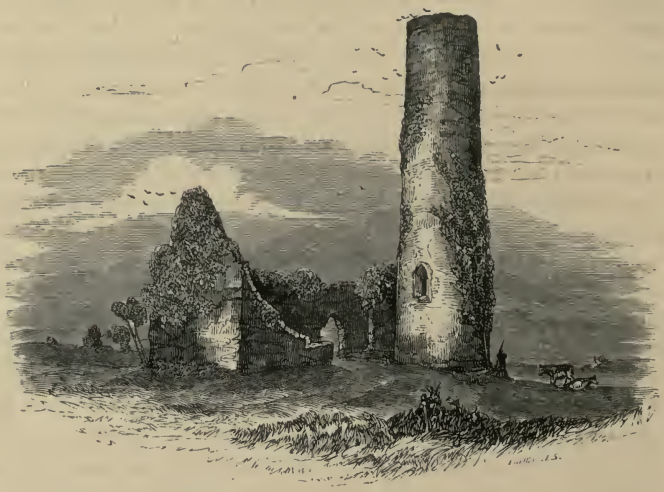
* About sixty years ago, Ferrar, the historian of Limerick, thus wrote of the Palatines:—"They preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster, to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men, and have leases from the proprietors of the land at reasonable rents; they are consequently better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides, their modes of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbours. They have by degrees left off their sour-crout, and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oaten and wheaten bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many. They keep their cows housed in winter, feeding them with hay and oaten straw; their houses are remarkably clean, to which they have stables, cow-houses, a lodge for their plough, and neat kitchen-gardens: the women are very industrious, and perform many things which the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do; besides their domestic employments and the care of their children, they reap the corn, plough the ground, and assist the men in every thing. In short, the Palatines have benefited the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."

introduced into Ireland a number of German Protestants; placing them originally at Court-Matress.

Even now they are very different in character, and distinct in habits, from the people of the country. We visited several of their cottages, or, as they are better pleased to call them, "houses," in the neighbourhood of Adare; and the neatness, good order, and quantity and quality of the furniture—useful and ornamental—too surely indicated that we were not in a merely Irish cabin. Huge flitches of bacon hung from the rafters; the chairs were in several instances composed of walnut-tree and oak; massive and heavy, although rudely carved chests, contained, as we are told, the house linen and woollen, and the wardrobes of the inhabitants. The elders of the family preserve, in a great degree, the language, customs, and religion of their old country; but the younger mingle and marry with their Irish neighbours. The men are tall, fine, stout fellows, as our Irish friend said, "*to follow;*" but there is a calm and stern severity and reserve in their aspect that is any thing but cheering to a traveller to meet, particularly after being accustomed to the brilliant smiles, and hearty "God save ye kindly," so perpetually on the peasant's lips, and always in his eyes. This characteristic is also remarkable in the cottages. The women are sombre-looking, and their large blue eyes are neither bright nor expressive: they are slow to bid you welcome; and if they rise from their seats, resume them quickly, and hardly suspend their occupations to talk with you; not that they are uncourteous—they are simply cold, reserved, and of that high-toned manner which is at ease with, or careless of, the presence of strangers. In their dealings they are considered upright and honourable: like the Quakers of old, they do not interfere with either politics or religion; are cautious as to land-taking; and in the troublous times, when the generality of persons were afraid to walk forth, the quiet Palatine pursued his avocations without let or hindrance, being rarely if ever molested. Many of the old Palatines used to have their Bibles buried with them; and this accounts for our being unable to find any other than English Bibles in their houses. We failed, indeed, to discover any books in their own language; but one of the elders told us, they had given many of them to the soldiers of the German Legion as keepsakes, while that body was quartered in the neighbourhood. They are at present, both as regards their customs and traditions, only a relic of the past; and yet one so strongly marked, and so peculiar, that it will take a long time before all trace of the "Father-land" is obliterated. Their superstitions, also, savour strongly of the banks of the Rhine; but they are careful in communicating them, which may proceed from their habitual reserve. They retain the names of their ancestors, such as "Fritz," "Meta," "Ella," "Ruth," "Ebenezer," which are common among them, and sound strangely when mingled with the more aboriginal Dinnys and Nellys.

About three miles to the south-east of Adare is the old town of Croom. The

very name of *Croom* is redolent of its heathen origin as a temple of the ruler of the Irish gods, the formidable Croom, or Tarran, the Thunderer. In its immediate neighbourhood, and in the centre of an extensive valley stretching out from the eastern base of Knockfeerena — famous for its fairy marvels — stand the remains of a small but very ancient church, whose era belongs to the very earliest period of Christianity in Ireland. It is a plain oblong, about forty-six feet in length and eighteen broad. The walls are rather of a Cyclopian construction, and are well coated with ivy. It was lit by two small windows, the arching of which, as well as that of the door, has been destroyed. The frame-work of the door and windows, as is usual in these very ancient structures, is of sandstone. Ten feet north of the church stands one of those round towers so peculiar to Ireland, and so fruitful of controversy to her antiquaries. It is fifty feet in height, and fifty feet in circumference at its base.



Rathkeale is next reached; it is a town of considerable size. Abbeyfeale, so named from a venerable ruin that stands on the banks of the Feale, is the next stage; next is Castle-Island, the first stage from Killarney; and from this town, a poor and half-ruinous place,—a distance of fifteen miles and a half,—the road possesses little to interest until we near the mountains that overlook the Lakes.

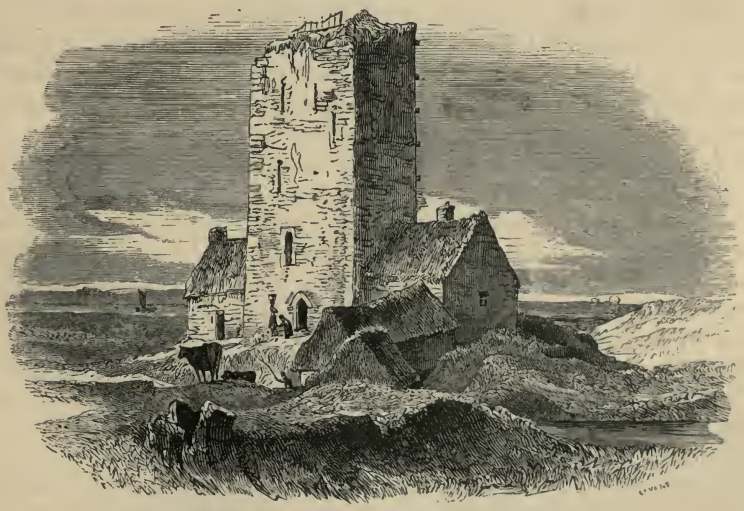
As this route is much less interesting than that by Tarbert, and far less attractive than that by Kilmallock, we have devoted to it but a brief space, in order that more may be allotted to the two routes to which we make reference.

The road by Rathkeale and Castle-Island is, however—be it remembered—the only road by which public conveyances proceed from Limerick to Killarney.

BY THE SHANNON, THROUGH TARBERT AND TRALEE.

LET us recommend this route to Killarney. It will introduce the tourist to very magnificent scenery while voyaging down the most noble of island rivers—"the spacious Shannon." The voyage, as we have elsewhere observed, is made by steam. The boats ply thrice a week; and the voyager may either land directly at Tarbert, or, visiting the opposite coast of Clare, pass a few hours at Kilrush, take in his way the legend-stored island of Scattery, and then, crossing to Tarbert, resume the road to Killarney.

The voyage is indeed full of attractions; and these attractions—of beautiful and magnificent scenery, ruined abbeys, and dilapidated castles—commence with the borders of Limerick city, and terminate only with the mountain-rocks that keep out the Atlantic. In the immediate vicinity of Limerick, the road lies over a rich alluvial flat, which stretches from the shores of the river to the base of the highlands that rise behind the woods of Cratloe.



The neighbourhood of the hamlet of Cratloe possesses two of the solitary castelets so frequent in the south of Ireland. One of these is called Cratloe Castle, the other Cratloe Beg. They belonged to the lesser chiefs—the feudatories of the period—the followers of the lords paramount of Thomond, the O'Briens, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and are of the earliest class of castellation. The lower chambers are dark and vaulted, the walls massive, and the chambers narrow and dimly lighted. They must be regarded as the next in succession to the Duns, Raths, and Liosses of the earlier periods.

The voyage hence down this magnificent river, to its mouth, is full of interest. Sea-rocks, islets, and islands are abundant. Nearly at its mouth, and opposite Kilrush, is the far-famed island of Scattery, memorable in ecclesiastical history, and celebrated as the residence of that ungallant and un-Irish saint—St. Senanus—who having

> "sworn his sainted sod
> Should ne'er by woman's feet be trod,"

refused even to associate with him in his solitude a "sister-saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing to him." But, if we are to credit the poet,

> "Legends hint that had the maid
> Till morning's light delay'd,
> And given the saint one rosy smile,
> She ne'er had left his lonely isle."

The coast from Kilrush—on the mainland opposite the island—a pretty and fashionable bathing-place, round to Kilkee, which faces the Atlantic, may vie for sublime grandeur with that of any part of the kingdom. The two towns are distant about eight miles by land; but to reach the one from the other by sea, a voyage of little short of forty miles would be necessary; for the long and narrow promontory—the barony of Moyarta—stretches out between them, and forms the northern boundary of the mouth of the Shannon. To supply even a faint description of the wonderful scenery in this vicinity would exceed the space to which we are limited; we may therefore refer the reader to a small but full and valuable little volume, entitled "Two Months at Kilkee," written by Mrs. Knott, and published by Messrs. Curry and Co. of Dublin.

The mouth of the Shannon is grand almost beyond conception. Its inhabitants point to a part of the river, within the headlands, over which the tides rush with extraordinary rapidity and violence. They say it is the site of a lost city, long buried beneath the waves; and that its towers, and spires, and turrets, acting as breakers against the tide-water, occasion the roughness of this part of the estuary. The whole city becomes visible every seventh year, and has been often seen by the

fishermen sailing over it; but the sight bodes ill luck, for within a month after the ill-fated sailor is a corpse. The time of its appearance is also rendered farther disastrous by the loss of some boat or vessel, of which, or its crew, no vestige is ever after found. In the summer of 1823 the city was last visible, and then a sail-boat, carrying a crew of fifteen men, perished. The day happened to be Sunday; and it was reported, and of course believed, that the whole fifteen were seen, about the same time, at the parish chapel, mixing and conversing amongst their neighbours and relatives, as they were accustomed to do in life; although, in a few hours after, the dreadful tidings of their loss reached their families, filling the whole community with sorrow and lamentations.

Crossing to Tarbert, with a view to continue his journey, the tourist will find in this neighbourhood also some inducements to delay. If his purpose be to reach Killarney without pausing, he will proceed at once to Listowel — distant from Tarbert twelve miles and a half; thence to Tralee, distant from Listowel twenty miles; and thence to Killarney, distant from Tralee twenty miles. Tarbert contains little to interest; but Listowel is an improving town, and its castle is rich in traditionary lore.

Listowel is watered by the Feale, a river which the Irish poet has immortalised in one of the sweetest of his songs, founded on a tradition that a young heir of the princely Desmonds, having been benighted while hunting, took shelter in the house of one of his dependants, with whose fair daughter he became suddenly enamoured. "He married her; and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." The story rests on the authority of Leland. The poet makes the lord thus address his rebellious clan:—

"You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?"

Nearly midway between Tarbert and Listowel are the Caves of Ballybunian. They are not often visited; yet may be classed among the most remarkable of the natural wonders of Ireland. The old county historian alludes to them very briefly:—"The whole shore here hath a variety of romantic caves and caverns, formed by the dashing of the waves; in some places are high open arches, and in others impending rocks, ready to tumble down upon the first storm." A small volume descriptive of them was published in 1834, by William Ainsworth, Esq.;

to which we must refer the reader. They are distinguished by names, each name bearing reference to some particular circumstance: as, "The Hunter's Path," from a tradition that a rider once rode his horse over it; "Smugglers' Bay," for centuries famous as a safe shelter for "free traders;" the "Seal Cave," &c. &c.*

Tralee is the Assize town of the county. It contains nearly 10,000 inhabitants. It has, however, very few temptations to induce even a short stay. Its famous castle was removed a few years ago; and a good street and a pleasant promenade occupy its site. The remains of several ruins are in its immediate vicinity; and, among others, that of an abbey, in which, for several centuries, the Desmonds were buried. The most interesting monastic remains in Kerry are, however, those

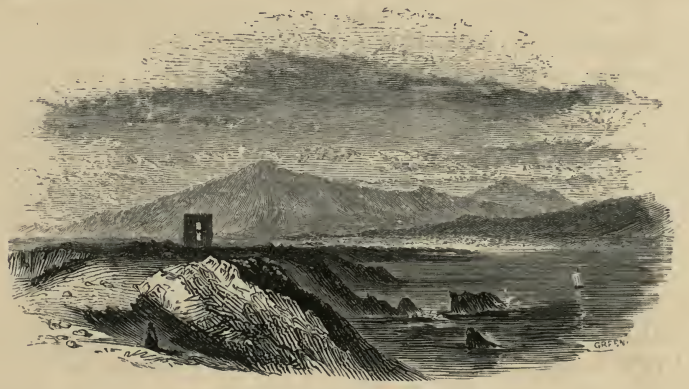
of the abbey of Ardfert — about six miles north-west of Tralee. Ardfert is a bishop's see, held *in commendam* with the bishopric of Limerick. The ruins of

* "The cliffs of Ballybunian are even less remarkable for their dimensions, than they are for the singular form of rocks, which seem as if carved by the hand of man; and, independently of the lofty mural precipices, whose angular proportions present every variety of arrangement, as in Smuggler's Bay, where they oftentimes are semicircularly arranged, like the grain-work of an arch, or the tablets or small strings running round a window, or are piled above one another in regular succession, presenting a geological phenomenon of great grandeur and magnificence, they have also other distinct beauties, which originate frequently in similar causes."

the cathedral are still in good preservation, and bear marks of high antiquity. In the western front are four round arches, and in the eastern front three elegant, narrow-pointed windows. On the right of the altar are some niches with Saxon mouldings. A round tower 120 feet high, and built chiefly of a dark marble, which formerly stood near the west front, suddenly fell down in 1771—

> "Where my high steeples whilom used to stand,
> On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
> There now is but an heap of lime and sand
> For the screech-owl to build her baleful bowre."

A glance at the Map of Kerry will show that a narrow promontory, north of Dingle Bay, runs out into the Atlantic, and contains, on the south, Ventry Harbour, Dingle Harbour, Mount Eagle, and Castlemaine, and on the north Smerwick, Mount Brandon, and Tralee Bay. To visit this wild peninsula, the tourist should fix his head-quarters at Tralee; and, if leisure permit, the visit will be amply recompensed.



The peninsula is full of interesting historical associations, as well as abundant in natural beauties. We must touch upon them very briefly. The Spaniards had settlements in this district; and remains of the fortifications still exist. The ruins of old castles are numerous all along the coast. One of the most conspicuous of them is that called Ferriter's Castle, the ancient stronghold of the Ferriters; the last of whom, Pierce Ferriter, took part in the troubles of 1641, and having surrendered under promise of pardon, was betrayed, and, with all his followers, put to the sword. The ruin is situated in a wild spot, almost on the verge of the Atlantic: a single tower is all that endures.

The whole of the peninsula is indented with bays and harbours; from which

the mountains ascend, giving a character of rude grandeur to the scenery. Take, for example, a sketch in Dingle Bay.

Between the Bay of Dingle and the Harbour of Kenmare is another huge peninsula, upon which a few remarks may be here permitted; although, being south-west of Killarney, a visit to it will be more properly made from that town. Near its northern extremity is Lough Carah.

The vicinity of Lough Carah has long been a terra incognita; partly owing to the fact that its beauties were unknown to, and consequently undescribed by, tourists—having been penetrated only by the sportsman, for whom it had, and has, temptations irresistible; and partly in consequence of the bad roads that led to it, and the ill accommodation provided for strangers when there. These obstructions to its fame are now in a great degree removed. There is a small and well-conducted inn, kept by an Englishman, at Glenbay, on the coast of Castlemaine—on the high road to Inveragh and Cahirceveen—a centre for the sportsman and the tourist.

Carah Lake lies about fifteen miles west of Killarney, and is approached by the high road to Killarglin,—a miserable village, about four miles from the lake, where is also a small inn. The approach on this side, with the exception of the view of the Reeks, is uninteresting. It may be reached also by a new road, branching off from the former about ten miles from Killarney, and leading through a ravine in the Reeks called Glouncetane, by the very beautiful lake of Coos, and through the valley of Glencar to the upper end of the lake. This road well deserves to be explored, as there are few parts of Ireland which exceed the valley of Glencar in wild and solitary beauty. The lake of Carah, taking its origin in this valley, runs in a northerly direction to the sea, to which it is connected by the Carah river, about five miles in length, celebrated for its winter salmon-fishing. The length of the lake is about seven miles, and its breadth varies from two to four. It is divided into upper and lower. The lower, which is widest and least picturesque,

is, however, a very fine sheet of water, and contains many objects of interest. From this point is obtained one of the best views of the Reeks. The mountains on the eastern side terminate in that of Gortnagloron: it is almost perpendicular, and luxuriantly wooded. One of the chain contains a singular cave—the retreat of a band of Rapparees in the olden time. The upper lake may be classed among the grandest and most beautiful of the lakes of Kerry, being little inferior to its more celebrated namesake of Killarney. The mountains here open, surrounding Glencar like an immense amphitheatre, at the distance of five or six miles, rising one above the other in endless varieties, — with the Reeks and Carran-Tuel towering high above the rest. The lake terminates in a long river or bay, navigable for about two miles, running up into the glen between scenery of surpassing beauty.*

South-west of this lake are the wild and picturesque district of Cahirciveen, the southern coast of Dingle Bay, and the interesting harbour and island of Valentia— with the exception of "the Blasquets," the point of land in Ireland nearest to America. In the vicinity of Cahirciveen is "Derrynane," the seat and the birth-place of D. O'Connell, Esq., M. P. It was originally a farmhouse, and has been added to from time to time, according to the increase of the property or family of its possessor. It is beautifully situated; and in its immediate neighbourhood are the picturesque ruins of an abbey, founded in the seventh century by the monks of St. Finbar. The island of Valentia belongs to "the Knight of Kerry," who resides there, giving the good example of an excellent, considerate, and enterprising landlord, beloved and respected by all classes; and making contented, happy, and comparatively prosperous, all who are within his reach. The hospitality of this remote region is proverbial. All that was generous, highminded, and truly noble

* This river ceases to be navigable at a place called Blackstones, where the river from the mountains rushes into it through large masses of black rock, from whence its name. At this spot, one of the prettiest on the lake, Petty, the ancestor of the Lansdowne family, established, about the end of the seventeenth century, a little colony of Englishmen, who selected the site for a foundry for smelting iron, both for the convenience of water-carriage and the neighbourhood of the large forests that then covered the country. Of this little settlement there still exist very interesting remains: their furnace is almost perfect, surrounded with large heaps of clinkers, — the residue of the iron stove; and the ruined gables of their habitations, amongst which can be discovered that of their clergyman and their chapel. A very peculiar interest attaches to those remains of bygone industry. The destruction of the Irish woods must have been a very profitable speculation, which could have induced them to encounter the many difficulties of their situation, where they were obliged to form their little gardens on the bare rocks with earth brought a distance of many miles, and where their only communication for provisions and the export of their iron was by the lake. Large masses of iron have been found in turning up the ground; and the hops they planted for their ale are now growing wild in the woods. They remained some years in the county; — until, indeed, they had consumed nearly all the timber.

in the princely race, has been continued in the line; and if common report speak truly, the heroic qualities of this branch of the Geraldines have remained with their descendants. Although very fertile, and still maintaining the distinction which Smith bestows upon it, of being "esteemed the granary of the county," the only peculiar produce of Valentia is from its slate quarries—the slabs from which are of great strength and size, and find a ready market in London. The Spaniards occupied the island and harbour until expelled by Cromwell; whose lieutenant erected forts at both the entrances, in order to put a stop to the privateering purposes to which it was applied. A harbour light-house of great utility has been lately opened. About twelve miles south of the harbour are "the Skelligs," a group of rocks which rank among the greatest curiosities of the Atlantic. They were formerly celebrated as the resort of pilgrims; and many a weary penance has been performed upon their naked and inhospitable crags. The Great Skellig consists of two peaks, which rise from the ocean so perpendicularly as closely to approximate to the shape of a sugar-loaf: the larger rising in thirty-four fathoms of the ocean to 710 feet above its level; the occasional projections being clothed with grass of "a delicious verdure and remarkable sweetness." The island is, at all times, nearly covered with sea-fowl; a circumstance for which Dr. Keating, the fanciful "historian" of Ireland, thus accounts:—"There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock;" a notion of which the poet has thus availed himself—

> "Islets so freshly fair
> That never hath bird come nigh them,
> But, from his course through air,
> Hath been won downward by them."

The peasantry have numerous tales to tell in connexion with these singular rocks; and a whimsical tradition exists, that every madman, if left to his own guidance, would make his way towards them. They have, however, of late years lost much of their sacred character, and are now-a-days visited by very few penitents.

Thus, very large districts of Kerry are promontories; a circumstance to which Camden refers, when he describes the county as "shooting forth like a little tongue into the sea, roaring on both sides of it." A mine of wealth is therefore at hand, which activity and industry, aided by a moderate capital, might easily render available; yet the fisheries are few, and we have heard of none so extensive as to be in proportion to the great supply that Providence has placed within the reach of those who would turn it to account. In the various rivers in the south, the fishermen have a peculiar mode of taking fish, which they call pusha-pike fishing. It is performed by a single man, who, at low water, moors his

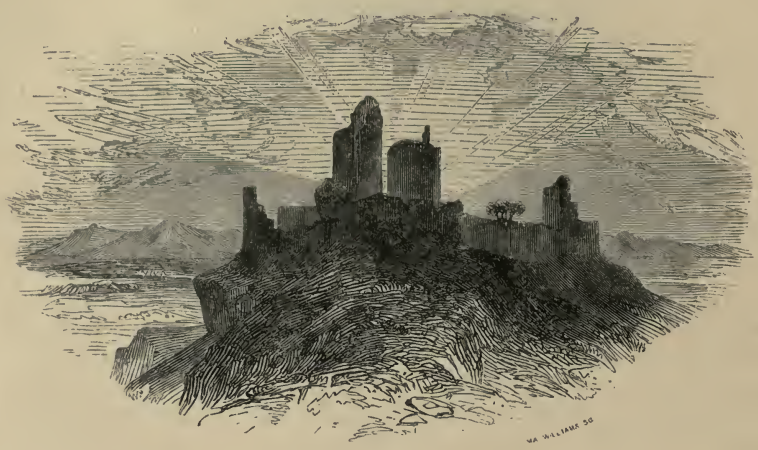
boat to a pole fixed in the water, and spreading a net loosely over two poles, placed at an angle, lowers it into the narrow channel of the river; when this net

is touched by a fish, his hand, which holds the upper part, feels the touch, and he instantly raises the net, as shown in the annexed print, and secures the prize.

But we must return to Tralee. The road from that town to Killarney is uninteresting. Still the mighty mountains surround us, and prevent the prospect from at any time degenerating into sameness. A range of mountains runs from Tralee to the coast. At Slieve-mist (one of them), according to Keating, the Milesians, after landing, fought their first battle with the natives. Cahir-con-righ is another of the range. On its summit are some singular Druidic remains; and it is richly stored with legends. Here, indeed, during the fierce wars of Elizabeth's reign, the Irish found safe asylums into which their enemies dared not venture. When nearing Killarney, the majestic Reeks come in sight; we pass the unfinished work-house, a corn-mill at full work, the deer-park, and the pleasant river Deenagh, and enter Killarney by its northern suburb.

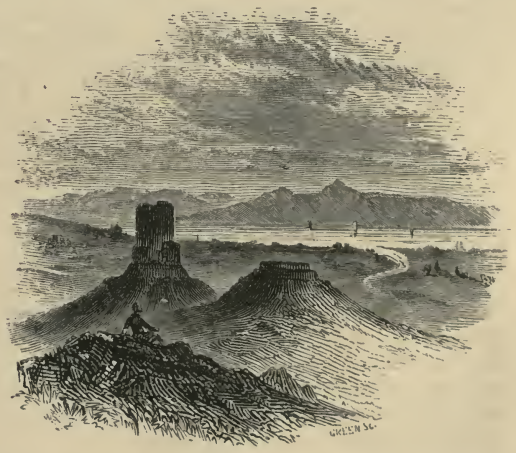
Our observations upon this route have referred only to the voyage from Limerick to Tarbert, by the Shannon. The journey may be, and very often is, made by land, passing through the famous old towns of Askeaton and Shanagolden; and this route, although less peculiar, and certainly less inviting than that by the great "island river," abounds in matters of deep interest that will amply recompense the Tourist. About six miles from Limerick, is Carrick-o-Gunnel — the "Rock of the Candle;" one of the most striking and interesting to be found in Ireland. Its site is remarkably commanding: it covers the summit of a huge rock, overlooking the broad Shannon, the city of Limerick, and miles upon miles of a richly cultivated country—filling the mind with vivid images of past power and strife; while the deep dark woods of Cratloe in the distance summon to memory legends

of banded outlaws, who sheltered there during years of turbulent foray on the one hand, and melancholy mismanagement or oppression on the other. This interesting remain of antiquity the Tourist should on no account omit to visit; and it lies on his route, or, at all events, a very short way out of it.



The castle must have been of amazing strength, and the outworks evidently extended a long way down the adjacent slope, for some traces of the old walls may still be discovered. It is said to have been built by the O'Brien family, and was the seat of Donogh O'Brien in 1530, having been frequently "lost and won" during the contests with the Earls of Desmond. It became a ruin, however, only so recently as 1689. During the siege of Limerick it was garrisoned by the adherents of James the Second; but they surrendered, without resistance, to Major-General Scravenmore — "which seems to have been," writes the historian of the period, "rather from a want of instructions what to do, than courage to defend it; for, to give the Irish their due, they can defend stone walls very handsomely." This same historian, Dean Story, was intrusted with the office of destroying the castle, and received no less a sum than 160*l.* for the purchase of gunpowder to "blow up Carrick-o-Gunnel and Castle Connell." The effects of the explosion are still sufficiently obvious, for huge masses of broken walls are scattered about in picturesque confusion; although one or two of the towers and portions of the ramparts still endure in a state of tolerable preservation. We ascended one of the towers with some difficulty; but our toil was amply recompensed — never can we forget the grand and beautiful scene that was then brought within our ken!

Askeaton, distant about seventeen miles from Limerick, is a populous and busy-looking town, situate on the river Deel, near its junction with the Shannon. A waterfall of considerable elevation, formed by a barrier of rock stretching across the entire bed of the river, and visible from the town, has given name to the place —*As-cead-tinne*, "The Cascade of the Hundred Fires." The fires were probably in some way connected with the ritual of the Druids—the old Irish Ghebres. It was a holiday when we entered Askeaton, and its streets were densely crowded—business, or pleasure, or devotion, as well as the fineness of the day, having congregated together a very numerous population. This circumstance gave the place, to our minds, an aspect of cheering industry, which probably otherwise it has no claim to. At all events, its command of the tide-water, and its favourable position, ought to entitle it to a considerable trade: in England it would surely possess it. An excellent bridge of five depressed arches connects both sides of the town, for it lies on either bank of its river. The place was formerly surrounded with a wall and other defences. The castle, an ancient residence and stronghold of the Earls of Desmond, stands at the foot of the bridge, and even in its extreme ruin shows that it had been a pile of great strength and importance. About two miles from Askeaton is the small village of Shanagolden; one mile south-east of which, and closely approaching the mountainous tract lying between Limerick and Kerry, stands out a prominent grassy hill of considerable elevation and steepness: it is unconnected with any other eminence in its vicinity. This is the Hill of Shannid—quasi *Shanait*, "The Old Place." It terminates in a double peak, evidently artificial, each forming a truncated cone, fashioned in ages remote for purposes of defence. That to the north is surmounted by a castle, the area of which, 180 feet in circumference, covers the whole extent of platform. In height this structure is something between thirty and forty feet; the walls are ten feet in thickness. Its form is polygonal without, circular within. It contains neither vault nor staircase. An external wall about twenty feet in height, and but little in advance from it, surrounds the structure. Lower down a deep fosse, 600 feet in circumference, flanked by an earthen rampart, forms a girdle round the hill.



Previously to the seventeenth century this castle was held by the Earls of Desmond, and the cry of "Shannid aboo," *i. e.* "Shannid victorious," or "Hurra for Shannid," forms the motto of the Knights of Glin, — a still subsisting branch of the Geraldines,—as "Crom-aboo," from Croom, in the same county, has been adopted as the motto of another branch of the same spreading family—that of the Duke of Leinster.* The southern peak is crowned by one of the ancient Raths — a hill fort, formed of earth, and surrounded with deep fosses and ramparts.

Glin, the village next reached by this route, — about fifteen miles from Askeaton and four from Tarbert, — is a small and poor place, but full of interesting historic associations. Near to it is Glin Castle, the dwelling of the Knight of Glin.

To the town of Tarbert we have already referred, describing the mode by which the tourist proceeds hence to Killarney.

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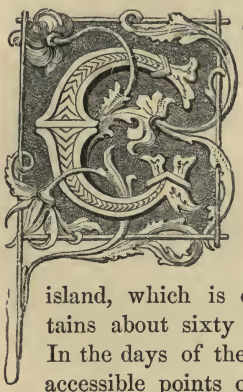
* Many of these war-cries are retained as family mottoes — that of the Fitzgeralds, for example, "Crom-a-boo," by the Duke of Leinster; others have been long since abandoned; and others have departed with the families who bore them. The O'Neal's cry was Lamh-dearg-aboo — Huzza for the red hand (his crest); O'Brien's, Lamh-laider-aboo — Huzza for strong hand; the Bourkes', Galraigh-aboo — Huzza for the red Englishman; the Fitzpatricks', Gear-laider-aboo — Huzza for strong and sharp — (alluding to their crest, a lion and a dragon); the Mac Swineys', Battailah-aboo — Huzza for the noble staff; the Hiffernans', Ceart-na-suas-aboo — Huzza for the right from above; the Husseys', Cair-direach-aboo — Huzza for strict justice, &c. &c. In the tenth year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, an act was passed prohibiting the use of these family war-cries: "*Item*, prayen the commons in this present Parliament assembled; that forasmuch as there has been great variances, malices, debates, and comparisons between divers lords and gentlemen of this land, which hath daily increased by seditious means of diverse idle and ill-disposed persons, utterly taking upon them to be servants to such lords and gentlemen; for that they would be borne in their said idleness, and their other unlawful demeaning, and nothing for any favour or entirely good love or will that they bear unto such lords and gentlemen. Therefore it be enacted and established by the same authority, That no person, ne persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree he or they be of, take part with any lord or gentleman, or uphold any such variances or comparisons in word or deed, as in useing these words, Com-abo, Butler-abo, or other words like, or otherwise contrary to the king's laws, his crown, and dignity, and peace; but to call on St. George, or the name of his sovereign lord the King of England for the time being. And if any person or persons, of whatsoever estate, condition, or degree he or they be of, do contrary so offending in the premisses, or any of them, be taken and committed to ward, there to remain without bayle or mainprize, till he or they have made fine after the discretion of the king's deputy of Ireland, and the king's counsail of the same for the time being."— *Rot. Parl.* cap. 38.

BY KILMALLOCK AND MALLOW.



OOD reasons may be urged for preferring the route from Limerick to Killarney through Kilmallock and Mallow, as upon this road several objects of deep interest may be visited. The first and principal is Lough Gur. This secluded lake is distant about ten miles from the city. It is irregular in form, and the circumference is between four and five miles. In this lake the last of the Desmonds is detained in thrall.* From its bosom rise one large and three or four small islands. The principal island, which is connected with the eastern shore by a causeway, contains about sixty acres, and is called Knock-a-dun, or the Fortified Knoll. In the days of the Desmonds, two strong square towers defended the most accessible points of approach on the eastern and southern sides. One of

* The legend is, that the last chieftain of the Desmonds keeps his state under the waters of the lake, from which he rises at daybreak on the morning of every seventh year, and rides fully armed and accoutred for contest round its shores; and this duty he is compelled to discharge until the shoes of his steed, which are made of silver, are worn out: when the term of his enchantment will expire, and he will return to earth to resume his station and regain his estates. About seventy years ago, Mr. Stackpoole Baylee made some attempts to drain the lake, and formed a channel to convey the water into ground still lower. The progress of the work was stopped by the sudden death of that gentleman, who was killed by a fall from his horse on returning at night from the house of a neighbour with whom he had dined. It is scarcely necessary to add that the peasants universally attributed the circumstance to an encounter with the Earl of Desmond, who killed the new proprietor of the lands for his presumption in attempting to disturb the chieftain in his dominion beneath the waters. There is another curious legend connected with this lake, but not peculiar to it: it is, that for many years no farmer could cultivate an acre of ground along its borders; for the moment the grass or corn sprung up, the young shoots were eaten off by some unseen and unknown animal. A sturdy fellow, however, set himself to watch, night after night; and at length he saw a fine fat milch cow, followed by seven milk-white heifers, emerge from the lough, and enter his meadow: he ran between them and the water, and closed the gate of the field, but not before the old cow, more "cute" than her progeny, had rushed by him and made her escape; but the calves remained and became his property — and "mighty proud he was of them, for there weren't the likes of them in the barony." One night he left the gate open, and next morning his singular visitors were gone. Sir Walter Scott, in a letter "to the Author of the Fairy Legends," has this remarkable passage: "As for the water-bull, they live who will take their oaths to having seen them emerge from a small lake on the boundary of my property here (Abbotsford), scarce large enough to have held him, I should think."

these towers, called "the Black Castle," adjoins the residence of the Misses Baylee, whose ancestors formerly controlled a large portion of the surrounding district. But it is the extensive assemblage of Druidical remains on this island and around the lake, that renders it perhaps the most interesting spot in Ireland for an antiquarian visit; yet, strange to say, these gigantic relics, which extend over many miles of country, have been allowed to remain unexplored and undescribed, although probably they form the most magnificent Druidical work, considered as a whole, that exists in the world. In 1830, Mr. Crofton Croker communicated to the Antiquarian Society of London the observations made by him during an investigation of three days, and "so obvious," he states, "is the connexion between the various circles, pillar-stones, altars, and other works, that an examination of one leads the eye to discover others;" and thus was he led on from one remain to another, over a space of country the circumference of which he estimates at not less than ten miles. "Beyond this," he adds, "even at a distance of fifteen miles in a direct line from the lake, I found stone circles and other Druidical works, between which and those at Lough Gur I was unable to establish a connexion, although it appears probable that such once existed."

There are three stone circles on the west side of the lake, close to the high road: the tourist will perhaps act judiciously in making them his starting point, and proceeding round the lake by a road which branches off at a place called Holy Cross. This road will lead him by the ruined church, which stands on an eminence that descends to the southern shore of the lake. The roofless and deserted walls, represented in the annexed print, still retain the name of "the New Church." It was built by Lady Bath, as appears by the chalice and patine now preserved in the neighbouring church of Knockaney. From this point various stone circles and

other ponderous remains may be seen; and a serpentine passage of considerable length, formed by parallel lines of huge masses of stone, can be traced from the shore, terminating in the Red Bog, a tract of low ground at some distance. The opposite side of the road from that on which the church stands is crowded with Druidical works, which it is impossible for us to particularise; one, however, called by the country people "Labig yermuddagh a Grana,"—that is, Edward and Grace's Bed,—is here represented.

This was probably a tomb. It had been a complete oblong chamber, formed by great stones, and covered over with vast flags. The length of this sepulchral chamber was thirteen feet and a half, the breadth six feet. An old woman resided in it for many years, and on her death the covering stones were thrown off, and it was left in its present state by "money-diggers, who found only some burned bones in an ould jug, that surely was not worth one brass farthing." Above this tomb a tabular rock, upwards of ten feet in circumference, rests upon four supporters; and not far distant there is a singular natural formation called "Carrignanahin, or the Mass Rock." It is full of chasms and hollows, and is said to have received its name from a priest having regularly celebrated within one of its recesses the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, at a period when that religion was proscribed.

The eastern shore of Lough Gur abounds also with mighty vestiges of Druidical

power. One eminence particularly, called Carrickgalla, has two remarkable circular works of Cyclopian masonry, termed by the country people "Danish forts*;"

and in all directions branching off from the once sacred shores of this beautiful and romantic lake, evidence exists of an assemblage of altars, temples, caves, and tombs, much too numerous for us even to notice in the most rapid manner. This chain of Druidical works extends into the county of Tipperary. A cromleach, the largest we have ever seen, stands on Galtee More; and on Cromwell Hill a sepulchral chamber, called Labig yermuddah, or Edward's Bed, here represented, and similar to that upon the southern side of Lough Gur, which we have just depicted.

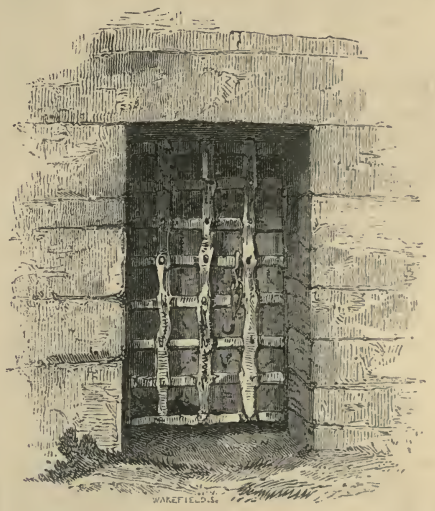
Passing through Bruff, the Tourist reaches the singularly interesting town of

* The vulgar tradition which attributes so many of the antiquities of Ireland to the Danes has probably arisen from a mistranslation of "Tuatha-de-danaun," — the Danonians, one of the oldest tribes of the aboriginal Irish, who were supposed to erect all their works by magic.

Kilmallock, not inaptly termed the "Balbec of Ireland." It was the chief seat of "the Desmonds." Their history is akin to romance. Throughout the south of Ireland, and in Limerick county more especially, it will be difficult to travel a dozen miles in any direction without encountering some object that tells of their former greatness.* Kilmallock is now a mass of ruins; miserable hovels are propped up by the walls of stately mansions, and "the ancient and loyal borough"—for so it was styled so recently as 1783, when it retained the privilege of sending two members to Parliament—is as humiliating a picture of fallen grandeur as may be found in any country of the world:

> "The peasant holds the lordly pile,
> And cattle fill the roofless aisle."

The ancient houses, or rather the remains of them, are of hewn stone, and appear to have been built on a uniform plan; they were generally of three stories, ornamented with an embattlement, and tasteful stone mouldings; the limestone window-frames, stone mullions, and capacious fire-places, are carved in a bold and massive style, and retain nearly their original sharpness. Unfortunately, however, there is no care for the preservation of these interesting remains; they are daily becoming less and less; much of the fine materials may be found built up in the neighbouring cabins, and much more has been broken up to repair the street. A few—very few—of the massive and elaborate residences of the ancient burghers still endure; and the castellated gate-houses, which guarded the entrances to the town from the Limerick and Cork sides, still stand in tolerable preservation. The walls, although rather ruinous, still surround the town,



* The whole central district of Limerick is, indeed, studded with remains, religious and castellated, still emphatically speaking of the former power of the Geraldines—now ruined and decayed. A chain of towers may be traced in continuous succession from the Shannon to Kilmallock indicating the territorial supremacy of the Fitzgeralds; whilst their numerous and elaborate ecclesiastical structures tell of the wealth, munificence, and taste of that noble race. Kilmallock, Askeaton, and Adare are deservedly objects of pilgrimage, to all who love the picturesque and relics of the magnificent.

harmonising in their dilapidation with its altered fortunes. The preceding engraving is a copy of one of the few remaining doors, braced with iron. The abbey and church, being held sacred by the peasantry, are in a better state of preservation than the houses.

The former, which stands within the town walls, and adjoins the river, was dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. It consists of a nave, choir, and south transept. The choir is still used for divine service, whilst the nave and transept are unroofed. The former (the nave) is subdivided by a range of four pointed arches, springing from three square columns of plain mason-work. There are several old tombs within the body of the nave and transept. Standing in the centre of the west wall is a circular belfry, rising, in two unequal stages, to some height above the church. It is perforated by several pointed windows, and seems to be coeval with the church of which it forms a part. It has been erroneously described as one of the ancient Round Towers.

The Dominican Friary, of which we also give a view, is situate at the north-east side of the town. It is subdivided into a church and convent. The former is again separated into a choir, nave, and tran-

sept, a tall steeple standing at their intersection; the west wall of which, as well as the south wall of the steeple, has fallen down. A distinguished English antiquary, the late Sir Richard Hoare, observes of this friary, "It surpasses in decoration and good sculpture any I have yet seen in Ireland; but does not," he adds, "seem older than the reign of King Edward the Third." The east window is "in a chaste and elegant style;" and there are many parts of the building that merit notice, and furnish good subjects for the pencil in a variety of points of view. A great part of the cloisters still remains; but it was never of an ornamental character, the ambulacrum having been formed only of timber. In the choir is a handsome canopied niche. A fragment of the tomb of the White Knights also lies on the ground; a small hollow in the middle of which is said by the peasantry to be never without water. This they call the *Braon shinsher*, i. e. the "drop of the old stock."

Charleville is next reached; then Buttevant; and then Millstreet. Charleville is a poor town. It was so named by the Earl of Orrery, the Lord President of Munster, as a compliment to Charles II., being before called, to use his lordship's expression, "by the heathenish name of Rathgogan." Here Lord Orrery resided and held his court, and many curious traditions are current respecting him, especially that which relates to the prophecy of Exham, the Quaker associate of William Penn, who, it is asserted, foretold the destruction of the Earl's residence by the Duke of Berwick in 1690.

From Charleville, a road runs through Newmarket to Killarney; but the tourist will prefer, although somewhat longer, that which passes through Buttevant, the neighbourhood of which contains one object at which he will desire to linger.

Buttevant, described by Borlace "an old nest of abbots, priests, and friars," though formerly a place of note, dwindled into a mere village with the decay of its noble abbey. The name is said to have been derived from the war-cry — "Boutez-en-avant" — used by David de Barry, one of the early English invaders, in his battles with the Irish: of his tomb we annex a sketch. Buttevant was anciently called Botham; and by the Irish — a name which Spenser has recorded — Kilnemullagh.

It was surrounded by a stone wall with gateways, and was governed by a corporation; and, scattered among wretched hovels, may be detected many traces of its former consequence.

While wandering in this neighbourhood, we had sent our car forward, and loitered to look upon a fair landscape — our "idle time not idly spent"— and were somewhat wearied; for

> "These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
> Draw out our miles,"—

when we heard the notes of an old Irish song ascend from the bank of a small mountain rivulet. We paused to listen, for the air we heard was as the greeting of an old friend; but the singer's mood changed — the song ceased; and instead of its music a loud peal of merry laughter — earnest, and full, and joyous — ascended with the whistle of a blackbird from the little glen. Presently, we heard a plashing of the waters — then more laughter. Anon, the sound of young girls' voices in cheerful converse. One of two peasant maidens was "drawing" linen through the stream, while the other stood with the wooden instrument called a "beetle" uplifted in her hand ready to strike the linen — a mode of washing called "beetling," which certainly purifies it more than any way of "getting up" with which we are acquainted. A "beetling stone" of ample dimensions was firmly based in the brook at her feet, and upon it the clothes of

the neighbouring hamlet had doubtless been subjected to such ablutions time out of mind.*

Buttevant and its neighbourhood—its hills, its valleys, and its rivers—have been rendered classic by the pen of the immortal poet; for Spenser not only resided at Kilcoleman—the ruined walls of which still remain—but here he composed his Fairy Queen, making surrounding objects themes of his undying song. Spenser first visited Ireland in the year 1580, as secretary to the lord deputy, Lord Grey de Wilton; and discharged the duties of the office—obtained for him by the interest of his noble and gentle patron Sir Philip Sidney—with ability and integrity. In 1582, he returned to England; and in 1586, he obtained a grant—dated the 27th June of that year—of 3028 acres of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, at the rent of 17*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* He received it on the same conditions as the other "undertakers"

—conditions which implied a residence on the property thus acquired, the policy of the Queen being to people the province of Munster with English families.

* It is almost impossible to skirt the banks of rivers, or where mountain streams form small pools of water, without hearing the sound of "the beetle," accompanied by the laughter and voices of the country girls as they wield the implement which forms their laundry: they bring down thread, or linen, or any household gear that requires "strong washing," and, placing it on a "beetling stone,"—a flat, broad, smooth sort of slab,—they "beat" the thread or linen, dipping it ever and anon in the clear stream, and renewing the labour until it is sufficiently softened, or sufficiently cleaned. The above illustration conveys a better idea of the process than any description we can give of it.

Spenser took up his residence at the castle of Kilcoleman. Four years of happy tranquillity here passed away, bearing for the world the glorious fruit of the first three books of the Fairy Queen. These he conveyed to London, in company with his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, and there published them. On his return to Ireland he married, as he tells us, a country lass of mean birth, whose name was Elizabeth. During the six years that succeeded, he wrote the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the Fairy Queen, and printed an able and statesmanlike view of the condition of Ireland. A dreadful calamity now awaited him—the fatal corroboration of his opinions respecting the country. The Tyrone rebellion broke out (in 1598); his estate was plundered; Kilcoleman was burned by the Irish; in the flames his youngest child perished; and he was driven into England with his wife and remaining children—a poor and wretched exile. This affliction he never recovered! —dying a year after, in an obscure lodging in London, in extreme indigence, if not in absolute want.

Of Spenser's domestic life at Kilcoleman we know little more than what he has recorded. The fire that destroyed his child no doubt consumed many valuable papers, and possibly the concluding books of the Fairy Queen; although more than mere rumour exists for believing that the "lost books" have been preserved, and that the manuscript was in the possession of a Captain Garrett Nagle within the last forty years.

In the neighbourhood of Kilcoleman there are several objects to which Spenser has especially referred; and we are justified in concluding that the country around him excited his imagination, influenced his muse, and gave being to many of his most sublime and beautiful descriptions of scenery.

> "Mole, that mountain hore,
> And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep;"

—the river and the mountain still endure, but the poet's estate long since passed into the hands of those who have neither his name nor lineage.

The town of Mallow is reached next from Buttevant. But, as we have elsewhere observed, the more direct route from Buttevant is by Kanturk, and from Kanturk to Millstreet. Mallow is a large, handsome, and flourishing town. From hence there is a road to Killarney, without passing through Millstreet. It is shorter, and in taking it no object will be sacrificed; except that, under such circumstances, the horses hired at Mallow must travel the whole way to Killarney, distant about forty miles.

BUSINESS NOTES.

THE several routes to Killarney, and the particular advantages offered by each, we have thus endeavoured to describe. The reader will not, we trust, complain that too much space has been occupied by these introductory matters. Our object was not only to communicate necessary instructions for his guidance, but to offer such information as may be useful and agreeable, and predispose him to receive the enjoyment offered to him in a thousand different ways on a thousand different occasions. In order to do this effectually, we have not suffered ourselves to fear any danger of being too minute, of descending to trifling particulars, or of treating seriously topics which some persons may consider beneath their notice. Generally we have kept in view the wants and wishes of persons who — like ourselves — desire to see all of the beautiful that may be seen, and to convert leisure hours into lessons of information as well as into sources of enjoyment; yet are compelled continually to bear in mind that no purse but one was ever inexhaustible.

Our recommendation is, that THE TOURIST VISIT KILLARNEY BY WAY OF CORK, THROUGH MACROOM, GOUGANE BARRA, AND GLENGARIFF; LEAVING KILLARNEY BY WAY OF TRALEE, THE SHANNON, LIMERICK, AND DUBLIN.

He will thus have seen a very large proportion of the most interesting and remarkable districts of the South of Ireland; and, we say again, will have enjoyed a treat such as can be surpassed in no country in the world.

MACROOM. — Williams's Inn at Macroom, the only one in the town, will be found tolerably comfortable — tolerably only; but the Tourist will rarely have occasion to remain here a night. We have intimated that pre-arrangements will be necessary to secure the certainty of travelling onwards.

GOUGANE BARRA. — Mountain-plenty will be found, as we have intimated, in the cabin of Mr. Burke; but those who cannot be content with mealy potatoes, new milk, and fresh eggs, had better carry a larder with them. No regular charge is made by "the landlady;" but she will be well satisfied with a shilling for each guest; and half-a-crown will recompense Mr. Burke for his occupation as guide to the Holy Lake.

BANTRY. —The Tourist will arrive at Bantry in due course, if he take the Coast Road; but, as we have observed, he will not necessarily enter that town, if his route be through either Dunmanway or Gougane Barra. Within two miles of Bantry he will be called upon to determine whether he continue on to Glengariff, eight miles, or journey these two miles for the sake of examining Bantry; resuming his tour by either retracing these two miles, and so posting on to Glengariff, or going to Glengariff across the Bay. At Bantry, Godson's Inn is sufficiently comfortable; and the courteous and obliging landlord is unremitting in attentions to his guests. Posting to Glengariff—car, 6*s.* 8*d.*; post-chaise, 10*s.* Boat to cross the Bay — 8*s.* four oars; 10*s.* six oars; 12*s.* six oars or eight oars, in largest size boat. The distance across the Bay by water is seven miles; to Glengariff by land, ten miles.

GLENGARIFF. — The charges for boats are the same as at Bantry. Ten shillings is the charge for a boat with four oars, by the day, to visit the islands, or to make pleasure excursions. Here and at Bantry, however, the men will expect a gratuity; and if the party be large, 1*s.* to each — *i. e.* 5*s.*, including 1*s.* to the cockswain — will not more than content them. The Tourist will, as matter of course, remain a night at least at Glengariff. There is but one inn, kept by Mr. Eccles: it has been lately enlarged; but, we regret to say, it is capable of much improvement. The landlord enjoys a monopoly by favour of the Earl of Bantry; and, apprehending no opposition, is far more indifferent than he ought to be to the accommodation of guests. We have learned so much from the reports of very many tourists, of all classes, and feel it our duty to say so; although for ourselves we have not only no ground of complaint, but some attentions to be thankful for. Much allowance should undoubtedly be made for the fact that the house is far removed from any market; but civility is a commodity that costs nothing, and should always be found at an inn. The terms for entertainment are exceedingly moderate. We have elsewhere observed, that a public car travels daily from Bantry to Killarney, through Glengariff. It starts from Bantry at eight o'clock; stops an hour at Glengariff; arrives at Kenmare at half-past one, staying there twenty minutes for refreshment, and "arriving," according to the way-bill, "in the midst of nature's unrivalled beauties — Killarney — at the very moderate charge of seven shillings."

KENMARE. — The inn in this town is clean and comfortable; and many persons will prefer locating here to remaining a second night at Glengariff, inasmuch as in that case a vast deal of the beauty of Killarney may be seen on the first day of arrival. We recommend procuring a guide here, who, for half-a-crown, will accompany the Tourist, explaining the peculiarities of the Upper Lake, and pointing out its leading objects of attraction. An active lad will be found about the inn, very capable of discharging this duty; but it would be easy to send for Sir Richard Courteney (of whom more anon) to meet a party here.

LIMERICK AND ITS ROUTES. — The items that require consideration on these routes, although sufficiently numerous, are none of them unusual or remarkable. South of the Shannon, visiting Kilmallock and other places of note, the Tourist will find no difficulty in procuring "accomplished" companions to point out the "curosities;" and north of the mighty river, in the neighbourhood of Kilrush, guiding is, as it is at Killarney, a regular trade.

Cruise's Inn at Limerick is universally praised; at Tarbert there is a "decent" inn; at Listowel a very comfortable one; and at Tralee there are two "good commercial inns."

The expenses incident to travelling will be pretty nearly the same by either of these routes, the inn bills in the several towns being much alike; *i. e.*

	s.	*d.*
Breakfast	1	6
Dinner	2	0
Tea	1	0
Bed	1	6

Wine is generally 4*s.* a bottle; and good wine is always to be procured.

Every where the tourist will find civility; security for his property, whether he looks after it or not; and an attentive zeal in ministering to his wants.

Engraved by the Chromograph, F. P. Becker & Co. Patentees.

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KILLARNEY.

THE town of Killarney* is distant about a mile from the north-east shore of the Lower Lake. It is a poor town; and, although surrounded by resident gentry, has a worn and withered look. Its "public buildings" have a wretchedly dilapidated aspect, and its church seems rapidly falling to decay; yet the population is considerable, exceeding 10,000; and the number of houses may be about 1200. The proprietor of Killarney and a large portion of the adjoining district is the Earl of Kenmare, a Roman Catholic peer†, whose family first entered Ireland

* "Hibernice, CILL-AIRNE, or the Church near the Sloe-trees." (WINDELE.) The legend is, that three sister saints established themselves in this neighbourhood, and built churches here — AHA, whence Kill-aha; AGI, whence Kill-agi; and AIRNE, whence Kill-airne.

† It is only justice to the noble Earl, however, to state that he is in no degree responsible for the

A. D. 1555, and whose ancestor, Sir Valentine Browne, received, as an English "undertaker*," a grant of 6560 acres of the estates forfeited in the Desmond rebellion, temp. Elizabeth. The property so acquired he increased by purchase, and it was subsequently augmented by intermarriages with the princely families of the Fitzgeralds, Mac Carthys, and O'Sullivans.

When the Down survey was completed, about the year 1656, there was no such town as Killarney in existence. Sir William Petty then surveyed the parish of

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dilapidated condition of Killarney, over which he has in reality very little influence, chiefly arising out of the old wretched system of granting long leases for heavy fines. We heard enough, and saw enough, of the patriotic, generous, and considerate character of his lordship, to believe that if the power to renovate the town lay with him, it would be very soon done; while of the goodness, charity, and liberality of his estimable lady — an English lady, sister of the late Right Hon. Wilmot Horton — there seems to be but one voice to speak in Killarney. All classes unite in affectionate and grateful praise: evidence of her kindly thinking, and beneficial acting, is to be found every where. Killarney swarms with idlers, and (as we shall elsewhere remark) there is no end to juvenile guides; the children are all born guides. They seem to have a talent peculiar to themselves for gaining inaccessible places, and a desire to induce every one else to do the same thing; and though Charity opens both her hands, — and the resident gentry are always giving, and always employing, — they abound around, and in, the town. You wonder where the children come from that congregate in the streets; yet the national school is full; the schools supported by private charity are generally full; and the school for female children, where six or eight kind nuns devote their lives to their instruction, is crowded: there the children are taught not only plain work, which they do well, but that beautiful white embroidery which decorates the collars and cuffs of our *élégantes*. The sale of these articles enables the country girls to purchase some cottage comforts, — which it is in the power of our fair tourists to enable them to do at a small sacrifice. We hope that many of them will procure specimens of the beautiful work — recollecting that every article here procured may be the means of adding a necessary or a luxury to a village home.

* The estates confiscated in the Desmond rebellion contained nearly 600,000 acres, in the counties of Cork, Limerick, Kerry, and Waterford: more than one half were restored to the "pardoned traitors;" the remainder was divided into seigniories of 12,000, 8000, 6000, and 4000 acres. The English undertaker was to have an estate in fee-farm, yielding for each seigniory of 12,000 acres, for the first three years 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling, and after that period double the amount. The undertaker was to have for his own demesne, 2100 acres; for six farmers, 400 acres each; six freeholders, 100 acres each; and the residue was to be divided into smaller tenures, on which thirty-six families at least were to be established. The lesser seigniories were to be laid out and peopled in the same manner, in proportion to their extent. Each undertaker was to people his seigniory in seven years; he was to have licence to export all commodities duty free to England for five years — the planters were to be English, and no English planter was permitted to convey to any *mere Irish*. Each undertaker was bound to furnish the state with three horsemen and six footmen armed — the lesser seigniories in the same proportion; and each copyholder was to find one footman armed; but they were not compelled to serve out of Munster for seven years, and then to be paid by the crown.

Killarney; but neither in his general map, nor in his barony maps, is there any notice of a town or village of the name. When Thomas, the fourth Lord Kenmare, came of age in 1747, the town consisted of only his lordship's house, and not more than three or four slated houses and 100 thatched cabins, and the whole population could not have exceeded 500. Before the Revolution Lord Kenmare's family resided at Ross in the castle, and in a contiguous fortified house, and did not reside at Killarney till 1721. Smith, in 1756, says, "A new street with a large commodious inn are designed to be built here; for the curiosities of the neighbouring lake have of late drawn great numbers of curious travellers to visit it." The town lies in a valley; the lake is concealed from view by the well-wooded demesne of Lord Kenmare.

The entrance-gate to Kenmare House is directly opposite the Cork road into the town. Although standing in a position unaccountably ill chosen, considering that the finest sites in the vicinity were at the command of the noble builder, the grounds are skilfully and tastefully laid out, and command extensive views of the lakes and mountains. The demesne is indeed one of surpassing beauty—an elegant mind and a refined taste are every where apparent.

Entering Killarney, the first question of the Tourist will naturally concern the hotel or lodging in which he is to be located. Upon this important topic we shall supply all the information we have been enabled to collect. He will have a choice of two hotels in the town, and two in the country. The Kenmare Arms and the Hibernian Hotel are good inns; but the former is greatly the best; indeed, we have never visited a better in any provincial town of Ireland. Still, as with all town houses, the walls are old, the atmosphere is close, the "looks-out" are by no means agreeable, and the sounds which the windows let in are any thing but melodious. The Kenmare Arms is an excellently managed establishment; but we cannot recommend any tourist to locate there,—unless the dwellings beside the Lakes are too crowded to permit him entrance. The incalculable advantages of these buildings — situated in the very centre of Killarney attractions — can be sufficiently estimated only by those who have experienced the exceeding annoyance incident to even a brief residence in the town.* Establishments more entirely satisfac-

* Mr. Weld states that so late as the year 1806, neither of the three inns of Killarney "afforded a coach-house." He adds—writing in 1812—"it is much to be regretted that there is no place of public accommodation, not even a single house, on the confines of the lake, where apartments can be procured; for, independent of the inconvenience of going and returning, some disgust is liable to be felt at the sudden transition from the rural and sequestered scenery of the lake to the hurry and bustle of a noisy town, which is always crowded with idle people, and among whom beggars, as in every place of public resort in Ireland, bear a very conspicuous proportion." Mr. Weld's "Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney" were published in 1812. It was the first work

tory than both the lake hotels—"the Victoria" and "the Herbert Arms"—are not to be found in any part of Great Britain. The Herbert Arms was commenced by Mr. Roche about seven years ago upon a comparatively small scale; it has gradually increased, and is now a very extensive and commodious building. This hotel is situate about two miles from the town, in the village of Cloghereen, directly opposite the entrance-gate to Mucross demesne, and within a stone's throw of "the Abbey;" it is near the foot of Mangerton, within half a mile of the Torc Waterfall,—the most beautiful of the Killarney Falls,—and on the direct route to the Upper Lake, and the "new line" to Kenmare. Its site is therefore highly advantageous, being equally "convenient" to the three Lakes; but, unfortunately, "the view" is excluded by the tall trees of the demesne; and although this disadvantage may be in a degree removed, it must be always regretted that the building was not placed a field or two higher up—or near the boat-house. The Victoria was built about five years ago by Mr. Finn, who was previously for above twenty years landlord of the Kenmare Arms—which, indeed, he still retains. It is a concern of great magnitude; most admirably conducted in all respects; and occupies a site peculiarly auspicious. It stands on the northern bank of the Lower Lake, about a mile and a half from the town. Immediately fronting the windows are the Toomies, Purple Mountain, and beautiful Glena; while midway, in a direct line, is fair Inisfallen. To the right are seen the gigantic Reeks—with the entrance to Dunloe Gap; to the left is rugged and lofty Mangerton; behind is the hill, topped by the ruins of Aghadoe, and fringed by the beautiful woods of Lady Hedley's demesne; so that, look where we will over the noble expanse of water, or towards the land, some object of interest meets our view.

The situation of this hotel is therefore most auspicious; and it will be impossible for us to speak too highly of all the arrangements connected with it. To these we shall, presently, more directly refer.

To one of these two hotels, therefore, we may imagine the Tourist safely transferred by one of the cars attendant on both—always "in waiting" in the town. He has driven through the crowd of idlers and beggars ever round the coaches, and effectually escaped out of reach of such annoyances—sad drawbacks upon enjoyments derivable from "the Lakes."

Time out of mind, Killarney has been famous for its Beggars; and as this sub-

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that drew attention to the Lakes, and—allowing for the numerous changes induced by time—it may even now be received as authority upon all matters connected with the subject. The book is most valuable and most interesting—the production of a highly accomplished mind. Mr. Weld was, or rather is—for happily he is one of the living worthies of Ireland—a close observer, a ripe scholar, and a traveller who learned from travel not to decry, but to appreciate, the beauties of his native land.

ject is one that will have demanded much of the Tourist's attention from his first stepping upon Irish ground, he will not consider out of place some remarks concerning it.

Their wit and humour are as proverbial as their rags and wretchedness; and both too frequently excite a laugh, at the cost of serious reflection upon their misery and the means by which it may be lessened. Every town is full of objects who parade their afflictions with ostentation, or exhibit their half-naked children, as so many claims to alms as a right. Age, decrepitude, imbecility, and disease surround the car the moment it stops, or block up the shop-doors, so as for a time effectually to prevent either entrance or exit. In the small town of Macroom, about which we walked one evening, desiring to examine it undisturbed, we had refused, in positive terms, to relieve any applicant; promising, however, to bestow the next morning a halfpenny each upon all who might ask it. The news spread, and no beggars intruded themselves on our notice for that night. Next day it cost us exactly three shillings and tenpence to redeem the pledge we had given; no fewer than ninety-two having assembled at the inn gate. We encountered them, nearly in the same proportion, in every town through which we passed. It is vain to plead inability to give relief; if you have no halfpence the answer is ready, "Ah, but we'll divide a little sixpence between us;" and then comes the squabble as to which of the group shall be made agent for the rest. Every imaginable mode of obtaining a gratuity is resorted to; distorted limbs are exposed, rags are studiously displayed, and, almost invariably, a half idiot, with his frightful glare and paralysed voice, is foremost among them. The language in which they frame their petitions is always pointed, forcible, and, generally, highly poetic: — "Good luck to yer ladyship's happy face this morning — sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bussom before ye go?" — "Oh, then, look at the poor that can't look at you, my lady; the dark man that can't see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice;" — "Darlin gintleman, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something;" — "Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small childer, that's waiting for yer honour's bounty, 'ill be wid ye on the road;" — "Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no childer to show yer honour — they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea;" — "Oh, then, won't your ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers — chape?" — "They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself and the heart's broke wid the hunger." Such are a few of the sentences we gathered from the groups; we might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious and eloquent appeals. There is no exaggeration in the striking but melancholy scene the artist has portrayed.

A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a Poor Law Commissioner, addressed him with "Ah, then, it's little business you'd have only for the likes of us;" another,

vainly soliciting charity from a gentleman with red hair, thrust forward her child, with " And won't ye give a ha'penny to the little boy ? — sure he's foxy like yer

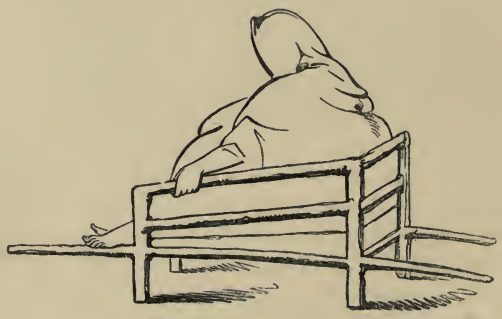
honour." " You've lost all your teeth," was said to one of them — " Time for me to lose 'em when I'd nothing for them to do," was the reply. Some time ago we were travelling in a stage-coach, and at Naas, where it has been said " the *native* beggars double the population of the town," a person inside told a troublesome and persevering applicant very coarsely to go to ——. The woman turned up her eyes, and said, with inimitable humour, " Ah, then it's a long journey yer honour's sending us; may be yer honour 'll give us something to pay our expenses." We saw, in Waterford, a gentleman angrily repulse a beggar, with a call to his servant to shut the door ; and an odd soliloquy followed : the woman half murmured and half hissed, " Shut the door! and that's it, is it? Oh, then, that's what I'll be saying to you when ye want to pass through the gate of heaven. It's then I'll be saying to St. Peter, shut the door, St. Peter, says I, to a dirty nagur, that 'ud disgrace the place intirely, says I — and ye'll be axing me to let ye in ; the never a fut, says I — shut the door, says I; shut the door! Ould-go-by-the-ground (the person who had excited her wrath was of diminutive stature), what 'll ye say then ?" " May the spotted fever split ye in four halves!" was a curse uttered by a beggar who had been rejected somewhat roughly. " Foxy-head, foxy-head," was called out by one as a reproach to another; " That ye may never see the Dyer !" was the instant answer. Our purse having been exhausted,

we had been deaf to the prayer of one who was covered so meagerly as scarcely to be described as clad: she turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, murmuring "Well, God be praised, it's fine summer clothing we have, any way." Once, —it was at Macroom, of which we have particularly spoken — among a group we noted a fair-haired girl. She might have been the study from which Mr. Harvey copied this picture; and let no one think it idealized. We have seen many such, along every road we travelled. Perfect in form as a Grecian statue, and graceful as a young fawn. The hood of her cloak shrouded each side of her face; and the folds draped her slender figure as if the nicest art had been exerted in aid of nature. There was something so sad, so shy, and yet so earnest, in her entreaty for "charity, for the love of God," that we should have at once bestowed it, had not a thin, pallid woman, whose manner was evidently superior to those around her, and whose "tatters" bore a character of "old decency," made her way through the crowd, and, struggling with excited feelings, forced the girl from our side.

Curious to ascertain the cause of this interference, we followed them, and learned it. "My name's Mac Sweeny," said the woman somewhat proudly, after a few preliminary questions; "and I am a lone widow, with five of these craythurs depending on my four bones. God knows 'tis hard I work for the bit and the sup to give them; and 'tis poor we are, and always have been; but none of my family ever took to the road or begged from any Christian — till this bad girleen disgraced them." The mother was sobbing like a child, and so was her "girleen." "Mother," said the girl, "sure little Timsy was hungry, and the gentleman wouldn't miss it." Our car was waiting; we had far to go that day, and we were compelled to leave the cabin without hearing what, we are sure, must have been a touching story; but we left the widow less heart-broken than we found her.

The beggars in the various towns have their distinctive characters, and they differ essentially from those who beg in the country. In the towns it is usually a

"profession;" the same faces are always encountered in the same places; and they are very jealous of interlopers, unless good cause be shown for additions to "the craft." In Dublin they are exceedingly insolent and repulsive; in Cork, merry and good-humoured, but most provokingly clamorous; in Waterford, their petitions were preferred more by looks than words, and a refusal was at once taken; in Clonmel — we were there during a season of frightful want — they appeared to be too thoroughly depressed and heart-broken to utter even a sentence of appeal; in Killarney they seemed trusting to their utter wretchedness and filth of apparel, as a contrast to the surpassing grace and beauty of nature all around them, to extort charity from the visiters; and in Wicklow, where we encountered far fewer than we expected (always excepting Glendalough), they laboured to earn money by tendering something like advice as to the route that should be taken by those who were in search of the picturesque. One had followed a friend of ours, to his great annoyance, for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good-bye, had the modesty to ask for a little sixpence. "For what?" inquired the gentleman; "what have you done for me?" "Ah, then, sure haven't I been keeping yer honour in discoorse?" In the country, where passers-by are not numerous, the aged or bed-ridden beggar is frequently placed in a sort of hand-barrow, and laid at morning by the road-side, to excite compassion and procure alms: not unfrequently their business is conducted on the backs of donkeys; and often they are drawn about by some neighbour's child.



At Killarney, Florry, a very celebrated inhabitant of the town, will be sure to make his appearance at the coach door when the arrival of a stranger is announced; he will be either riding on his donkey or sitting in his donkey car, for Nature has denied him legs, although she has gifted him with a remarkably eloquent tongue. The beggars at Killarney are, indeed, serious evils; and very grievously impair the beauty of the scenery around the lakes.

Let us then imagine the Tourist — having made his escape from the throng — taking "his ease at his inn," and called upon to determine how his time may be most pleasantly and most profitably expended. We shall endeavour to guide him in his resolve; first supplying him with some information

Mac Gillycuddy's Reeks and the Upper Lake

LONDON: J. HOW. AUGT 1 1843

respecting the wonderful and most beautiful district in which he is for a time located.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number; the LOWER LAKE, the UPPER LAKE, and the MIDDLE or TORC LAKE. In reality, however, the three must be considered as one; for they are divided only by narrow channels, the passage between the lower and middle lakes being, indeed, only of a bridge's breadth.* They are situated in the centre of a range of lofty mountains, among which are Carran Tuel and Mangerton, the former the highest in Ireland.† The mountains that run directly from the water are dotted with evergreen tree-shrubs and magnificently grown forest trees, reaching from the base almost to the summit. This, indeed, forms one of the leading peculiarities of Killarney.‡

* "The Lake consists of three distinct bodies of water: of these, the first, which is called the Upper Lake, lies embosomed amidst the mountains; the others, situated at the exterior base of the chain, are bounded at one side alone by mountains; and in the opposite direction they open to a cultivated country, whose surface is diversified by innumerable hills. The two last divisions are nearly upon the same level, and lie contiguous to each other, being separated merely by a narrow peninsula (MUCROSS) and some small islands (BRICKEEN and DINAS), between which there are channels passable for boats; but the Upper Lake stands three miles distant, at the head of a navigable river, which flows through a romantic valley or defile (THE LONG RANGE). Near the termination of its course this river divides into two branches, one of which flows peaceably into the Bay of Glena, on the Great or Lower Lake; the other, forcing its way through a rocky channel, issues with considerable impetuosity into the Middle Lake, under the woods of Dinas Island." (WELD.) This river separates after passing the "Old Weir Bridge."

† Heights of the principal mountains surrounding the Lakes:—

Carran Tuel - - - -	3414 feet.
Mangerton - - - -	2756
Torc Mountain - - - -	1764
Eagle's Nest - - - -	1103
Devil's Punch Bowl - - -	2665
Purple Mountain - - - -	2739
Toomies - - - - -	2500

This account differs from the latest *published* Ordnance Survey. It may be, however, relied upon as more accurate. The only mountains that actually rise from the Lake are Torc, Glena, and Toomies,—the Purple Mountain ascends behind the latter. Between Toomies and the water's edge there is a considerable tract of fertile ground under cultivation. Mangerton and Carran Tuel are distant from the borders of the Lake, the former about two miles, and the latter about eight.

‡ The autumn months are generally recommended for visiting Killarney, chiefly because the tints of foliage are then more varied; but to our minds this attraction ill compensates for the shortness of the days. We believe the Lakes may be seen to great advantage so early as May or June; when, according to a common saying, Inisfallen is covered with snow—*i.e.* the hawthorns are in full bloom. This tree blooms most luxuriantly at Killarney, and grows to an amazing size. In the demesne of Lord Kenmare there is one tree of such prodigious growth, that we imagine five hundred men might stand under its branches.

The Tourist, on approaching the Lakes, is at once struck by the singularity and the variety of the foliage in the woods that clothe the hills by which on all sides they are surrounded. The effect produced is novel, striking, and beautiful; and is caused chiefly by the abundant mixture of the tree-shrub (*Arbutus Unedo**) with the forest trees. The Arbutus grows in nearly all parts of Ireland; but no where is it found of so large a size, or in such rich luxuriance, as at Killarney. The extreme western position, the mild and humid atmosphere, (for, in Ireland, there is fact as well as fancy in the poet's image, —

"Thy suns with doubtful gleam
Weep while they rise,")

and the rarity of frosts, contribute to its propagation, and nurture it to an enormous growth, far surpassing that which it attains in any part of Great Britain; although, even at Killarney, it is never of so great a size as it is found clothing the sides of Mount Athos. In Dinis Island there is a tree, the stem of which is seven feet in circumference, and its height is in proportion, being equal to that of an ash-tree of the same girth which stands near it. There are several others nearly as large, and we believe one or two still larger. Alone, its character is not picturesque: the branches are bare, long, gnarled, and crooked; presenting in its wild state a remarkable contrast to its trim, formal, and bush-like figure in our cultivated gardens. Mingled with other trees, however, it is exceedingly beautiful; its bright green leaves happily mixing with the light or dark drapery of its neighbours—the elm and the ash, or the holly and yew, with which it is almost invariably intermixed. It strikes its roots apparently into the very rocks—thus filling up spaces that would otherwise be barren spots in the scenery. Its beautiful berries, when arrived at maturity, are no doubt conveyed by the birds, who feed upon them, to the heights of inaccessible mountains,

* Pliny says it is called "Unedo" because, having eaten one, you will never desire to eat another. It is said, however, that an agreeable wine is made from the berry in the south of Europe.

where they readily vegetate in situations almost destitute of soil.* Its most remarkable peculiarity is, that the flower (not unlike the lily of the valley) and the fruit—ripe and unripe—are found at the same time, together, on the same tree. The berry has an insipid though not an unpleasant taste, is nearly round, and resembles in colour the wood-strawberry; whence its common name — the Strawberry-tree. It appears to the greatest advantage in October, when it is covered with a profusion of flowers in drooping clusters, and scarlet berries of the last year; and when its gay green is strongly contrasted with the brown and yellow tints which autumn has given to its neighbours. It is said that, although now found universally in Ireland, and more especially in the counties of Cork and Kerry, it is not a native of the soil, but was introduced into the country by Spanish monks.†

Of the Arbutus wood a variety of toys are made at Killarney, for which there is considerable sale to visitors anxious to retain some palpable reminiscence of the beautiful place. The tourist will not have passed many hours at his inn before a fair messenger from one of the "arbutus factories" makes her appearance, and with winning looks and wiling words endeavours to effect sales from the full basket she carries with her. The Arbutus wood — and, very surely, the wood of other trees, such as the yew, the holly, and, above all, the bog-oak — has been converted by the craftsman into a vast variety of items — card-cases, needle-boxes, paper-cutters, silk-winders, and so forth; and sometimes into objects of magnitude — such as tables, writing-desks, and work-boxes. They are manufactured with considerable skill and neatness, and are very pretty specimens of the various woods produced in the neighbourhood, — which it would be a serious reproach to any tourist to leave without having procured a few of these indubitable

* A worthy gentleman with whom we conversed, in reference to this peculiarity, committed a genuine bull : "If you go to Killarney, 'tis there you'll see NATURE — *the trees growing* out of the solid rock."

† On this point, however, botanists are much divided in opinion. We have had opportunities of consulting two of the most eminent in Ireland. By one we are told, "There is not the least doubt of its being truly indigenous; for it is found growing on the wild declivities of Glengariff, and bordering many of the little mountain loughs in the remote parts of Kerry, which still remain in a state of almost primitive nature. By the other we are informed, "Touching the Arbutus, my opinion is, that although now growing spontaneously around Killarney, particularly on limestone, and what is termed red talcose slate, yet I am inclined to think it not strictly a native, but introduced from Spain by the monks. Inisfallen in the sixth century was a place of great wealth; numerous and valuable presents were constantly contributed to it; and the stranger monks procured from their own countries whatever would prove useful, either medicinally, culinary, or ornamental. Consequently, some of our rarest plants are found in the vicinity of these religious buildings."

proofs that he has been where Nature has made a garden of her own for her own self.*

The charm of Killarney lakes, however, does not consist in the varied graces of foliage, the grandeur of encompassing mountains, the number of green or rocky islands, the singularly fantastic character of the island-rocks, the delicate elegance of the shores, the perpetual occurrence of bays; but in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of their attractions, which, together, give to the scenery a character inconceivably fascinating — such as the pen and pencil are utterly incompetent to describe. The shadows from the mountains, perpetually changing, produce a variety of which there can be no adequate conception; insomuch that the very same spot shall present a different aspect twenty times within a day. Assuredly, they far surpass in natural beauty aught that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for, with scarcely an exception, the devoted worshippers of Loch Katrine, and the fervid admirers of the northern English lakes, have yielded the palm to those of Killarney; some, however, having qualified the praise they bestow upon "the pride of Ireland," by admitting only that "the three lakes, considered as one — which they may naturally be, lying so close to each other — are, *together*, more important than any *one* of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland."† A glance at the map will show, as we have intimated, that the three are separated but by very narrow channels; and that two of them have scarcely any perceptible

* The tourist, however, ought to receive a hint that he will be expected to pay for these pretty things in proportion to the assumed length of his purse; and that if it be not a very long one, he will do well to hesitate before he agrees to the prices first asked. There are four establishments in Killarney for the sale of these toys. The one we particularly recommend, chiefly because we have reason to believe that a just price is invariably asked "at first," is that of Mrs. Neate (a widow), who with her three daughters keeps a shop directly opposite "the Kenmare Arms." The family are very respectable; and the story of the unhappy circumstance that deprived them of a husband and father is a very sad one.

† Such is the admission of Mr. Wordsworth in a letter we had the honour to receive from him on the subject; and he adds, "I have more than once expressed an opinion that the county of Kerry, so nobly indented with bays of the Atlantic Ocean, and possessing a climate so favourable for vegetation, along with its mountains and inland waters, might without injustice be pronounced in point of scenery the finest portion of the British Islands." Sir David Wilkie, writing in 1835, the year of his visit, refers to "the three lakes, that for beauty and grandeur I have never seen surpassed:" and we have the authority of Miss Edgeworth for saying that Sir Walter Scott "considered the Upper Lake the grandest sight he had ever seen — except Loch Lomond." Spillane (the bugler), who was in the boat with the memorable party, told us that Sir Walter Scott appeared ill; scarcely made a remark the whole day; and expressed his admiration only once — when the boat was close to Dinas Island, where the waters of the three lakes meet; then he exclaimed, "Ah, this is beautiful!"

division. They have, nevertheless, very distinctive characteristics: the Lower Lake is studded with islands, nearly all being richly clothed with evergreens; the Upper Lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence, the mountains completely enclosing it; and the Middle Lake is conspicuous for a happy mingling of both — not inferior to the one in grace and beauty, or to the other in majestic grandeur.

The romantic beauties of the Killarney lakes were celebrated ages ago; in a very ancient poem they are classed as "the tenth wonder" of Ireland. The Irish name is Loch Lene — "the Lake of Learning," according to some authorities — a name by which it is still recognised among the peasantry, and which it is presumed to have derived from the number of "bookish monks" by whom its monasteries of Inisfallen, Mucross, and Aghadoe were at one time crowded.* The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains, and may be described as an immense reservoir for the several rivers that also flow into them, having received on their way the waters of innumerable tributary streams. The only outlet for the waters thus collected is the narrow and rapid river Laune, — a channel along which they proceed to the Atlantic through the beautiful bay of Dingle. The origin of these lakes — covering an extensive valley — is, therefore, self-evident; but fiction has assigned to them one of a far less obvious nature; for, as will be readily supposed, the scene is full of wild legends and marvellous traditions, harmonising with the poetical character of the locality.

The legends which account for the existence of the lakes vary in some respects; but all have one common source — the neglecting to close the entrance to an enchanted fountain, which caused an inundation, and covered, in a single night, fair and fertile fields, and houses and palaces, with water. One of them attributes the misfortune to the daring impiety of an O'Donoghue, who, full of scepticism and wine, scorned the tradition which doomed to destruction the person who should displace the stone over the well-head, and resolved to expose its falsity by removing it to his castle: his subjects, with whom his word was law, awaited the result in fear and trembling — all but his favourite jester, who fled to the summit of a neighbouring mountain. When the morning sun broke he looked down into the valley, and saw nothing but a broad sheet of water. Another legend throws the responsibility of the awful event on a fair young peasant girl, who was wont to meet her lover — a stranger ignorant of the mystic spell — by the fountain-

* Concerning the signification of the word "Lene," etymologists are far from agreeing. By many it is conjectured to refer to the ancient learned repute of the religious house at Inisfallen; but Sir William Betham thinks the word "Lean" signifies a swampy plain, and that the lake was so called as being on the borders of a swamp, which a large portion of the north shore undoubtedly is.—WINDELE.

side: one night they were lulled to sleep by the music of its flow; at daybreak the girl awoke screaming "The well! the well!" It was too late; the water was rushing forth, and overtook them as they ran. They were drowned, and involved in their fate the inhabitants of the whole district.*

The legends all agree, however, that the men and women who then peopled the lovely valley did not perish, but still exist beneath the lake; where the O'Donoghue continues to lord it over his people, living in his gorgeous palace, surrounded by faithful friends and devoted followers, and enjoying the delights of feasting, dancing, and music, as fully as he did upon the dry land. Many a time and oft, as by the banks of the lake

> "The fisherman strays
> When the clear cold eve's declining,
> He sees the round towers of other days
> In the wave beneath him shining."

The confirmation of the story does not rest upon proofs so slender as the sight of palaces under water; many living men having — as we shall presently show — seen the chieftain during his brief walks or rides upon earth, and some having actually visited him in his own magnificent halls, and partaken of his boundless hospitality!

The lakes are understood to be thirty miles in circumference; the distance between the two extreme points — the entrance to the river Laune and the extreme end of the Upper Lake — being about eleven miles (including the "Long Range"

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* There are many other lakes in Ireland that have originated in similar accidents; that of Loch Neagh has been made familiar to English readers by the great poet — who commemorates

> "The long-faded glories they cover."

Six centuries back the tradition was related by Geraldus Cambrensis; which Holinshed repeats. "There was," says Holinshed, "in old time, where the pool now standeth, vicious and beastlie inhabitants. At which time was there an old saw, that as soone as a well there springing (which for the superstitious reverence they bare it was continuallie covered and signed) were left open and unsigned, so soone would so much water gush out of that well as would forthwithe overwhelme the whole territorie. It happened, at length, that an old trot came thither to fetch water, and hearing her childe whine, she ran with might and maine to dandle her babe, forgetting the observance of the superstitious order tofore used. But as she was returning backe, to have covered the spring, the land was so farre overflown as that it passed her helpe; and shortly after, she, hir suckling, and all those that were within the whole territorie, were drowned; and this seemeth to carrie more likelihood with it, because the fishers in a cleare sunnie daie see the steeples and other piles plainlie and distinctlie in the water."

about three miles), the greatest width being about two miles and a half. In the Upper Lake there are several islands, but none of large size: in Torc Lake there are only two, and they are small; while the Lower Lake contains, of islands and island-rocks, upwards of thirty. *

The principal river which supplies the lakes—the Flesk—rises in the mountain, and enters the Lower Lake at Cahirnane: contributions to its waters are made also by the Deenagh and several tributary mountain streams; the principal of which are those from the Devil's Punch Bowl in Mangerton, forming in its progress the Torc Waterfall; that from the summit of Glena, which forms O'Sullivan's Cascade; and that from the mountain, which forms the Cascade of Derricunnihy. A huge supply is also contributed by the river that flows through the Black Valley, and enters at the extreme end of the Upper Lake.

These points we merely glance at, in commencing our tour; but each and all of them, being leading objects of interest and attraction, we shall be called upon more minutely to describe, when arranged under the "heads" to which they properly belong.

Let us, then, arrange the mode in which the Tourist can best divide his time, so as to see all he ought to see, and that to the best advantage. We shall first express a hope that his visit to Killarney will not be a hurried one,—to see merely that he may say he "has seen" the greatest of the many natural beauties of Ireland. He may, indeed, have a vague notion that it is a very wonderful and a very beautiful place, by rushing through Dunloe Gap and rowing from point to point of the Lakes, upper and lower; and there are tourists in abundance who have given themselves no longer time to do the subject justice.† But if he desire to

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* The exact length and breadth of the three lakes are as follows:—

Length of Lower Lake	-	-	5⅛ miles English.
Greatest Breadth	-	-	2½ „ „
Length of Torc Lake	-	-	1⅞ „ „
Greatest Breadth	-	-	⅞ „ „
Length of Upper Lake	-	-	2½ „ „
Greatest Breadth	-	-	½ „ „

This statement, although it differs much from former estimates, and very largely from the popular notion, may be relied upon as perfectly accurate.

† Unhappily, Sir Walter Scott was one of these. His stay in Killarney was not extended beyond a day, consequently he could have had no conception of the vast store of grandeur and beauty which a sojourn of a week might have opened to him. The lakes, therefore, have profited little by his rapid row over their surface. There is a rumour that Sir Walter left Killarney suddenly, in consequence of the uncourteous refusal of a gentleman in the neighbourhood to entertain him with a "stag hunt"—on the ground of political differences. Mr. Lockhart, indeed, in his "Memoirs of Scott," by some singular mistake, gives currency to the opinion—

receive enjoyment inconceivably fresh and powerful, and to estimate really and truly the vast beauty and mighty magnificence of the locality, his stay must be prolonged to at least a week. A week will enable him to examine the whole scene fully and justly; but it is necessary to add, that time much more prolonged may be profitably expended; that every day will exhibit some new feature; and it is certain that the more the lakes are examined, the more they will gratify and the more they will astonish.

The plan we propose is to devote FIVE DAYS TO THE LAKES; and we shall draw out what we conceive to be the best order of proceeding — premising, however, that much may be seen in ONE DAY, a good deal in TWO DAYS, nearly every prime object of interest in THREE DAYS, the whole in FOUR DAYS; and the whole, with the addition of several striking matters in the neighbourhood, in FIVE DAYS. This five days' tour, then, we shall take the visitor, appending such hints as may be requisite for the benefit of those who can dedicate to the purpose only days one, two, three, or four.*

FIRST DAY.—THE KENMARE ROAD; LOUGH-LUIS-CA-NAGH; UPPER LAKE; DERRICUNNIHY WATERFALL; TORC WATERFALL; DEMESNE OF MUCROSS; DINAS ISLAND; MUCROSS ABBEY.

SECOND DAY.—THE ASCENT OF CARRAN TUEL—OR MANGERTON.

THIRD DAY. — AGHADOE; GAP OF DUNLOE; BRANDON'S COTTAGE; THE UPPER LAKE; LONG RANGE; EAGLE'S NEST; WEIR BRIDGE; TORC LAKE; LOWER LAKE; GLENA.

FOURTH DAY.—THE ISLANDS AND THE SHORES OF THE LOWER LAKE.

FIFTH DAY.—OBJECTS OF MINOR IMPORTANCE IN THE VICINITY OF THE LAKES; VARIOUS VIEWS, &c. &c.

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so discreditable to Irish courtesy, and so opposed to the almost constitutional bias of Irish gentlemen. We felt convinced that so humiliating a circumstance never occurred, and took some pains to be enabled to set the matter right. The rumour, although very general, is without the slightest foundation. Miss Edgeworth, who accompanied Sir Walter to Killarney, writes us, that "their party did not visit Killarney expecting a stag hunt; on the contrary, before they arrived there, they heard on their progress that the master of the hounds had just died. And," she adds, "before any one knew we had arrived, we were gone; for Sir Walter was so tied to time, that we could not remain another day." Miss Edgeworth's memory of the circumstance is borne out by that of her sister, who writes us, "I remember being told, as we drove into Killarney, that we should have no stag hunt, as the master of the hounds had died that morning." We hope this slander against Irish hospitality will not again occur.

* It will be obvious, however, that to lay down a route that will answer in all cases is quite out of the question: it must be so continually influenced by circumstances, especially by the

Our plan is to visit and examine the beautiful and interesting objects around the lakes; to point out those which ought to be seen, and to indicate those that may be seen if time will sanction a proper scrutiny.*

A primary and a very necessary step, however, for those who desire to see the lakes in perfection, and to comprehend their beauties thoroughly, will be the selection of a guide;—up Mangerton or Carran Tuel, and through Dunloe Gap, indeed, his aid is absolutely essential; for, without it, the Tourist would not only be in danger of losing his way, but would be subjected to many annoyances from which the forethought of a guide will relieve him. Upon this subject we ask awhile the patience of our readers.

Irish guides are, as our readers will imagine, the most amusing fellows in the world; always ready to do any thing, explain any matter, go any where; for if the Tourist proposes a trip to the moon, the guide will undertake to lead the way—"Bedad he will, wid all de pleasure in life." They are invariably heart-anxious to please; sparing no personal exertion; enduring willingly the extreme of fatigue; carrying as much luggage as a pack-horse; familiar, but not intrusive; never out of temper; never wearied of either walking or talking; and generally full of humour. They enliven the dreariest road by their wit, and are, of course, rich in old stories; some they hear, others they coin, and, occasionally, make a strange hodge-podge of history—working a volume of wonders out of a solitary fact. If they sometimes exact more than is in "the bond," they do it with irresistible

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state of the weather. Our own plan satisfies us better than any other,—and we obtained several from competent guides.

The best way will be to consult either Mr. Roche or Mr. Finn; first explaining the length of time that can be given to the tour.

* Before we set forth upon our day's tour, it will be well to enumerate the several seats of the several resident gentry that surround the Lakes, and to which, in the course of our excursions, we shall have repeated occasion to refer: they are —

The Earl of Kenmare, Killarney.
Lady Headley, Aghadoe.
Henry Arthur Herbert, Esq., Mucross.
Sir Thomas Herbert, K.C.B., Bridgeview.
Denis Shine Lalor, Esq., Castlelough.
The Rev. Richard Herbert, Cahirnane.
John Stuart Coxon, Esq., Flesk Priory.
Arthur Lloyd Saunders, Esq., Flesk Cottage.
John Leahy, Esq., South-Hill.
John Coltsman, Esq., Coltsman Castle.
Captain Colthurst, Danesfort.
Daniel Cronin, Esq., The Park.
Captain Curtayne, Ballycasheen Castle.
Arthur Mahony, Esq., The Point.
John O'Connell, Esq., Greena.
James O'Connell, Esq., Lakeview.
Daniel Mahony, Esq., Dunloe Castle.
Francis Bland, Esq., Woodlawn.
Frederick Mullens, Esq., Beaufort.
Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq., Toomies.
Stephen Riordan, Esq., Gurtroe.
Lieut. George Maybury, Lochlanebower.
Maurice Brenan, Esq., Sundayswell.
John Brenan, Esq., Roseville.

suavity. The guides of all countries extort; the Irish guide does so only by—"laving it to your honour."

But our especial business, now, is with the Killarney guides, and truly their name is "Legion;" every child, boy or girl, from the time it is able to crawl over the door-step, seems to have a strong natural instinct to become a guide—to climb, or rather trot up, Mangerton, and round the Devil's Punch Bowl; or, what is still worse for the traveller, disturb the solemnity of the Eagle's Nest, when it reverberates to Spillane's bugle, by the piping treble of their importunities that you will drink goat's milk, taste poteen, or eat wild strawberries.*

Immediately on our arrival at Cloghereen, we proceeded to appoint our "body-guard;" and, our purpose being known, a score of candidates for the anticipated honour and emolument presented themselves, chattering eagerly outside the gate of the garden of our hotel. They were, as we found invariably, of all sizes and ages—eager to display their accomplishments, and set themselves off to the best advantage. We had, however, instituted very minute inquiries as to the qualifications of the several candidates we were likely to encounter; and, in reality, our choice was already made. Common politeness, nevertheless, compelled us to ask a few questions before our determination was made known. Each by turns came forward to state his claims, exhibit his testimonials, and assure us that he above all the rest was the guide especially provided for us by good fortune. Our scrutiny ended by the appointment of three;—Sir Richard Courtenay, "Knight of Mangerton," as commander-in-chief; a most kind, considerate, and attentive fellow—with but one arm—named Edward Dumas; and Lyons, "the Captain of Mangerton." By what means the latter worthy obtained his commission we cannot say; but the gallant knight—who, like his great prototype, is "sans peur et sans reproche"—had once the honour of conducting a Viceroy to the top of the far-famed mountain, where the peer and the peasant being both literally "in the clouds," the latter, at least, descended to mid-earth a much more important

* It is deplorable to see the hundreds of beggars and "guides" that infest this most exquisite scenery. We hope the time is almost come when they can shelter and feed beneath a roof; but it was painful to see mothers of families, attended by their children, well-grown, handsome girls, and fine young men, wasting the entire day in moving up and down Mangerton with a cup of milk, a leaf of strawberries, or a couple of table-spoonfuls of whiskey; and, worst of all, satisfied with the donation of a penny, or even a halfpenny to each, for the expenditure of time which, in any other country under the sun, would have produced ten times the sum. It is vain to preach industry—that meets with no pay, or to tell people not to beg who are starving; we return again and again and again to the regret that the legislature has not devised some means of employment and relief for this fine and superabundant population. We do not ask charity, we only ask for them employment; employment which the waste lands, the extensive fisheries, the rivers, that expend to no purpose their thousand-horse power in turbulence and foam, could amply supply.

personage than he was when he commenced the ascent—and ever since with plain Richard Courtenay it has been

"Good den, Sir Richard."

As our readers will have other opportunities for making acquaintance with the intellectual capabilities of this

"The finest guide that ever you see,
Who knows every place of curosity"—

we shall for the present limit our description to his personal appearance; first giving his "veritable portraiture," carrying the portfolio of Mr. R. D. Tongue—the artist—by whom he has been accurately pictured. Note his peculiar hat—not quite a "caubeen," although the mountain blasts have materially changed its shape since it was "a bran-new beaver;" his small keen grey eyes; his "loose" good-natured mouth—that pours forth in abundance courteous, if not courtly phrases, and pronounces scraps of French with the true pronunciation of an actual native—of Kerry; for Sir Richard, having mixed in good society, "parley-voos" as well as bows with the grace of a travelled gentleman. His coat was certainly not made by a Stulz, nor his brogue by a Hoby; but the frieze suits well with his healthy and sunburnt countenance, and the shoes are a fitting match for limbs that have borne him a thousand times up the steep and high mountain of Mangerton.

Such was Sir Richard Courtenay when we made his acquaintance in 1840. In 1843 we found him somewhat altered—not quite so constitutionally strong as he had been, but by no means less kind, "courtly," or considerate. His outward man was changed only by the substitution of a glazed

cap for the weather-beaten caubeen; and this cap was decorated with a harp of pure Irish gold — a present to the Knight from his Honour of Mucross, and which the Queen herself would have demanded in vain from her loyal and trusty subject, unless she first obtained an order for the delivery thereof from Henry Arthur Herbert, Esq.

The dwelling of Sir Richard is at the base of Mangerton — his own especial mountain: it commands a noble view; but one particularly dear to the Knight, as bringing within ken the seats of all "the nobility of Killarney." Those who want Sir Richard must, however, seek for him (or send for him) in the neighbourhood of Roche's Hotel, from which he wanders only, when to wander from it is his duty.

To the Tourist who desires pleasantly and profitably to enjoy Killarney, we, therefore, introduce Sir Richard Courtenay; and lucky will be the Tourist who secures the services of the said Sir Richard.

BUSINESS NOTES.

THE HOTELS.—It is necessary that we supply more minute information concerning the Hotels, and other matters, upon a clear understanding concerning which, much of the Tourist's comfort and enjoyment will depend.

The Tourist, on arriving at Killarney by any public carriage, will find cars in waiting from the two hotels: no charge is made for conveyance, but the driver will expect sixpence.

ROCHE'S HOTEL—"THE HERBERT ARMS"—is limited in extent, but exceedingly comfortable—made comfortable by the care and attention of the landlord, and all persons connected with the establishment. The servants are ever on the alert to suggest enjoyments, or to facilitate the purpose of the Tourist. The head waiter, Jeremiah Connor, is the very model of what a waiter in such a place ought to be—intelligent, active, thoughtful, and most attentive. The car-drivers, too, are capital "helps" in a region where every step requires some aid or information. The Tourist who is consigned to the charge of Jerry O'Sullivan will be, as we have elsewhere observed, "in luck." Mr. Roche has recently added a large building to his hotel, containing three excellent sitting-rooms, and about a dozen bed-rooms; so that, except on extraordinary occasions, there is no fear of the traveller being unable to gain admittance, which has frequently been the case hitherto. We have said that Roche's Hotel is very comfortable; the charges are also marvellously low. Our readers—such, at least, as have located at any fashionable English watering-place—will read with some surprise the copy of a day's bill:—Breakfast, 1*s.* 6*d.*; dinner, 2*s.*; tea, 1*s.*; bed, 1*s.* 6*d.*: total, 6*s.* The moderate Tourist may consequently calculate his necessary expenses at Killarney at exactly 6*s.* per diem; or 7*s.* 6*d.*, including chambermaid and waiters, who are made content with this sum. No extra charge is made by Mr. Roche for a private sitting-room.

THE VICTORIA is a very extensive establishment: it is not unusual, in busy times there, to make up eighty beds. It is a superb building, vying in external appearance, as well as in the costly character of its interior, with any hotel at Brighton or Cheltenham. The landlord understands his business; and the landlady, an Englishwoman, rules her establishment according to English plans and habits. Every apartment is as neat, as clean, and as well ordered and arranged, as the room of a private mansion; and few private mansions are better furnished. Here, too, the waiters are capital auxiliaries,—the head waiter (Charles) having learned his business in London, while living with "high families." He is a native of the district, and is well informed upon every subject on which the Tourist will require information. The cook is a "professed cook;" and dinners are served in a style that would do no discredit to Bond Street.

The STATE to be obtained here must of course be paid for. The cost of a week's residence at the Victoria will greatly exceed that of a week at the Herbert Arms: still it is singularly reasonable, considering all the elegances and conveniences at the command of the Tourist. The charges are about 25 per cent. beyond those of Mr. Roche; but a charge of 5*s.* is made for a private sitting-room. We give "a bill" of the Victoria:—Breakfast, 2*s.*; dinner, 3*s.*; tea, 1*s.* 6*d.*; bed, 2*s.* Waiters expect "fees" in proportion.

Both the hotels receive boarders in the "dead season," at 25*s.* a week.

Private lodgings in Killarney may always be had at very reasonable charges; the prices of all the necessaries of life at Killarney are remarkably low.

THE BOATS.—The boats at Killarney were, a few years ago, sources of exceeding annoyance to the Tourist: the men were universally drunkards, always seeking to extort money from the stranger. Now-a-days the Tourist may as reasonably expect to see O'Donoghue himself as a drunken Killarney boatman; and men more civil, attentive, and obliging, are to be found nowhere. Latterly, Mr. Finn and Mr. Roche have introduced some valuable improvements in the system of boat-letting: a definite charge is now made. It is 10*s.* a day, and 5*s.* for the dinner of five men — *i. e.* 15*s.*; and 7*s.* 6*d.* for half a day, no charge for men's dinners being then made. Mr. Finn and Mr. Roche have found it impossible to prevent the men from asking and expecting a gratuity when the day's voyaging is done. "Old custom" is more powerful than fear; and — the boatmen will ask for money. We recommend its being given to them, as a matter of course: an additional expenditure of 5*s.*, *i. e.* 1*s.* to each of the men, will not be felt by the Tourist; and with this gratuity the men will be content. Their season is but a short one; and their day's wages of 1*s.* 6*d.* are terribly small.

FISHERMEN. — The cost of a boat for a day's fishing is 5*s.*; for an afternoon's fishing, 2*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Roche, however, makes no charge to his guests. The fee of the fisherman is 3*s.* 6d. Good practical anglers, well acquainted with the lake, are to be procured at both the hotels. We had an exceedingly intelligent aid at the Victoria, in the person of Myles Mac Sweeney. He is a pleasant companion, as well as a right good angler: we cannot consign a brother of the angle to better hands. At Roche's side of the lake he will find, also, a desirable auxiliary, whose name we unfortunately forget. The angler should take with him good tackle and materials; but his flies should be tied by these men on the spot.

THE CARS AND PONIES. — The various "trips" to neighbouring sights are of course charged for at fixed prices. Thus, a cab from Roche's to the Gap of Dunloe is 8*s.*, the distance being thirteen Irish miles; the ponies who meet the tourists in the Gap, and carry them through it, 4*s.* each. To Carran Tuel the pony is charged 5*s.*, and the car 10*s.* 6d.; the distance from the hotel being much greater. Roche's, however, being close to Mangerton, no car is required to visit the mountain from thence, and the pony is charged 3*s.* These charges vary a little from those at the Victoria, inasmuch as that hotel is four miles nearer the Gap of Dunloe and Carran Tuel, and four miles farther from Mangerton, Mucross, and the "New Line." The fee usually paid the car-drivers for the day is 2*s.* 6*d.*; the pony-guides, 1*s.*

THE GUIDES. — Upon the guides depends much of the information to be acquired, and the enjoyment to be obtained, by Tourists. The fees they expect will be 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, if retained for some days; 3*s.* 6*d.* if engaged for only one day; and 5*s.* if the day's work be to ascend Carran Tuel or Mangerton. Those, however, who desire to economise, will always find guides by dozens at the mountain's foot, any one of whom will be amply content with half-a-crown.

THE BUGLERS. — The bugle is absolutely necessary to illustrate the beauties of Killarney. To enjoy the lakes, it is essential to awake their echoes. The bugler usually acts as cockswain to the boat: his fee is 5*s.* Several of them are in attendance at the inns. Two brothers named Flemyng, and the younger Gandsey, take the lead at the Victoria: the younger Spillanes are the favourites at Roche's; but when the elder Spillane can be obtained, he is an accession of immense value. The buglers of course continually act as guides.

THE CANNON. — This seems an odd item of expense. It is necessary, however, to state that a shilling is charged for each shot that wakes the echoes at the Eagle's Nest, or in the Gap of Dunloe.

We believe there is no SHOW PLACE in the world where so little extortion is practised, — where the pocket of the Tourist is less liable to the assaults of persons, who, seeing him once, never expect to see him again.

THE FIRST DAY'S TOUR.

LOUGH LUIS-CA-NAGH; UPPER LAKE; DERRICUNNIHY WATERFALL; TORC WATERFALL; MUCROSS DEMESNE; MUCROSS ABBEY.

Our plan of procedure has been arranged chiefly, but by no means exclusively, to meet the convenience of Tourists who visit Killarney by way of Glengariff; inasmuch as, if the time of the visitor be limited, the whole of the objects embraced in our first day's tour may be examined *en route;* to do so will require some exertion, if the previous night has been passed at Glengariff, but none at all if Kenmare has been his place of rest; for "the Lakes" may be said to commence midway between that town and Killarney. Midway, therefore,—that is to say, just ten miles from either town,—we shall place the Tourist; making it our starting point, and directing him to drive to it, either from the Herbert Arms or the Victoria, if the district has been entered by another route.

Just at the place we refer to is a small lake—Lough Luis-ca-nagh. It lies in a little valley, through which the road runs. It is without trees, and almost without underwood; denuded even of the broom, the bramble, and the furze; indeed, all the minor lakes about Kerry have the same barren and naked character. Scarcely is it passed, however, and a small steep ascended, when the glory of the Upper Lake bursts upon us. The spectator is startled by the sudden prospect to which a few steps introduce him; he is totally unprepared for the wonderful sublimity of the scene—taken in almost at a glance. He stands on the summit of a lofty hill—a mole-hill compared to the mountains that surround him; below, winding about the valley, is "the Upper Lake," so narrow and tortuous, and so diminished by distance, that at first sight it seems nothing more than one of its tributary rivers. Far away, between Torc and Glena, which from this point appear to jut out, and assume the aspect of supporters to vast, but ever open, gates, a glimpse is caught of the Lower Lake, and of the hill crowned by a modern castle, that looks down upon its Eastern border. Immediately pushing out, as it were, before us, on our path, is "the drooping mountain"—Cromagloun—the most rough and rugged of all the guardians of the Lakes. To the left are the mountains—outskirts of the eternal Reeks—that shut in Dunloe Gap. The whole of the Upper Lake is fully and amply seen; the eye traces the twisting channel,—"the Long Range,"—that connects it with its sister Lakes; numbers of small islets are scattered about its surface*; and in the far-off glimpse of a broad sheet of water—the Lower Lake—we obtain the foretaste of a banquet—abundant, healthful and delicious. But if the Upper Lake,—considered as a Lake, merely—is calculated, as we think it is, to disappoint at first, it is grand beyond conception, and certainly far surpasses its more beautiful sisters in the wild magnificence and stern sublimity of Nature. From the point we are describing, this peculiar characteristic is not perhaps so striking as it will be when we descend more into the valley. And let us descend:—presently we reach "the Constabulary Barrack," from a spot adjacent to which there is another glorious view. We have been watching, from the height, the road that runs past it, and have marvelled how it can convey us down the steep: tracing it closely, however, we perceive that it travels round two or three jutting rocks, covered with the richest foliage; a peep at it may be had every now and then; at length it is seen, deeply below, skirting the

* These islets we shall notice more particularly when rowing through the Upper Lake. It may be proper here to mention that the advantage of a guide at this spot is incalculable. During our first visit we were without one, and passed within a few yards of the most magnificent views presented by the locality without seeing one of them. Indeed, there is one particular spot—a mile or so from Luis-ca-nagh—where a small rock pushes up a little above the road; unhappy will be the tourist who does not stop here! Just at the other side of this rock, turning a mere corner, perhaps the finest view in the whole district is to be obtained.

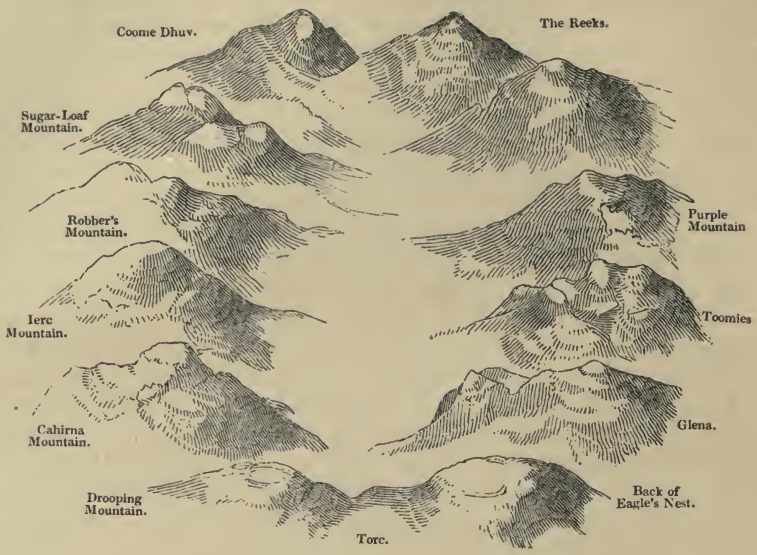
borders of the Lough. We shall reach it anon, and be on level ground; but not until we have made at least a score of pauses, sprung as often off and on the car, and mounted some tiny hillock to feast upon the prospect once again. We reach the Tunnel at length; and the mountain is at our back. We shall have to climb no other while this day lasts. Here we are in the centre of Beauty's attractions only; the road is overhung by huge rocks; but each of them is richly clothed — some with huge forest trees, others with the lighter and gayer arbutus; while, at the bases of all, spring up gigantic weeds in marvellous luxuriance, fed perpetually by the clear water that oozes through every crevice, forming here and there miniature cataracts, bearing down tiny pebbles to deposit by the road side. So, on we go — now and then peeping, through breaks in the foliage, at the bleak hills opposite, and occasionally crossing a bridge, under which rushes a rapid river. One of them, on its way into the lake, forms the Cascade of Derricunnihy; and this the Tourist must delay to visit. A bye road of about a quarter of a mile leads to it. We soon hear its roar, and ere long mark its foam ascending above the trees. It is beautiful — very beautiful — and its beauty is enhanced by the charming character of the locality in which it is placed. A little rustic bridge crosses the narrow river, and leads to a cultivated garden, where a cottage — Hyde's Cottage — formerly stood. The cottage is gone, but the garden remains; and never have we seen shrubs of finer growth. The Rhododendrons have mounted almost into forest trees, and were literally covered with giant blossoms. A tangled path, overshadowed by the arbutus, holly, yew, and hazel, leads to the cascade. It is inferior to that of Torc, which we are now approaching; and we leave it, therefore, undescribed.

A short distance farther, and we reach the entrance to the long and narrow promontory, called "Coleman's Eye," — a promontory, which, stretching out into the lake, compresses it, and produces the channel known as the Long Range. At some convenient place in this vicinity, let the traveller stop and look back. A rude diagram (see p. 130.) may convey some idea of the locality in which he stands.

No fewer than twelve of the mountains are within ken, — he may see the summits of them all by merely looking right and left, over his shoulder. Perhaps it would be difficult to find, in the whole district, a single spot that can furnish so grand and accurate an idea of the peculiarities of Killarney.

The road is continued just above the lake; but the lake is hidden, now and then, by intervening trees, and thick masses of underwood; at length, we are opposite the "Eagle's Nest," — a craggy rock from this point of view; we shall see it better when rowing through the Long Range.

A mile or so, and we reach a small mountain rivulet, trickling down the sides of the natural wall, that makes the land boundary of the road; the lakes and their connecting river form it on the other side. This streamlet is "the Lene,"



said (upon what evidence we cannot say) to have given, in days of old, a name to the Great Lake. To point out all the scenic beauties that occur along this course is out of the question. This must be Sir Richard's task. He will not hurry you, if you let him have his own way — as you will do, if you are wise. Once at least in every furlong you will have to stop, and gaze either upon some distant object, or some beauty close within your ken; noting where the ancient denizens of the woods and forests — the oak, and yew, and holly of centuries old, — are mingled with the young growths of yesterday.

At length we arrive at the Torc waterfall — the most famous and beyond comparison the most grand and beautiful of all the cascades about the Lakes. It stands close to "the Lodge," and if not within sight certainly within sound of Torc cottage — the present residence of Mr. Herbert.

The cascade is a chasm between the mountains of Torc and Mangerton: the fall is between sixty and seventy feet. The path that leads to it by the side of the rushing and brawling current, which conducts it to the lake, has been judiciously curved so as to conceal a full view of the fall until the visitor is immediately under it; but the opposite hill has been beautifully planted — Art having been summoned to the aid of Nature — and the tall young trees are blended with the evergreen arbutus, the holly, and a vast variety of shrubs. As we advance, the

rush of waters gradually breaks upon the ear, and at a sudden turning the cataract is beheld in all in its glory. And most glorious, in truth, it is, seen under any circumstances; — even in the most arid season it is beautiful — the white foam breaking over huge rocks, casting the spray to inconceivable distances; rushing and brawling along its course into the valley; scattering its influences among the long green ferns, and giving such prodigious vigour to the wild vegetation it nourishes, that giant weeds thicken into underwood along its banks, and here and there meet and join across the stream.

In the hot summer time this waterfall is indeed beautiful; but in winter — or in winter weather, — its magnificence can scarcely be pictured by the imagination. Let not the reader think this poor print can do it. It conveys about as much idea of the grace and grandeur of Torc Waterfall as a single feather can do of the form and plumage of a bird of Paradise. The water descends in a broad sheet, and the first fall is of considerable width: the passage is then narrowed, and another fall occurs; then follow a succession of falls; all rushing and foaming against the mountain sides; and, indeed, almost from the base of the great fall until it reaches Torc Lake, the river goes leaping from one rock to another. Sitting by its side it requires no great stretch of fancy to believe it a living thing.

Leaving the waterfall, we resume our journey, and soon reach the pretty village of Cloghreen. Mr. Weld described it, in 1812, as "a decayed village." It has, we are happy to say, got rid of this character. Roche's Hotel has brought it business, and a business look. A very elegant little building — the village-school — has been erected here, at the expense of the Herbert family. The shops and cottages about are all neatly built and well ordered. Behind it is a pretty Lough, out of which a clear stream runs, and flows into the Lower Lake. On a height immediately above the village is the little church of Killaghie — we believe the smallest church in the kingdom (see p. 132.) In its construction it is very simple; and is obviously, with the exception of its tower, of remote antiquity. Wild flowers, of various hues, grow from the walls, and adorn its roof of stone. From this spot an extensive and most attractive view may be obtained. Indeed it is one of the favoured places from which to gain a prospect of the Torc and Lower Lakes.

At the village of Cloghreen, then, we rest awhile — if our home, for a season, is

to be Roche's Hotel; if we are proceeding farther, the entrance-gate to Mr. Herbert's demesne is close to us. Through this gate we must pass; and Nolan, the gate-keeper, a most obliging person, is sure to be at hand to open it.

But before we visit "the Abbey," let us take a ramble through the demesne; half riding and half walking; for the Tourist will have little notion of the distance he has yet to travel, before the day's work is done,—a very long distance it will be: although, being now within the demesne, he is not again to leave it.*

A visit to the Abbey may be postponed for an hour or two. It will be improved when the evening shades are over it; the sun-light is in ill-keeping with its sombre character. On, then, we go, leaving Mucross to the right, driving nearly in the middle of the narrow promontory that separates the Lower Lake from Torc Lake †, and making our way over Brickeen Bridge into Dinis Island.

The Tourist, then, will enter at Mucross gate—open to visitors every day *except Sunday*—and proceed along "the drive," by which Mr. Herbert, with admirable taste, has girdled his beautiful lake. A poet might liken it to a huge diamond encircled by emeralds; and surely, in three broad kingdoms, for its extent (ten

* From the gate at Mucross through the demesne, passing over Brickeen Bridge, through Dinis Island, out again upon the main road, again by Torc Waterfall, and return to Cloghereen — during which the demesne has not been quitted — is exactly ten English miles. But, as we shall show, if the Tourist examines — as surely he ought to do — the beauties of two most beautiful "walks," the distance will be increased by at least three miles.

† Torc Lake derives its name from the Irish Torc, "a wild boar;" and Mucross, from "the pleasant place of wild swine." Dinis is derived from Dine-iske, "the beginning of the water;" and Brickeen from Bric-in, "the place of small trout."

English miles) there is nothing to surpass it. Immediately after entering, the Abbey to the right, and the deep woodland on the left, are so close and sheltered, that you are unprepared for the alternating views of mountain and water presented at every turn.

The peninsula — which runs out in a line with the Abbey — divides the two lakes : on the right, glimpses are perpetually caught of the Lower Lake, while on the left the prettiest parts of Torc have been skilfully brought into view; the mountains, distant and near, overhanging all. Passing the "old mines" (marked on the map), and the small Lough Doolagh, the road runs over Brickeen Bridge, a bridge of a single arch, connecting the peninsula with Brickeen Island ; continuing through this island, another bridge connects it with Dinis Island. Here Mr. Herbert has built a pretty, picturesque, and commodious cottage, for the gratuitous use of visitors. It is furnished with every requisite for their entertainment; and the housekeeper, a most attentive and obliging person, is ready with her friendly greeting and willing service to those who may require her attendance ; a turf fire being always prepared for that necessary portion of an Irish feast—the potatoes ; and moreover, with "arbutus skewers," to aid in producing a luxury that may give a new pleasure to the most refined epicure — the salmon sliced and roasted, within a few minutes after he has been a free denizen of the lake.

Once more a bridge is crossed—a bridge from Dinis Island across the channel that runs from the Long Range into Torc Lake,—and the visitor is again on the mainland. Here a

small by-road conducts to the high road; and he is again on what is technically termed "the new line"—*i. e.* the line between Kenmare and Killarney. But still the drive is continued through the demesne, for parts of it lie on the other side of the public road, and run up the sides of old Torc mountain, further than the most enterprising pedestrian will be willing to explore; for the underwood is so thickly matted, that it presents an effectual barrier; the rocks jut out so as to form continual lines of inaccessible precipices; and the red deer are not to be disturbed with impunity among their fastnesses, into which entrance is very rarely effected without considerable peril. By the time he returns to the entrance-gate at Cloghereen, the Tourist will thus have driven ten miles—encircling a demesne that assuredly cannot have its equal in the dominions of the Queen. But let him not imagine that this drive will show him all he has to see,—very far from it. To the most charming of its beauties, neither car nor horse can conduct him. Immediately under the Abbey grave-yard is a walk called the "Lady's Walk," which leads just above the borders of the Lower Lake. You may follow it on for two or three miles, and you cannot be wearied; for seats are placed at proper intervals, and the mind will be perpetually refreshed. Above the borders of Torc Lake, also, there is another walk—"the Rock Walk"—of still greater beauty. It extends for nearly two miles, and may indeed be continued to Brickeen Bridge, and so into the island of Dinis. These walks are absolutely delicious. It is impossible for any description to do them justice. Nature formed them; but Art and Taste have combined to render them perfect. Let the Tourist take especial care that the guide under whose guardianship he visits Mucross leads him to them.* With Sir Richard he is safe;—for the knight is as proud of the grounds as if he were their actual master. Close to the Torc Waterfall has been found the rarest of British ferns—the Bristle Fern (Trichomanes speciosum). It is peculiar to Ireland, and has not hitherto been discovered either in England, Scotland, or Wales. It is described by Edward Newman, Esq. F.L.S., in his elegant and interesting "History of British Ferns."

And now let us return to the Abbey—for the shades of night will, no doubt, be setting in; and that is the time to visit it. Lucky indeed will you be if the moon is up; for it is quite as true of Mucross as of Melrose—to see it

> "Aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight!"

The site was chosen with the usual judgment and taste of "the monks of old,"

* The reader will—by this time—have some idea that, though Mucross, Torc, and the half score other places named in this day's tour, may be looked at in a day, the demesne of Mucross alone will demand a full day, and give ample occupation and abundant enjoyment between sunrise and sunset.

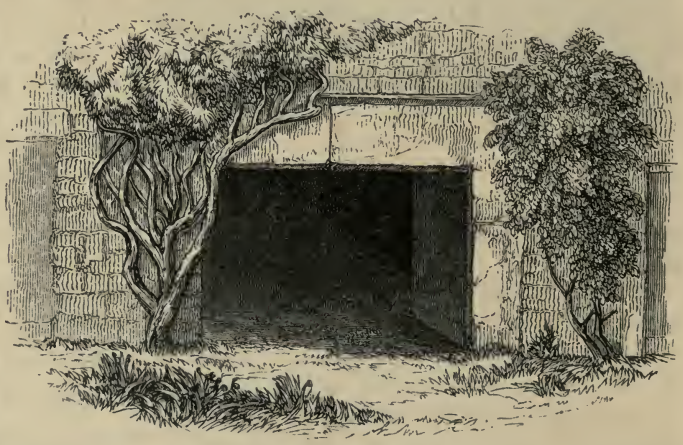
who invariably selected the pleasantest of all pleasant places. The original name was Irrelough; and it appears that long prior to the erection of this now ruined structure, a church existed in the same spot, which was consumed by fire in 1192. The abbey was built for Franciscan monks, according to Archdall, in 1440; but the Annals of the Four Masters give its date a century earlier: both, however, ascribe its foundation to one of the Mac Carthys, princes of Desmond. It was several times repaired, and once subsequently to the Reformation, as we learn from the following inscription on a stone let into the north wall of the choir:—

"Orate p felici statu fris Thade Holeni qui hunc sacru conbetu de nobo reparare curabit Anno Domini millesimo sexcentesimo bigesimo sexto."

The building consists of two principal parts—the convent and the church. The church is about one hundred feet in length and twenty-four in breadth; the steeple, which stands between the nave and the chancel, rests on four high and slender pointed arches. The principal entrance is by a handsome pointed door-way, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, through which is seen the great eastern window. The intermediate space, as, indeed, every part of the ruined edifice, is filled with tombs, the greater number distinguished only by a slight elevation from the mould around them; but some containing inscriptions to direct the stranger where especial honour should be paid. A large modern tomb, in the centre of the choir, covers the vault, in which in ancient times were interred the Mac Carthy Mor,

and more recently the O'Donaghue Mor of the Glens, whose descendants were buried here so late as the year 1833. Close to this tomb, but on a level with the earth, is the slab which formerly covered the vault. It is without inscription, but bears the arms of the Earl of Clancare. The convent as well as the church is in very tolerable preservation; and Mr. Herbert has taken especial care, as far as he can, to baulk the consumer, Time, of the remnants of his glorious feast. He has repaired the foundations in some parts, and the parapets in others, and so judiciously that the eye is never annoyed by the intrusion of the new among the old; the ivy furnishing him with a ready means for hiding the unhallowed brick and mortar from the sight.

The dormitories, the kitchen, the refectory, the cellars, the infirmary, and other chambers, are still in a state of comparative preservation; the upper rooms are unroofed; and the coarse grass grows abundantly among them. The great fire-place of the refectory is curious and interesting — affording evidence that the good monks were not forgetful of the duty they owed themselves, or of the bond they had entered into, to act upon the advice of St. Paul, "And be given to hospitality." This recess is pointed out as the bed of John Drake — a pilgrim who about a century ago took up his abode in the Abbey, and continued its inmate during a period of several years. As will be supposed, his singular choice of residence has given rise to abundant stories; and the mention of his name to any of the guides or boatmen will at once produce a volume of the marvellous.



The cloister, which consists of twenty-two arches, ten of them semicircular and twelve pointed, is the best preserved portion of the Abbey. In the centre grows a magnificent yew-tree, which covers, as a roof, the whole area; its circumference is thirteen feet, and its height in proportion. It is more than probable that the tree is coeval with the Abbey; that it was planted by the hands of the monks who built the sacred edifice centuries ago.

Although for a very long period the monks must have lived and died in the abbey of Mucross, posterity has been puzzled to find out the places where they are interred. Time has mingled their remains with those of the tens of thousands of nameless men who have here found their homes; but the peasantry still point out an ancient, singular, and rudely-constructed vault on the outside of the church, and immediately under the east window, where the bones of the holy fathers have become dust. Until within the last three or four years, the abbey of Mucross and the adjacent churchyard were kept in a very revolting state. It is the custom of the Irish to inter the dead within a few feet, sometimes within a few inches, of the surface; and, as the ground becomes crowded, it is often necessary to remove the remains of one inmate before room can be found for another. The consequence is that all the old abbeys and churches are filled with decayed coffin-planks, and sculls and bones, scattered without the remotest care to decency, and absolutely disgusting to the spectator. This reproach has been entirely removed from Mucross by the care of Mr. Herbert.

Having arrived at the close of his first day's tour—no doubt prolonged until the twilight has deepened into night,—perhaps before the Tourist retires to rest he will have no objection to receive some information on a subject to which a visit to Mucross may naturally turn his attention—the funeral ceremonies of the Irish, which are peculiar, remarkable, and interesting.

The formalities of "THE WAKE" commence almost immediately after life has ceased. The corpse is at once laid out, and the wake begins: the priest having been first summoned to say mass for the repose of the departed soul, which he generally does in the apartment in which the body reposes!

The ceremonies differ somewhat in various districts, but only in a few minor and unimportant particulars. The body, decently laid out on a table or bed, is covered with white linen, and, not unfrequently, adorned with black ribbons, if an adult; white, if the party be unmarried; and flowers, if a child. Close by it, or upon it, are plates of tobacco and snuff; around it are lighted candles. Usually

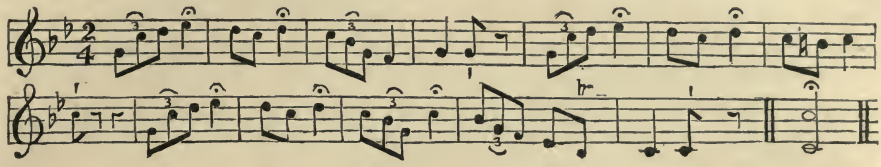
a quantity of salt is laid upon it also. The women of the household range themselves at either side, and the keen (caoine) at once commences. They rise with one accord, and, moving their bodies with a slow motion to and fro, their arms apart, they continue to keep up a heart-rending cry. This cry is interrupted for a while to give the *ban caointhe* (the leading keener) an opportunity of commencing. At the close of every stanza of the dirge the cry is repeated, to fill up, as it were, the pause, and then dropped; the woman then again proceeds with the dirge, and so on to the close.

The keener is usually paid for her services;—the charge varying from a crown to a pound, according to the circumstances of the employer. They—

> "live upon the dead,
> By letting out their persons by the hour
> To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad."

It often happens, however, that the family has some friend or relation rich in the gift of poetry, and who will for love of her kin give the unbought eulogy to the memory of the deceased. The Irish language, bold, forcible, and comprehensive, full of the most striking epithets and idiomatic beauties, is peculiarly adapted for either praise or satire; its blessings are singularly touching and expressive, and its curses wonderfully strong, bitter, and biting. The rapidity and ease with which both are uttered, and the epigrammatic force of each concluding stanza of the keen, generally bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent spectator, or produce a state of terrible excitement. The dramatic effect of the scene is very powerful: the darkness of the death-chamber, illumined only by candles that glare upon the corpse, the manner of repetition or acknowledgment that runs round when the keener gives out a sentence, the deep, yet suppressed sobs of the nearer relatives, and the stormy uncontrollable cry of the widow or bereaved husband when allusion is made to the domestic virtues of the deceased—all heighten the effect of the keen; but in the open air, winding round some mountain-pass, when a priest, or person greatly beloved and respected, is carried to the grave, and the keen, swelled by a thousand voices, is borne upon the mountain echoes—it is then absolutely magnificent.

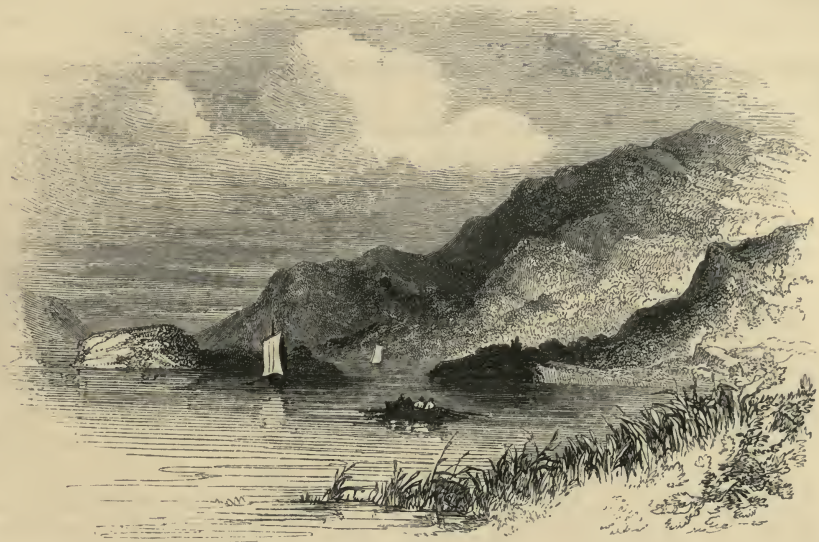
The following affords an idea of the air to which it is usually chaunted:—

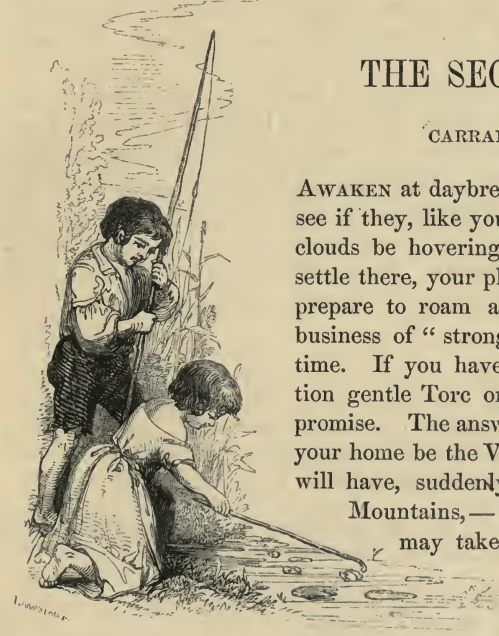


The keener is almost invariably an aged woman; or if she be comparatively young, the habits of her life make her look old. We remember one, whom the artist

has pictured from our description; we never can forget a scene in which she played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of "decent people," and had "a fine wake." The woman, when we entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool

by the side of the corpse. Her long black uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deep-set greys, peculiar to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direst revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat; but not so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, thin and gaunt, but exceedingly lithesome. When she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body, and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chaunt in a low monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated; and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased. "Swift and sure was his foot," she said, "on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveller never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood — and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country — but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many both on hill and valley; and they would revenge his death!" Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together, and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet — curses which illustrate but too forcibly the fervour of Irish hatred. "May the light fade from your eyes, so that you may never see what you love! May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing like snow in summer! May your own blood rise against ye, and the sweetest drink ye take be the bittherest cup of sorrow! May ye die without benefit of priest or clergy!" To each of her curses there was a deep "Amen," which the ban caointhe paused to hear, and then resumed her maledictions.





THE SECOND DAY'S TOUR.

CARRAN TUEL — MANGERTON.

AWAKEN at daybreak; look up to the Mountains, and see if they, like you, have the nightcap on; for, if the clouds be hovering above with an apparent will to settle there, your plan must be changed, and you may prepare to roam among the Islands, postponing the business of "strong climbers" to a more favourable time. If you have slept at the Herbert Arms, question gentle Torc or rugged Mangerton as to the day's promise. The answer, be sure, will be a true one. If your home be the Victoria, open your window, and you will have, suddenly, a full sight of half a score of Mountains,—from either or all of whom you may take counsel. To Glena and Toomies a whisper will be audible; Mangerton himself will hear you without asking you to raise your voice; and the loftiest of the Giant Reeks—

even mighty Carran Tuel — is within hearing, if your call be but moderately loud.

Let us anticipate the reply, — a welcome and a reward! The mountain tops are clear; prepare for the ascent. Bear in mind that you are about to undertake no child's play. The labour is a severe one, but—

> "Though steep the track,
> The mountain-top, when climb'd, will well o'erpay
> The scaler's toil. The prospect thence ——!"

Probably your choice of mountains will be determined by the hotel at which you are located. At the Victoria you are about twelve miles from Carran Tuel and five from Mangerton; at Roche's you are distant a mile perhaps from the foot of Mangerton, and fifteen miles from that of Carran Tuel. The greater feat is to ascend the latter; the easier duty to mount the former. In either case be astir early. As we have intimated, a dozen or two of rugged mountaineers, of all ages and sizes, will gather about your car as soon as you arrive. The ponies, sent on before, have announced your coming; and a rare group will be submitted to you from which to choose a guide. As the safest way of showing the Tourist what he will have to say, do, and see, let us picture our own proceedings. We begin with Carran Tuel.*

A wild and dreary, yet not uninteresting or unpleasing, road leads to the mountain. For a few miles it passes along the northern banks of the Upper Lake, crosses the Laune Bridge, leaves to the left the entrance to Dunloe Gap, and runs through a rude district, where Nature is left for the most part with no other restraint than her own will. Every now and then noble prospects are had — of wide and rich valleys, from the heights of barren hills, and, twice or thrice, glimpses may be caught of the pretty bay of Castlemaine. From Killarney to Carran Tuel, however, there are few objects that will tempt the Tourist to leave his car. †

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* Carran Tuel — "the inverted sickle;" so called from the peculiar form of its top. When Mr. Weld visited it in 1812, the labour of the ascent must have been more serious than it is now; for many ladies contrive to ascend it; nor is it indeed very difficult. The ponies bear them until within two miles of the top; and if the day is begun early, and a couple of hours can be given to these two miles, the feat is easily accomplished. Until Mr. Weld ascended, "no stranger," he was told, "had ever attempted it."

† One exception must be made. He will pass the dwelling of the grand-daughter of that Kate Kearney, who — we care not to say how many years ago — inspired the Muse of Miss Owenson: —

> "O did ye ne'er hear of Kate Kearney?
> She lives by the Lake of Killarney."

The grand-daughter — herself the mamma of a very beautiful little girl — is not unworthy the

On arriving at the base of the mountain, or rather by the side of a small and rapid river which runs from one of its lakes, the Tourist is invited to repose in a small hunting lodge, built by some of the neighbouring gentry chiefly for the accommodation of strangers. It was a good deed. The visitor will bless the architect when seated there, after the descent*, and to the contents of his basket have been added fresh eggs, milk, and mealy potatoes, with which the caretaker is amply provided. Here the car remains, and the ponies are called into requisition. Half a dozen of "the boys" were about us; but Sir Richard was there as commanding officer, and Jerry O'Sullivan, as acting adjutant, brought up the rear to see that all was right.

The little sure-footed ponies bore us with admirable skill for a couple of miles, until we reached the cabin of a herd, situated in a little hollow. Into this cabin we entered. It is, in truth, a most miserable habitation; yet here a race of hardy peasants have continued to exist, for a century at least. At present it contains a couple of grandsires, the husband and wife, and a family of seven children — besides the goats. The herd joined our group; and taking the bridle of a pony, commenced the actual duties of guide. They had become necessary, for the path had grown so rugged that a passage over it seemed impossible. The herd was a stout-limbed fellow, with the expressive face of a savage; he could not speak a word of English; but there was not a stone, a stream, scarcely a tuft of heather in the glen, with which he was unacquainted.

We may pause a moment in our details to relate an anecdote of this herd, as related to us by Jerry O'Sullivan.

"Well!" exclaimed Jerry, "surely I ought to remember dat stone; for I was going up de mountain one fine day wid a party, and dere was one lady of de party got very tired. 'I'll go no farder,' she says: 'only sit and wait here till down you come.' Well, she sat down quite contint: and dere was a lot of dose mountain cattle and sheep grazing — or, I may say, picking de bits o' grass out o' de mountain: and I said to meeself, well, I hope none of de wild mountainy cattle will go and stare at de lady; for, as she is English, she might'nt understand 'em: but dere was no use in saying any ting about it den, for we were far enough from her before I fancied at all about her. We got to de top, and had a most beautiful view — such a view as ne'er a kingdom but Kerry could lay before any gentleman — dere it was, just as stretched out by de ALMIGHTY'S word: and to say de trute, it's little

high fame of her grand-dame. She is what in Ireland is called a "fine fla-hu-lagh woman,"— meaning that she has "blood and bone," as well as "beauty."

* We noticed the following couplet scrawled in pencil on the wall, —

"What to the desert is the fountain,
This pleasant lodge is to the mountain."

any of us tought about de lady below. Her husband told her after, he was tinking of her all de time; but I'd take my oat he never *said* so. At last we scrambled down, and when we came in sight of de poor lady, I saw dat one of de wild mountain herds, one of de poor boys dat do be herding de cows and sheep night and day on de mountain, was standin opposite to her; and sure I was very glad of it, for I says to meeself, de herd will keep de cattle from her, and not let her feel lonesome. Well! as we got nearer, I saw de lady every now and den poke someting, which I took to be a long stick wid a little bag at de end of it, to de herd; and once he took de little bag off of it, and looked at it; and den he shook his shaggy red head, and gave it back to her. When she saw us, she seemed going mad wid joy; and de herd began jumping, and trowing up his arms, and capering. By de time we got to de lady she was a'most in a faint; and pointing to de herd, she said, 'he had come to murder her; and she had offered him her purse on de top of her parasol not to do her any harm; and he looked at de money tro' de net-work, but would not keep it.' And den she turned on her husband, and gave it him for laving her (as she said) to be devoured by wild Irish-men: and he coaxed her up, and told her how she would stay, and how she was never out of his toughts a minit. And den de poor herd told us, in Irish, how, 'seeing a lady alone in de mountain, he was fearsome de cattle might do her some harm; and he came over to her for company, to keep dem off; and how she had done noting but make faces at him, and wouldn't answer anyting he said; and he doing his best for her, and didn't know what she meant by giving him a little bag to look at;—and sure it couldn't be dat such a fine lady could be fearsome of such as he.' And when de lady gave time to herself to get her senses togeder she was grately amused at her own fright, and gave de poor fellow five shillings: and indeed I've often tought dat she is not de only English person dat is afeerd of us, just because dey don't understand us."*

We resume the ascent up Carran Tuel. "The Hag's Glen" is now reached. The glen is, in reality, the base of the mountain. For, although we have been ascending for above three miles since we left the lodge, the ascent is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. Here, however, we come to a dead stop. We stand between two small but singularly leaden and dead-looking mountain loughs. They are the Baths of "the Hag"—the ruling demon of the glen; in one of them is her bed; among the overhanging cliffs are her chair, her crutch, and her cap; while "her tooth" is a crag, as hideous-looking as if it really belonged of

* In this anecdote we have transcribed the Kerry pronunciation accurately; for English tourists cannot fail to perceive how seldom they hear "th" properly sounded. The English language, however, is to the peasant a *foreign one*; and frequently those who cannot sound the diphthong can quote Latin verses.

right to the jaw of the foul fiend. We look up — the mountain seems absolutely perpendicular: to climb it appears an impossibility. The ponies are left to browse the stunted herbage round; and those who have strong limbs and sound lungs must commence a task of labour, for which, however, there is a huge reward. On we go — up we go — resting every now and then, to take breath, to receive the encouraging cheers of the guide, and to look about us. After a couple of hour's most severe labour, the two miles — thereabouts — from the Hag's Glen to the summit are passed over. We stand on the peak of Carran Tuel — the highest mountain in Ireland, exactly 3414 feet from the level of the sea.

Here the London pride grows in rich luxuriance; and a small stream of pure water issuing from the crevice of a rock and oozing through the soil makes the surrounding herbage of the richest and brightest green. Frightful are the precipices all about us; but we have no business, as yet, to look down. North, south, east, and west, the view is open. How weak is language to picture memory!

The prospect is indeed inconceivably grand, — past counting are the Lakes — seen everywhere among the minor Reeks, the lesser hills, and the valleys near and distant.* Within immediate ken, are the Bays of Tralee, Kenmare, Dingle, and Bantry; further off is Cape Clear on the one side, and on the other the mighty Shannon; while, beyond all, is the broad Atlantic. A glorious day — a day never to be forgotten,— a day full of profitable and most rich enjoyment, — — will he have spent who spends it ascending Carran Tuel.

And now for the ascent up Mangerton.

Here let us remark that Carran Tuel has fewer pilgrims than Mangerton,— obviously because Mangerton is more accessible, while the ascent is easier; and perhaps it would be unjust to say that the recompense is much less. To those, indeed, whose grand object is to form acquaintance with "*the Lakes*," Mangerton has attractions greater than even those of Carran Tuel — as we shall show presently.

If the ascent up Carran Tuel be a serious labour, neither is the journey to the summit of Mangerton to be thought of lightly; although mighty efforts at mounting both may excite a smile in those who have climbed the "Monarch of Mountains." For a very long period, until within the present century, indeed, Mangerton had usurped the honour of ranking as the highest of the Irish mountains: so Dr. Smith describes it, although he admits that the Reeks "*look* more lofty." Since the inquiries of Mr. Nimmo, and the improvements in surveying, Mangerton has, however, been compelled to resign its throne, and "hide its dimi-

* But a small portion of the Lower Lake is however visible from this point. It is shut from the sight by intervening Toomies.

nished head." Still, to dwellers in the valley, and more especially those of the city, its height is sufficient to afford a pretty correct idea of what a veritable mountain actually is. We commenced our excursion on a morning that gave promise of a fine day; mounted on the sure-footed ponies whom "practice had made perfect," and who are never known to stumble. Indeed, a trip would not unfrequently prove fatal to the rider. A road leads from Cloghreen to the base of the mountain. As this portion of his service seemed to be that upon which Sir Richard chiefly prided himself, he had assumed an additional degree of importance; and issued orders "in good set terms" to his subordinates. A crowd soon gathered about us, men, women, girls, and boys, with vial-bottles of potheen and cans of goat-milk; each with a greeting — "yer honour's welcome to Mangerton." About a score of them were in attendance as we reached a group of wretched hovels at the foot of the mountain; and the crowd grew like a snow-ball as it moved onwards. Take a portrait of one of them — a fine hale and healthy mountain maid; as buoyant as the breeze, and as hardy as the heath that blossoms on its summit. The sure feet of our horses were soon tried; the little rough-coated animals had to make their way over rocks, bogs, and huge stones, through rushing and brawling streams, and along the brinks of precipices — places where it would be very difficult for persons unaccustomed to mountain travelling to move along on foot. At length we reached "the Devil's Punch Bowl," a small lake in the midst of rocks almost perpendicular. Our rude sketch may convey some idea of its singular character. The water is intensely cold; yet, in the severest winter it never freezes; trout are never found in it, although they are plentiful enough in the stream that runs out of it — the stream that Sir Richard calls the "Styx," which supplies the Torc waterfall. The peasants, of course, attribute this peculiarity to the influence of his

Satanic majesty; but from its position it is never calm, being in a state of agitation on the mildest summer day. As it is chiefly supplied by springs that pass over the surrounding peat-beds, the water is of a very dark colour, and its depth is said to be unfathomable. A foot-path marks the way to the summit of the mountain. It is a perfect level of considerable extent, covered with a deep stratum of peat moss; into which the foot sinks some inches, even in the driest weather.

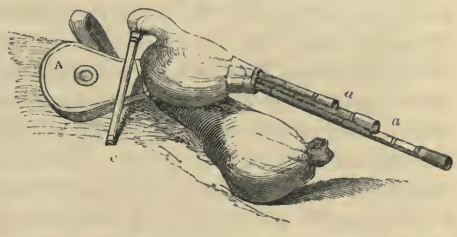
The view from the mountain-top defies any attempt at description; it was the most magnificent sight we had ever witnessed, and one that greatly surpassed even the dream of our imagination. In the far away distance is the broad Atlantic, with the river of Kenmare, the Bay of Bantry, the Bay of Dingle, and the storm-beaten coast of Iveragh; farther off still is the Shannon, Kilrush, and Tarbert. Midway are the mountains, of all forms and altitudes, with their lakes and cataracts, and streams of white foam. At our feet lie the three Killarney lakes, with Glena, and Torc, and even Toomies, looking like protecting walls girdling them round about. The islands in the Upper and Lower Lake have, some of them, dwindled into mere specks, while the larger seem fitted only for the occupation of fairies. The river Flesk winds prettily along the valley; and the Flesk Bridge, with its twenty-one arches, resembles a child's toy. We were peculiarly fortunate as regards the weather. Against the intense cold that prevails at all seasons on the heights we had been duly warned and prepared; and our guide was loaded with matters we might have sadly missed if they had been withheld till our return. We had scarcely reached the top, when the clouds came suddenly round us — around, above, and below; we could not see our companions although they were but a few yards from us, and the rough play of the wind prevented us from hearing their voices. At length Sir Richard crept to our side, and, as if infected by the solemn expression of our countenances, he abstained for a while from breaking the reverie in which we indulged. After a time, however, he murmured some words of alarm lest the clouds should continue, and prevent our seeing the glorious prospect he had promised us. The dark light, for it is scarcely

paradoxical to say so, continued about us for many minutes. It was a bright white mist in which we were enveloped; and, as we attempted to peer through it, we could compare it to nothing but lying on the ground and looking upwards when the sky is unbroken by a single cloud. After a time, however, the clouds gradually drifted off; and the whole of the magnificent panorama was displayed beneath us. The effect was exciting to a degree; the beautiful fore-ground, the magnificent midway, and the sublime distance, were all taken in by the eye at once. While we gazed, however, the clouds again passed over the landscape, and all was once more a blank; after a few minutes they departed, and gave to full view the whole of the grand and beautiful scene; and in this manner above an hour was occupied, with alternate changes of darkness and light. On our way down the mountain, we deviated from the accustomed track to visit Coom-na-goppol—"the Glen of the Horse;"—so called, according to Mr. Weld, "from the excellence of its pastures;" but, according to Mr. Windele, "from the circumstance of one of these poor animals having been accidentally precipitated over a craig into a dark lough at its base." The glen may be likened to a gigantic pit, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular mountain-rocks, in which the eagle builds his nest without the fear of man. It is inaccessible except from one particular spot, where its superabundant waters have forced a passage into a still lower valley. To reach it from the heights above would be almost impossible. Following the course of the stream we are conducted through rich pasture ground to the borders of a spacious lake — Lough Kittane; in extent it nearly equals Torc Lake, but nature has left it without adornment — surrounded by rude and barren hills.

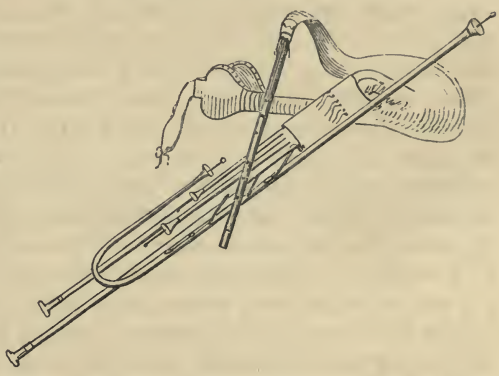
Let the Tourist be as stout a mountaineer as ever trod on heather, he will not after ascending and descending either Carran Tuel or Mangerton, set foot in the valley quite as "fresh" as he was when he commenced his journey, — and the arm chair at Roche's, with the pleasant greeting of Jerry's voice, will be by no means things unwelcome. The sauce for Kerry mutton will have been brought down from the mountain; and this day, especially, the Tourist will be little disposed to question the accuracy of Jerry, who will be sure to announce it as "the *sweetest* mutton in all Ireland." It is, however, so remarkably small, and the appetite will — for once at least — have grown so outrageously large, that the guest will stare as he looks at the dish when dinner is over.

The exertion of the morning will prevent a very strong desire for renewed activity in the evening; yet the remainder of a summer's day must not be lost. Advantage should therefore be taken of the opportunity to hear Gandsey play, and to make acquaintance with the Irish bagpipes, under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the reputation of that much over-lauded and much over-abused instrument of music. The truth is that the pipes are delicious or abominable — just according to the skill of the hand that rules them.

The bagpipes are said to have been introduced into Ireland from Caledonia; though, if such be the case, a very early period must be assigned for their introduction, as we find them alluded to in the very ancient tale of Deirdre, supposed by the best judges to be an undoubted relic of Pagan times. It had the same use among the ancient Irish armies that it now has among the Highland regiments. But the Irish made, in the course of time, an improvement—by using a bellows to fill the chanter instead of the mouth, and continued making various additions until they produced that pleasant instrument, the union pipes.



The accompanying figures represent the Irish bagpipes in their primitive and improved form. We have here the earliest pipes, originally the same as the Scotch, as appears from a drawing made in the sixteenth century, and given in Mr. Bunting's work; but now differ in having the mouth-piece supplied by the bellows A, which being blown by the motion of the piper's arm, to which it is fastened, fills the bag B; from whence, by the pressure of the other arm, the wind is conveyed into the chanter C, which is played on with the fingers, much like a common pipe. By means of a tube the wind is conveyed into the drones *a*, *a*, *a*, which, tuned at octaves to each other, produce a kind of cronan, or bass, to the chanter. The cut represents the improved or union pipes, the drones of which, tuned at thirds and fifths by the regulator A, have keys attached to them, which not only produce the most delightful accords, but enable the player to perform parts of tunes, and sometimes whole tunes, without using the chanter at all. Both drones and chanter can be rendered quiescent by means of stops.



The Pipers were at one period the "great originals" of Ireland. The race are gradually departing, or, at least, "sobering" down into the ranks of ordinary mortals; but there was a time when the piper stood out very prominently upon any canvas that pictured Irish life. Anecdotes of their eccentricities might be recorded that would fill volumes. For many years past their power has been on

the wane; temperance committed sad havock on their prospects; and, at length, the introduction of "Brass Bands" effectually destroyed the small balance that remained to them of hope.

The reader will, perhaps, permit us to postpone the introduction of Gandsey until we have introduced to them a piper of a very different character — one of the genuine old race, so long "the glory," and, we may add, the shame, of Ireland; for they were the great inculcators, as well as practisers, of intoxication. We were wandering about, three years ago, in the neighbourhood of ancient Kincora; and while speculating as to the probable site of the palace of many kings, and giving scope to our fancy by calling up a long array "of chiefs and ladies bright," listening to the harp of the old minstel, we were suddenly startled by the distant sound of the bagpipes. There was a fair in the neighbourhood; we followed the music, and after walking through a gathering crowd — it was too early for the sports to begin — we made our way into a tent, and there encountered one of the last of the *original* race. We will not detain the Tourist long; but we must entreat his patience while we relate an adventure of Rory Oge, who once visited Dublin to hear CATALANI sing. We give his story in his own words:—

"You see," he would commence, "I thought it was my duty to hear what sort of a voice she had; and on my way to the grate city, in the cool of the evening, just by a place — they call it by the name of 'the Meeting of the Wathers' — in the county Wicklow, if he ever heerd tell of it; and if he didn't ye 've a grate loss. Well, just in the cool of the evening, I sat, myself and my little boy, by the side of the two strames — and I've always observed that birds sing most and best by the sides of rivers — and it wasn't long till a thrush began in a rowan tree on the opposite bank, and then another; and then a blackbird would give his tally-ho! of a whistle, high and above all the rest; and so they went on singing together for ever so long; then, two or three would stop, and one grate songster would have it all his own way for a while, until the rest would stand it no longer; and then they'd hark in together, and if there was any pause, why you'd hear, maybe, the thin, fine note of a finch, or one of the little hedge birds, like a single thread of silver — so low, and light, and sweet, and delicate; and then the grate flood of music would gush out again. In the midst of it all, the little gorsoon fell asleep — and by the same token, fine melody ever and always set that boy sleeping — and I felt the tears come down my face just with thinking of the beautiful music the Almighty puts into the throats of them fluttering birds, and wondering if the furrin lady could bate the thrush in the rowan tree. In the afternoon of the next day I was in Dublin, and thinking she was to sing that night, I had hurried meeself; but not a bit of her was to tune it up till the midnight afther, and I was kilt intirely with the impatience, and so — but I'll tell you all about it, straight. Why, God bless ye, the Dublineers were going just as mad

about her singing, as they are now about them nasty, braying, brass bands — my bitter curse on 'em—that has no more of the rale music in them than a drove o' donkeys. I'll say nothing about the Temperance at all—but as to the bands! Well, dears, I'll not be thinking of them now, putting me past my patience, only just come to the furriner, and more 's the pity she was one; so, as I said, thinking as I was a born musicioner, and all my family for hundreds of years before me, I thought, for the honour of the counthry, I'd call upon her; for, troth, I was just fairly ashamed of the fellows that war round her, from all I heerd, giving her no idaa of the rale music of Ireland, only playing, night afther night, at the theyatre, St. Patrick's Day; as if there was ne'er another Saint in the calendar, nor e'er another tune in the counthry. Well, I got my pipes claned, and my little guide-boy, a bran new shoot of cloes; and to be sure I was in the first fashion; and the lace ruffles round my wrists, that my father wore when he rattled the fox-hunters' jig to our House of Commons, there, in College Green. And I sent up my card, and by the same token, it was on the back of the tin o' diamonds I had it wrote; I knew the card by the tin pricks of a nail Jemmy Bulger put in it; for I always had great divarshion with the cards, through the invintion of Jemmy—rest his soul!—giving me eyes, as I may say, in the tops of my fingers; and I got the man where I put up to write on it, 'Rory Oge, the piper of all Ireland and His Majesty, would be proud to insense* Madame Catherdelany into the beauties of Irish music.' Ye see, the honour of ould Ireland's melodies put heart into me; and I just went up stairs as bould as a ram, and before she could say a word, I recited her four varses, my own poethry, that I made on her. Oh, bedad, girls! you may wink and laugh; but I'll tell you what—that was what *she* didn't do. 'Only, Mister Ror Ogere,' she said, not understanding you see, and spaking English with the short unmusical clip the Englishers put on their words, 'I'm glad to see you,' and I'll not be *insensed* at anything you plase to say.' 'I'm sorry for it, my lady,' I makes answer, 'though to be sure it 's only faamale nature to shut their beautiful eyes upon sense of all kinds.' Well, I can't think she understud me rightly; which, maybe, was natural, living as she did among furriners; but she was as kind as a born Irish; she asked me to sit down and play her an 'Irish jig;' and I just said a few words, by the way, to let her see I wasn't a mere bog-throtting piper, but one that could play anything, Handel or Peter Purcel, or any of the Parley-voos; and betwixt and between them all, there isn't a better air in any of their Roratoreys than a march my own father played one day that restored an ould colonel officer to the use of his limbs — there was the power of music for you! — and maybe she didn't think so, and asked me to play it — and maybe she wasn't delighted! Well,

* "Insense," a word in common use, meaning, to make one understand a thing.

though I was consated enough to be proud at traducing to her my own family's music, *it was the music of my counthry my heart bate to tache her;* and so after a while I led on from one to another the fine ould ancient airs, the glories of Ireland — the melodies; and, after all, that's but a poor word to express them in all their grandeur and variety, for melody seems a feeble thing, sweet and feeble; but the wonder of the Irish music — do you see me now — is that its sweetness is never feeble, and its strength never rude; it's just a holy and wonderful thing, like the songs of the birds by the meeting of the wathers, or the talking together of angels. — Well, jewel Oge! maybe she didn't drink them down; and then 'stop,' she'd say, and tune them over every note as clear and pure — the darling! — faix, I almost forgot the air when she got round it, every note she'd give as clear as the silver bell that the fairees (God bless us!) do be ringing of a midsummer night under the green hills; and then she'd say, 'Play another,' and in the midst of it all, would have my little guide into the room and trated us like a queen to fine ould ancient wine: — and now she says, (and didn't *that* shew the lady she was?) and now she says, 'You 've played for me, and I'll sing for you;' and — she — did — sing! And what did I do? Ah! what did I do? Why, then, I just forgot my dignity altogether; and before she'd half done, I fell upon my knees; I couldn't tell how I did it or why, but I *did* it, and stopt there till it was finished, every note; and bedad, girls — and now you'll think this hard to believe, but it's true — *she put me out of consate with the pipes!* she did, bee Jakers! it was as good as a week before I could tatter a note out of 'em; and I left myself a beggar going to hear her sing; and sure enough didn't I rejoice I gave her a taste of the melodies before I heerd her, for I don't think I could have played before her afther her. So," added Rory, drawing himself up, "you may judge what she was — I never forgot her, and if the Lord had given me a minute's sight to see if she was like her music, I think — the Holy Mother forgive me — I think I should have died a happier man; and yet, when I was laving her, she said, spaking of my music, that I had delighted, but not *insensed* her about Ireland music: the craythur spoke broken English, you see, and understood nothing else."

The reader must take especial care not to confound Gandsey with the class of which we have here given an example. A short sketch of his life will show that he has been placed under more auspicious circumstances.

He was long distinguished as "Lord Headley's piper;" and it was his privilege for many years to receive instruction beneath his Lordship's roof, — where his fine original talents were applied to what was worthy of care and cultivation, and where his attention was riveted to the most exquisite melodies of the mountains and glens.

The venerable bard has much Saxon blood in his veins: for his father was an English soldier, who, being quartered at Ross Castle, fell in love — most naturally — with a pretty Kerry girl, who, having espoused him and his fortunes, followed

them to Gibraltar, bequeathing her child to her mother's care. The boy caught the small-pox, and it left him nearly blind: he can still tell how many candles are lighting on a table; and perhaps sight is not destroyed, but sealed. The child evinced early genius for music, turning, when absolutely an infant, the reeds of the lake into musical instruments. When old enough, his grandfather sent him to one of the rustic schools where Latin was taught; and not only the master, but the pupils, loved to instruct the blind quick boy, who even now has sufficient remembrance of "his classics" to cap Latin verses, and enjoy the exercise. Gandsey possesses original talent in many ways; his wit is ready and keen, and he throws the genuine character of the strain into his performance:—but, gentle tourist, we pray you judge for yourself. The door opens, and the blind old man is led in by his son: his head is covered by the snows of age, and his face, though it retains traces of the fearful disease which deprived him of sight, is full of expression. His manner is elevated and unrestrained,—the manner of one who feels his superiority in his art, and knows that if he do not give you pleasure the fault will not be his.

Considering that perhaps you do not sufficiently understand the beauty of Irish minstrelsy, he will test your taste by playing some popular air or quadrille; and you already ask yourself if you are really listening to "the droning bagpipes." His son accompanies him with so much taste and judgment on the violin as to cause regret that he is not practised on his father's instrument, for you would have the mantle—hereafter, and long hence may it be—descend upon the son. You ask for an Irish air; and Gandsey, still uncertain as to your real taste, *feels* his way again, and plays, perhaps, "Will you come to the bower?"—so softly and so eloquently, that you forget your determination in favour of "original Irish music," and pronounce an "encore:" do not, however, waste any more of your evening thus; but call forth the piper's pathos, by naming "Drimmindruh" as an air you desire to hear; then observe how his face betrays the interest he feels in the wailing melody he pours, not only into your ear, but into your heart. What think you of that whispering cadence—like the wind sighing through the willows? What of that fine-drawn tone, melting into air? The atmosphere becomes oppressed with grief; and strong-headed, brave-hearted men, feel their cheeks wet with tears. Said we not that Gandsey was a man of might? The piper feels the effect of that air himself; and, as he is not a disciple of Father Mathew, a flagon of ale, or a mixture of mountain-dew, will "raise his heart," and put him in tune for a PLANXTY. There it comes—ringing merry music—joy-giving, light-hearted strain—the overboiling of Irish glee. Some of the martial gatherings are enough to rouse O'Donaghue from his palace beneath the lake,—one in particular, "O'Donaghue's whistle," is full of wild energy and fire. In but too many instances, these splendid airs have not been noted down: the piper learned them in his youth from old people, whose perishing voices had

preserved the musical traditions so deeply interesting — even in an historical point of view — to all who would gather from the wrecks of the past, thoughts for the future. There are few of these memories of gone-by times that Gandsey does not make more interesting by an anecdote or a legend; and in proportion as he excites your interest he continues to deserve it.

In no district can acquaintance with Irish native melody be so profitably and pleasantly cultivated as at Killarney. Many will visit the Lakes whose knowledge of the national music of Ireland is limited to "Julian's quadrilles," and a few melodies married to the immortal verse of Moore: but the wild unearthly character of some of the finest airs renders them unsuited to English words; and they are even yet in a great degree secreted among the glens and fastnesses of the wildest parts of the country, where those who would fain gather them have never gone. Many of these fine old airs are familiar to Gandsey, who luxuriates in them, and appreciates the sentiment each was intended to convey: for, be it remembered, Irish music was never the offspring of fashion or caprice; it was literally *the voice of the people.* Whether excited by joy, or sorrow, or love, or injustice, their feelings found vent in music; their grief for the dead was relieved by a dirge; they roused their troops by song, and offered their prayers in chorus and chant: their music was poetry, and their poetry music.

THE THIRD DAY'S TOUR.

AGHADOE; GAP OF DUNLOE; BRANDON'S COTTAGE; UPPER LAKE; LONG RANGE; EAGLE'S NEST; WEIR BRIDGE; TORC LAKE; LOWER LAKE; GLENA.

REMISING that the day must be a fine one, let it be commenced early; for the Tourist who undertakes to follow us will have much to do; so much, indeed, that—if it be all done—no after-evil of ill-weather can greatly diminish his power to become acquainted with the "Lions" of the Lakes;—for when he has seen those we have named at the head of this chapter, the rest may be visited easily, inasmuch as they are accessible "between showers." Let us start at once, then. From the Victoria, Aghadoe is scarcely a stone's throw—across the fields that is to say; but it will take a good half hour to reach it by driving round the hill. To the left, we leave the seat of Lady Headley: honoured be the name of one whose active benevolence fills the air with blessings;

and doubly honoured be the memory of her lord, whose name is still a synonym for goodness, virtue, generosity, and liberality, in the estimation of all who have lived within reach of his healing influence! He sleeps in the grave-yard of the small church he built upon this hill-top. We pass it as we ascend. And now we reach the venerable ruins of Aghadoe. They consist of the remnant of a round tower, the walls of a small cathedral church, and the base of a round castle, called sometimes "the Pulpit" and sometimes "the Bishop's Chair." The church is a low oblong building, consisting of two distinct chapels of unequal antiquity.* The ornamented doorway, although much injured by time, is still exceedingly graceful and beautiful. The artist has indicated that, as usual, the church is rendered revolting by the relics of mortality that lie scattered in heaps in all directions around it. Many of the skulls have been bleached by the rains and winds of centuries, and are as white as the clearest paper.†

* "Aghadoe continues to give title to a bishop. Amongst the Roman Catholics, the diocese is still preserved distinct; but in the Established Church it ranks as a secondary one, attached to the see of Limerick." The remote antiquity of the Abbey is supported by reference to the Annals of Inisfallen, where it is emphatically styled the OLD Abbey, although the Abbey of Inisfallen was founded in the seventh century.

The Ogham stone described by Vallancey, and referred to by Mr. Weld, as "in the north-west corner of the church of Aghadoe," is now in the grounds of Aghadoe House. It was stolen from the churchyard by a Killarney butcher, to make a stone for his "hall door;" and was luckily discovered in time to be rescued, although not before it was broken.

† The state of Aghadoe is indeed quite as disgraceful as the state of Mucross was some thirty years ago. We should only excite horror by describing what we ourselves saw there. We conversed upon this painful subject with the Lady of the Manor, Lady Headley; who unfortunately has not the power to remedy the evil. It arises solely from the indifference of the peasantry to the relics of mortality *when they have been some time laid in the earth*; for no greater affront could be offered them than to insult a corpse in which they felt interested. They will inter every new applicant for a tomb in the exact spot in which a predecessor was interred: consequently room must be made: and they seldom think it worth while to re-inter what they have removed. Hence these shocking and degrading scenes. Lord Headley some years ago gave the people a quarter of an acre of adjoining ground, which he made interest to have consecrated. It lessened the evil very little; for the ground was rapidly seized upon by new-comers.

The Gap of Dunloe.

The round castle stands at the hill side, within a square "bawn" or enclosure, fortified by a foss and earthen ramparts. It bears tokens of considerable strength; the walls are seven feet high; the height of the structure is now about thirty feet. It contains a flight of stone steps, formed in the thickness of the wall. The corbels that supported the timber joists, which formed the floor of the first chamber, still remain. It was evidently a small building, used, perhaps, merely as a defensive fortress to the church; its age, probably, is no more remote than the 12th century.

The round tower, although a very small portion of it remains, cannot fail to be a subject of deep interest to all strangers.* Let the Tourist climb to "the top"—the task is not a very difficult one, and see what a glorious view he will have of "the Lakes;" a view, by the way, which most visitors prefer to any other within convenient reach.

Descending the hill, we continue the road along the northern borders of the lake until we reach the Laune Bridge, from which there is a fine view of the rapid river, on both sides. We drive through a very wild country, hilly and boggy, until we near the entrance to the Gap. A short distance before we reach it, the Tourist will be called upon to visit a singular cave, which he should on no account omit to examine. It may be classed among the more remarkable objects of antiquity in Ireland.

It is situated in a field immediately adjoining the high road; and was discovered in 1838, by some workmen who, in constructing a sunk fence, broke into a subterranean chamber of a circular form, the walls of which were of uncemented stones inclining inwards, with a roof, also, of long transverse stones. In the passage were found several human skulls and bones.

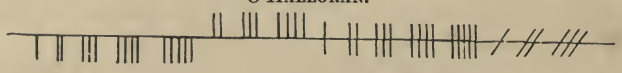
This Cave of Dunloe must be regarded as an ancient Irish library, lately disinterred, and restored to the light. The books are the large impost stones which form the roof. Their angles contain the writing. A library of such a literature was never heard of in England before, and scarcely in Ireland; and yet it is of the highest antiquity. The discovery opens a new page concerning the hitherto

* "It stands sixty feet from the N. W. angle of the church, and is called 'the Pulpit' by the peasantry. All that now remains of this ancient structure is the basement, reaching from the sill of the door downward. The height is about fifteen feet; it measures in its outer circumference fifty-two feet; the diameter within the walls is six feet ten inches; the wall is four feet six inches thick. The stones are large, regular, and well dressed. The greater part of the facing stone of the north side has been unfortunately taken away for the erection of tombs in the adjacent burying ground. Within and without the spoliator has been effectually at work, aided by those worst of pests, the gold-seekers,—whose unhallowed dreams are most fatal to our antiquities. This tower must have fallen previously to the last century; but no notice of it in its erect state has survived."—WINDELE.

disputed question touching the acquaintance of the ancient Irish with letters. The *Ogham* writing, as it is called, is stated to have been known and practised in Ireland long before the era of Christianity; it is to the Irish antiquary what the *Runes* are in the north, and the *Arrow-headed* or *Wedge* character is in Babylonia and Persepolis. It is more intelligible, however, than the latter, but far less known and elucidated than the former. As we have said, it has been a much disputed question amongst Irish writers; and as, until a late period, it was nowhere found on monuments, there were not wanting persons disposed to treat the claims of its upholders with contempt, and to regard the character as the imposture of idle bards and sennachies. The scale consists of four series of scores, each series embracing five characters, and each letter ranging from one score to five. The position of these groups in reference to a main or medial line, called *Fleasg*, constitutes their power. It has been called the *Craov* or branch Ogham, because it has been assimilated to a tree; the *fleasg* answering to the trunk or stem, and the scores, at either side, or passing through it horizontally, or diagonally, to the branches. On the majority of the monuments on which it has been found, the angle is availed of to form the fleasg. On the Callan-stone, and on one other hitherto discovered, the medial line is cut on the centre of the stone.

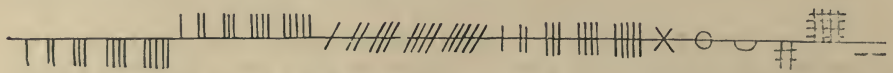
The scale originally consisted, and indeed properly does so still, of but sixteen letters. This must also be regarded as an additional proof of its high antiquity. Such was the Phenician, Pelasgic, Etruscan, and Celtiberian number. O'Halloran has given us the Ogham in its original extent.

O'Halloran.



b l f s n d t. c a o u e i m g r

In subsequent ages it was corrupted or improved by the addition of compounds, diphthongs, and letters of foreign extraction, so that the present scale consists of twenty-five primitive and compound characters.



b l f s nh d t c ar m g ng cr r a o u e i ea oi ui ia ao p

The earliest written piece of Ogham writing, at present known, is in an ancient vellum MS. of the eleventh century, which had been at one time in the hands of Sir James Ware, and is now preserved in the British Museum.*

* The celebrated Lhuyd, in the beginning of the last century, was the first to announce the discovery of an Ogham inscription, found on a stone near Dingle. It passed, however, nearly

The very entrance to THE GAP is a sudden introduction to its marvels; the visitor is at once convinced that he is about to visit a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart for ever. Any where, and under any circumstances, this rugged and gloomy pass would be a most striking object; but its interest and importance are, no doubt, considerably enhanced by the position it occupies in the very centre of gentle and delicious beauty. The varied "greenery" of the pleasant glades that skirt the lakes, or line the banks of their tributary rivers, has hardly faded from the eye, before the bleak and barren rocks, of forms as varied and fantastic as they are numerous, are placed before it; and the ear, in lieu of the mingled harmony of dancing leaves, and rippling waters, and song of birds, is compelled to listen only to the brawling and angry stream rushing onwards, wasting its strength in foam, but continually changing its form — here a creeping rivulet — here a broad lake — and there a fierce cataract. Along the banks of the river is a narrow and, of course, circuitous, path. On the right, the Reeks, with their grand-master, Carran Tuel — look down upon the dark glen; while, on the left, Toomies and the Purple Mountain rise above it, and with a more

unnoticed; and his copy was so incorrect and defective that nothing could possibly be made of it. Subsequent to this — in the year 1785, another stone, similarly inscribed, was discovered on Sliav Callan, in the county of Clare; but as this for the time terminated the progress of discovery, those who never even heard of that of Lhuyd's, pronounced that the finding of a solitary stone proved nothing; and there were not wanting even those who denounced the Callan inscription as "an impudent forgery." The recent labours of one or two gentlemen of Cork have, however, terminated any scepticism that may have existed on the subject. Inquiries, conducted with untiring zeal for a course of four or five years, have resulted in discoveries of an exceedingly interesting character; and from forty to fifty inscriptions, all found within a limited district in the south of Munster, have rewarded their labours in this hitherto untrodden field. Mr. Windele, one of the gentlemen alluded to, has, in his "Historical and Descriptive Notices of Cork and its Vicinity," &c. (a work to which we have made reference, and to which we are often greatly indebted), given us some details relative to these discoveries, well worthy of perusal; and intends, it is understood, in conjunction with his fellow-labourers in these pursuits — Messrs. Horgan and Abell — to give their proceedings and views in a collected form to the public, when their researches and speculations are more matured. They have now, in fact, broken new ground in Irish archæology, and entitled themselves to very great credit for their efforts. Hitherto they have dealt only with facts; deductions and theories they yet hold in reserve. We have ourselves, in our late visit to Cork, seen Mr. Windele's collection of these inscriptions, traced from the actual monuments, in such a manner as to remove all chance of inaccuracy; and, positively, in its way, it is without an equal. The inspection, it may be safely affirmed, is all-sufficient to remove any doubt or incredulity which may possibly exist on this subject.

gracious countenance; for their sides are not so steep but that the goat finds sure footing and pleasant pasture; and the cow — if it be Kerry born — may also wander and ruminate at leisure. The road, or rather bridle track (the pony that treads it must not be a stranger)—often passes along the brinks of precipices, and then descends into absolute pits; the roar of the rushing torrent is heard plainly all the while—now and then in the depths below, and now and then as a talkative and warning guide by the side of the wayfarer. The dark stream is the Loe; and in its limited course through the Gap it expands at several points into lakes of various and unequal magnitude, and again contracts itself to gather force for a new rush through the valley. The rocks along the pass are of forms the most grotesque; and each has received some distinguishing name from the peasantry.* The one here pictured is called "The Turnpike." Although the moun-

tains on either side are for the most part bare, they present occasionally patches of cultivation, "few and far between;" but sufficient to show that even in this savage

* One of them is christened, from its singular shape, "O'Donaghue's Heart." Sir Richard was ready, as usual, with the why and wherefore; but in this instance his interpretation was very Irish — "Gad, sir, we always knew his heart was a big one, but never thought it was so hard."

Comme Dhu - The Black Valley

LONDON, J. HOW, AUG. 1 1843

region the hand of industry may be employed with advantage. From some crevices peep out the gay evergreens — high up, and often so far distant that the eye cannot distinguish the arbutus from the prickly furze. Occasionally, too, the deep gloom of the pass is dispelled by the notes of Spillane's bugle — waking the echoes of the mighty hills; and now and then the eagle soars above the valley. Still it would be impossible for the very lightest-hearted to be otherwise than sad while passing through this dark and deep ravine; it oppresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy. Yet it has its own peculiar sources of pleasure.

When the Pass terminates, and the Tourist is, as will be supposed, wearied in heart and foot, he suddenly comes upon a scene of unrivalled beauty. A turning in the narrow pathway brings him just over the Upper Lake; and high above "the black valley" — the Coom Dhuv. The reader will obtain, from the pencil of Mr. Creswick, a happier notion of the excitement produced by the change, than our language can give him. It was with an uncontrollable burst of enjoyment that we gazed upon the delicious scene. A short time before we had thus indulged in a luxuriant draught of nature, we had examined one of the most singular relics of very ancient art. On the side of a lofty hill is the "Logan Stone" — about twenty-four feet in circumference. The peasants call it the "Balance Rock," and it is doubtless a Druidical remain of remote antiquity. Moore likens it to the Poet's Heart, which

> "The slightest touch alone sets moving,
> But all earth's power could not shake from its base."

Leaving "the Black Valley," with the white cataract that crowns it, the Tourist passes through "Lord Brandon's demesne *;" and having found his boat waiting in one of the sweet and lonely creeks of which there are here so many, he takes his

* Lord Brandon, who built a cottage here, and also an imitation of the Round Tower, has long ceased to own any property in the neighbourhood. The place, however, still bears his name.

seat, and prepares for pleasure of a less fatiguing character—the oars rapidly convey him through the Upper Lake.

And now let him leisurely look around him. He is in the midst of mountains—bleak and barren, but mighty in their magnificence.*

> "Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink,
> At once upon the level brink,
> And just a trace of silver sand
> Marks where the water meets the land."

Their dark shadows are thrown upon the water, so as to give to it a character of gloom, in perfect keeping with the loneliness of the scene. One feels as if the sound of a human voice would disturb its solitude; and wishes the oars, that row him over the Lake, were muffled. He passes along by the small islands: neither of them tempt him to land, unless it may be Rossburkie, to look for the tree round which the milkmaid tied the spancel.† Here are Arbutus Island, Eagle

* "To my mind," says Inglis, "the Upper Lake is the most attractive; the mountains are nearest to it; it has not one tame feature." "Once fairly embarked on its waters," writes Windele, "and looking back, the illusion of its being altogether land-locked, and enclosed without any opening, or mode of egress, seems nearly complete." "On entering the Upper Lake" (we now quote from Weld) "attention is at first wholly engaged by the vastness of the mountains, and next by the extreme ruggedness of the scene."

† "She was milking the cows just as the sun was rising. A fine early little girl she was, rowing her boat and her pails with her own hands to the Island, before the dew was off the grass, or the birds awake, and singing—for she had a light heart,—singing like a thrush; when all of a sudden, as she turned her head, what should she see but a crock of shining gold, under a tree just at her elbow. Keeping her eyes on it, she walked over, stooped down, and, to make sure that what she saw, poor thing, was no bewitchment, she took up two of the pieces and dropped them into her bosom: she tried to lift the crock, but it was too heavy for her entirely; so to make sure of the spot she took the spancel off the cow she was milking, and tied it round the tree, then ran off to her boat, determined to bring her friends to help her home with her treasure; the last thing she did when she took up the oars to row to the mainland was to look back at the crock, and there it was—the *deludher*—smiling and shining in the sunbeams. Well, when she got home she told what she had seen, and one looked at the other, until she gave her mother the two gold pieces; and then father and mother, and brothers and sisters, all crowded into the boat, and maybe they did'nt pull hard and fast to reach the Island. 'There's the spancel!' shouted the girl, pointing to the nearest tree; 'there's the spancel!' and sure enough there was a spancel. 'No,' said her brother, 'there's the spancel.' 'Not at all!' exclaimed her mother, 'it's on that tree.' 'I wish,' put in her father, 'that you'd all hold your nonsense, here it is round the Rowan tree.' The poor gold-finder looked bewildered; and well she might, for round every tree in the island a spancel was fastened. Then she asked her mother to show the two gold pieces she had given her, and the poor woman pulled them out, and laid them on the palm of her hand, that they might all see them: but in less than a minute, while their very eyes were on them, they were changed into dry leaves, and whirled off her hand by a light breeze; while from every tree in the Island rose a laugh so merry and so full of fun and mischief, that, overcome as they were, they could hardly help laughing themselves."

Island, M'Carthy's Island, Duck Island, Stag Island, Ronan's Island, and the Knight of Kerry's Island.* We must refer him to Sir Richard for the origin, real or fanciful, of each name. That called after the heir of the Kerry Geraldines, however, we believe actually belongs to him, although he has no other acre of property in this neighbourhood.

Passing the "big" promontory called "Coleman's Eye,"— and so called after a giant, a saint, or an English gentleman, — it is uncertain which — he enters "THE LONG RANGE." But before he arrives there, he will often look back. The mountains, between which lies "the Gap," are directly behind him; to the left are the "tails" of the Purple Mountain; to the right is rugged Cromagloun; all about him the mountains rise from the lake, and seem as if they would shut him in for ever. To convey an idea of the rude magnificence of this scene is impossible. Presently its savage grandeur is passed; and we enter the realm of Beauty. The stream carries us rapidly homeward. It is running through the Long Range; and the men have merely to guide the boat.†

The channel is full of interest and beauty; the water is clear and rapid; and on either side it is amply wooded; "patrician trees" happily mingling with "plebeian underwood," through which glimpses of the huge mountains are occasionally caught. About midway, in "the Long Range," we reach the far-famed Eagle's Nest — the most perfect, glorious, and exciting of all the Killarney echoes. The rock (for in comparison with the mountains that look down upon it, it is nothing more, although, when at its base, it appears of prodigious height) derives its name from the fact that, for centuries, it has been the favoured residence of the royal birds, by whose descendants it is still inhabited;

* There are about twelve islands in the Upper Lake; some of them, however, are islands only in summer. Ronan's Island is the largest. It was so called, according to Mr. Weld, from an enthusiastic Englishman, who, "liking the situation," made it his home, and lived for some years the life of a recluse here, avoiding all society, and seldom leaving the island, except to shoot or fish, by which he procured his chief sustenance.

† Sails are very rarely seen on the Lake. They are at all times dangerous, in consequence of the frequent occurrence of wind and squalls. "A gentleman living near Killarney, who had often crossed the ocean, assured me he had more than once beheld it so much agitated by the hurricanes which descend in circling eddies through the passes between the mountains, that the waves, drifted together, and raised to an immense height above the surface, assumed the terrific aspect of a waterspout."—WELD. Such incidents are by no means uncommon. We ourselves followed one of these singular "circling eddies" for above a mile along the road: every now and then it ran, as it were, round a heap of dried leaves and bits of stick, which it elevated twenty or thirty feet, tossed about in a whimsical manner, and scattered about the fields. The people of course attribute this singularity to the fairies, and it requires little imagination to believe some invisible supernatural power at work.

their eyry being secured by nature against all human trespassers.* The rock is of a pyramidical form, exactly 1103 feet high, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare towards the summit; where the nest of the bird is pointed out, in a small crevice nearly concealed by stunted shrubs. We put into a little creek on the

opposite side of the river; but remained in our boat, having been recommended to do so. Our expectations of the coming treat had been highly raised, and we were

* The peasants relate several amusing stories of attempts to rob the "Aigle's Nest;" and many feats are detailed of the efforts of daring mountaineers to make property of the royal progeny. The Boatmen tell an illustrative anecdote, of a "vagabone" soldier, "who says, says he, 'I'll go bail I'll rob it,' says he. 'Maybe you will, and maybe you won't,' says the aigle; and wid that she purtinded to fly off wid herself. So the sodger, when he sees that, lets himself down by a long rope he had with him; and 'I have ye now by your sharp noses, every mother's son of ye,' says he. When all of a sudden, out comes the ould aigle, from a thunder cloud, and says very civilly, says she, 'Good morrow, sir,' says she; 'and what brings ye to visit my fine family so airly, before they've had their break'ast?' says she. 'Oh, nothing at all,' says the sodger, who ye see was grately frightened; 'only to ax after their health, ma'am,' says he, 'and if e'r a one of 'em has the tooth-ache, for which I've a spacific that I brought wid me in my pocket from furrin parts.' 'Ye brought some blarney in the other pocket then,' says the aigle, 'for don't I know ye came to stale mee childre?' 'Honour bright,' says the sodger, 'do ye think I'd be doing sich a mane thing?' 'I'll lave it to a neighbour o' mine whether ye did or no,' says the aigle. So wid that, she bawls out at the top of her voice, 'Did he come to rob the aigle's nest?' In coorse the echo made answer 'To rob the aigle's nest.' — 'Hear to that, ye thieving blacguard!' says the aigle; 'and take that home wid ye,' giving him a sthroke wid her bake betune the two eyes, that sent him rowling into the lake—and I'll go bail none of his progenitors ever went to rob an aigle's nest after that day."

in breathless anxiety to enjoy it. The bugle-player, Spillane—of whose skill and attention we gladly add our testimony to that of every traveller who has preceded us — landed, advanced a few steps, and placed the instrument to his lips: the effect was MAGICAL—the word conveys a poor idea of its effect. First he played a single note—it was caught up and repeated, loudly, softly,—again loudly, again softly, and then as if by a hundred instruments, each a thousand times more musical than that which gave its rivals birth, twirling and twisting around the mountain, running up from its foot to its summit, then rolling above it, and at length dying away in the distance until it was heard as a mere whisper, barely audible, far away. Then Spillane blew a few notes — ti-ra-la-ti-ra-la: a multitude of voices, seemingly from a multitude of hills, at once sent forth a reply; sometimes pausing for a second, as if waiting for some tardy comrade to join in the marvellous chorus, then mingling together in a strain of sublime grandeur, and delicate sweetness, utterly indescribable. Again Spillane sent forth his summons to the mountains, and blew, for perhaps a minute, a variety of sounds; the effect was indeed that of "enchanting ravishment"—giving

"Resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies."

It is impossible for language to convey even a remote idea of the exceeding delight communicated by this development of a most wonderful property of Nature; sure we are that we shall be guilty of no exaggeration if we say, that this single incident, among so many of vast attraction, will be sufficient recompence to the Tourist who may visit these beautiful lakes.* When Spillane had exhausted his ability to minister to our enjoyment — and the day was declining before we had expressed ourselves content — preparations were made for firing off the cannon. As soon as they were completed, the match was applied. In an instant every mountain for miles round us seemed instinct with angry life, and replied in voices of thunder to the insignificant and miserable sound that had roused them

* If a party cannot secure Spillane, whose fine clear bugle is on better terms with the echoes than any "newer" bugle on the lakes, there are others, however inferior to Spillane, of nearly equal power, who cannot fail to give pleasure. John Gandsey, the piper's son, blows a good bugle, and possesses much legendary information. Fleming, "the Commodore" of Mr. Finn's boats, has considerable skill. The young Spillanes already play capitally on the cornet-à-piston; and the brass-band nursery will doubtless send forth others who will be able to play in concert; so that, in time, Mr. Weld's desire may be accomplished, and a full band wake the echoes of the lakes. Even if this were the case, we should still long for Spillane's sweet and powerful bugle, whether it played "Isle of beauty, fare thee well," or sent "O'Donaghue's laugh" crackling amid the mountains. Indeed, Killarney, Spillane, and Gandsey seem to us as inseparable as the leaves of the shamrock.

from their slumbers. The imagination was excited to absolute terror; the gnomes of the mountains were about to issue forth and punish the mortals who had dared to rouse them from their solitude; and it was easy for a moment to fancy every creek and crevice peopled with "airy things." The sound was multiplied a thousand-fold, and with infinite variety; at first it was repeated with a terrific growl; then a fearful crash; both were caught up and returned by the surrounding hills, mingling together, now in perfect harmony, now in utter discordance; awhile those that were nearest became silent, awaiting the on-coming of those that were distant; then joining together in one mighty sound, louder and louder; then dropping to a gentle lull, as if the winds only created them; then breaking forth again into a combined roar that would seem to have been heard hundreds of miles away.* It is not only by these louder sounds the echoes of the hills are awakened; the clapping of a hand will call them forth; almost a whisper will be repeated — far off — ceasing — resuming — ceasing again. The most eloquent poet of our age has happily expressed the idea we desire to convey: —

> "A solitary wolf-dog, ranging on,
> Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime
> Of airy voices lock'd in unison, —
> Faint — far off — near — deep — solemn and sublime."

About a mile from the "Eagle's Nest" is the old Weir Bridge, a bridge of two arches, only one of which affords a passage for boats, and through this the water of

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* "We gazed at the wood, the rock, and the river, with alternate hope and fear; and we expected, with a pleasing impatience, some very marvellous event. * * * Angels from the sky, or fairies from the mountain, or O'Donaghue from the river, we every moment expected to appear before us."—OCKENDEN. (1760.) "Our single French horn had the harmony of a full concert, and one discharge of our little piece of cannon was multiplied into a thousand reports; with this addition, that when the sounds seemed faint, and almost expiring, they revived again, and then gradually subsided. It equals the most tremendous thunder."—DERRICK. (1760.) "Each explosion awakes a succession of echoes, resembling peals of thunder, varying in number and intensity according to the state of the atmosphere."—WINDELE. "Our imagination endues the mountains with life, and to their attributes of magnitude, and silence, and solitude, we for a moment add the power of listening and a voice."—INGLIS. "The mountains seem bursting with the crash — now it rolls, peal upon peal, through their craggy hollows, till at length, dying away in the distance, all seems over: hark! it rises again; other mountains mimic the thunder, and now it is lost in a low growl among the distant hills."— CROKER. "It is scarcely in the power of language to convey an idea of the extraordinary effect of the echoes under this cliff, whether they repeat the dulcet notes of music, or the loud discordant report of a cannon. Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight."—WELD.

the Upper Lake rushes into the other lakes on its way, through the Laune, to the sea. The current is exceedingly rapid, and it is usual for tourists to disembark and walk across the isthmus, meeting the boat on the other side, the passage being considered one of much danger to persons who are either easily alarmed or indisposed to take the advice of the boatmen,—"Plase to sit quiet." Mr. Roche, who acted as our helmsman, was, however, anxious to try the strength of our nerves, as well as to exhibit one of the Killarney lions in its wrath and power, shaking its mane in angry vigour; he, therefore, gave us no warning until we were actually within the fierce current. We shot through it with frightful rapidity; and it was evident that a very small deviation either to the right or the left would have flung us among the breakers, the result of which must inevitably have been fatal. The men, who had rested on their oars, were watching us with some anxiety, and the moment we were in safety they woke the echoes with a loud shout, and congratulated us on our "bowldness." We can claim but little merit for our heroism, having been perfectly unconscious of the peril we encountered until it was over. We had forgotten the disasters that Mr. Weld records, and to which Derrick made reference half a century before him.

At Dinis Pool the current divides; one branch, to the right, enters Torc

Lake; the other, to the left, runs between Dinis Island and Glenà mountain, and joins the Lower Lake at the Bay of Glenà — beautiful Glenà!

There is, we think, nothing at Killarney, where nature is everywhere charming to absolute fascination, to equal this surpassingly lovely spot. The mountain of Glenà, clothed to luxuriance with the richest evergreens, looks down upon a little vale endowed with the rarest natural gifts, and which the hand of taste has touched here and there, without impairing its primitive character. Glenà, a name that signifies "the glen of good fortune," is the property of Lord Kenmare, whose lady has built a cottage-ornée in this delicious valley; it is in happy keeping with the beautiful and graceful scene, and the walks and gardens that surround it are so formed and disposed as in no degree to deduct from its simple beauty. Here, also, a pretty and convenient cottage has been erected for the accommodation of strangers: it is placed in one of the forest glades, close to the shore.

Here, then, let us end our Third Day's Tour. For although, probably, those who must make the most of time may even yet be enabled before nightfall to row round Torc Lake, among the island-rocks in Castle Lough Bay, and even to enter and examine, briefly, Inisfallen and Ross,—we trust that comparatively few will be compelled to *crush* two days into one, and consequently sacrifice to fatigue the enjoyment that may be derived from both.

Now, then, we are journeying homewards—homewards from Glenà—beautiful Glenà! It is "a good step" to Roche's, and a long way to the Victoria. But stay — the boatmen may not yet "pull out;" for Spillane must have a word or two with Glenà, — his "pet" of all the mountains! Who could weary of such words so answered? To Spillane, who has awakened them a thousand times, it is still a labour of love; and the boatmen, to whom the aërial voices are familiar as domestic sounds, gladly rest upon their oars to hear them once again!

Torc Mountain, from Dinis Island

Printed by Alfred Adlard

[illegible] N. [illegible] W. A[illegible] 1843.

THE FOURTH DAY'S TOUR.

THE ISLANDS AND SHORES OF THE LOWER LAKE.

This day we spend among the islands and along the shores of the Lower Lake; taking a row round Torc; awakening the echoes of the old mountain; and, resting the oars off many a well-known spot, holding converse with far-famed "Paddy Blake." The labour of to-day will not be severe; the remainder of our tour about Killarney we can make easily, and by "short stages." Indeed tourists whose time is limited may, when the third day closes in, consider the Lakes to have been visited, and prepare for a journey homewards or elsewhere. But many, we hope, will

be less hurried, and will give a whole day to "the Shores and Islands."* Leaving the "Herbert Arms," the Tourist should first row among the small island-rocks in Castle-Lough Bay, the bay in which he will enter Roche's boat, and be consigned to the care of four as civil and obliging "Kerry-boys" as ever told a legend or believed one. All about him are odd-looking rocks and pretty islets; some so bare, that not a blade of grass grows over them; others so thick with foliage, that, literally, you see nothing but a clump of trees rising out of the water, and sometimes little more than the topmost branches of these very trees are visible. There are in this Castle-Lough Bay just "a baker's dozen," and very pretty they look; but there is no one of them that will recompense a landing. At Castle-Lough, however, we must pause a moment. The castle perished in the wars of 1652. So completely was it destroyed, that scarcely one stone was left standing on another. Barely sufficient now remains to point out its locality. It may have been of importance, from its position; but never could have been of any extent. North of Castle Lough Bay, the Flesk runs into the lake; passing by the grounds of Cahirnane. It has voyaged a long way, to help the waters at Killarney.†

Having rowed sufficiently among these pretty islets, we pass under the bridge that connects Ross with the mainland, and proceed to "the Quay." In very dry or in very rainy weather, however, this small channel is impassable: in the one case the water will have left it, and in the other will have choked up the passage; we shall then have to go round a couple of miles. Those who are located at the Victoria will probably proceed to visit the islands by a different course; for the boat-house of the hotel lies about a mile almost due north of the Bay.‡

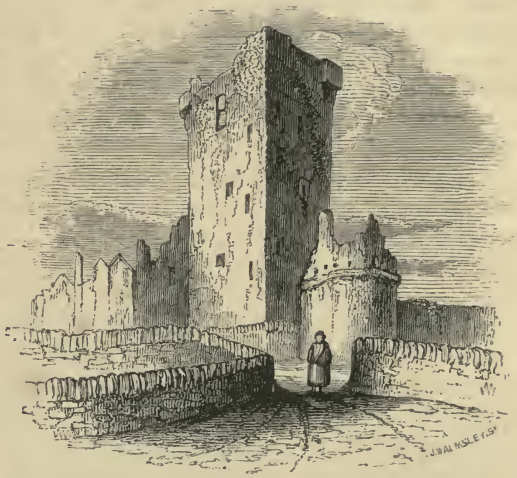
Here, however, at Ross Island, and immediately under the castle, let us first land — at the convenient quay built by Lord Kenmare. Before we look at the

* It is of course impossible to leave Killarney without visiting two of the places we are about to describe — the islands of Inisfallen and Ross. But opportunities for so doing must be watched for. They are close to the Victoria, and not far from Roche's, and probably will be visited on the evening of arrival; or it will not be very difficult to examine them on the evening of the third day, after leaving "the Long Range."

† The Flesk river, with its bridge of twenty-one arches, has many legends and tales connected with its rambles through the glens. A short time ago, in Glen Flesk, it overflowed its banks so suddenly that, they tell you, a tailor, who was at work in a cottage, found the table he was sitting on floating before he was aware of the rising of the waters. He was a brave tailor; and by great exertions managed to save his employer's three children, their parents having gone to Killarney. A cat, who was asleep upon a straw circular seat, usually called "a boss," was borne into the current before she was aware of her danger, and floated about for four or five days; she was at last rescued from her perilous situation near Cloghreen, and treated with much consideration — bearing, as the peasantry believed, a "charmed life."

‡ Here is a list of all the rocks and islands in the Lower Lake, beginning with the most

old castle, let us walk through the gardens and round the island; but—will the visitor believe us?—he will have paced no less than two miles before he arrives at this garden-gate again.*



Ross, as we have explained, is more properly a peninsula than an island, being separated from the mainland only by a narrow cut through a morass, which it is more than probable was a work of art, with a view to strengthen the fortifications of the castle. The island, for so it must now be termed, is the largest island of the lake. It contains about eighty Plantation acres, richly and luxuriantly cultivated: a portion of it is converted into a graceful and carefully kept flower-garden, where seats are placed so as to command the more striking and picturesque views; and in every part Nature has been so judiciously trained and guided, that the whole scene is one of surpassing beauty. The castle is a fine remain; much less injured by time than the majority of its co-mates in Kerry county. It is a tall

northerly, Brown or Rabbit Island, and so descending to the most southerly, Sugar Island; the reader will of course ascertain their relative positions by looking at the map.

1. Brown or Rabbit Island.
2. Lamb Island.
3. Heron Island.
4. O'Donaghue's Prison.
5. Cherry Island.
6. Inisfallen.
7. Mouse Island.
8. Ross Island.
   (All north of Ross Bay.)
9. Rough Island.
10. Hen and Chickens.
11. Pigeon Island.
12. O'Donaghue's Table.
13. Cow Island.
14. Elephant Rock.
15. Jackdaw Island.
16. Crow Island.
17. Yew Island.
18. Cow Island.
19. Ash Island.
20. Osprey Rock.
21. Friar's Island.
    (All in Castle Lough Bay.)
22. Gun Rock.
23. Otter Rock.
24. Darby's Garden.
25. Burnt Island.
26. Stag Island.
27. Drinking Horse.

There are about half a dozen others that have names; such are Gunnet Rock, Tom Cole's Rock, Currig-a-hocca Rock, and Alexander Rock. Brickeen Island and Dinis Island stand between Torc Lake and the Lower Lake: they belong properly to neither of the two Lakes; but if to either they must be assigned, we should give them to Torc, as being the property of Mr. Herbert.

* It is just under Ross Castle that "Paddy Blake" must be talked to;—Paddy Blake, the famous Echo, that when you ask him, "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?" makes instant answer—"Pretty well, I thank ye." At certain times it is the clearest of all the Lake echoes.

square embattled building, based upon a limestone rock, sustained at the land side by a plain massive buttress; from the north-east and north-west angles project two machicolated defences. It contains a spiral staircase of cut stone. It was erected by one of the earlier chieftains of the Donaghues.* It forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape from every part of the Lower Lake. During the war, the out-buildings were fitted up as a barrack. The castle is famous in Irish history, as being the last in Munster to hold out against the Parliamentary army. In 1652, Ludlow, the successor of Ireton, assisted by Sir Hardress Waller, laid siege to it. It was defended by Lord Muskerry with a sufficiency of troops, and an ample supply of provisions; yet the castle, so well prepared for defence, surrendered upon articles, without striking a vigorous blow. The circumstance is attributable to the terror that seized upon the garrison when they beheld war-ships floating on the lake, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, which foretold that the castle could be taken only when an event occurred — almost as improbable as that "Birnam Forest" should come "to Dunsinane." Although it is very unlikely that Ludlow had heard of this tradition, or would have heeded it if he had, it is certain that, having considered it wisest to attack the castle by water, he had constructed boats for the purpose; "and," as he says, "when we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy, which they perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger that threatened them." General Ludlow does not explain how the boats were conveyed into the lakes; and so great must have been the difficulty of transporting them from any distant part, covered as this dis-

* Of course the several legends connected with the name of the O'Donaghue have their source in this, his Castle of Ross. The peasantry will point out the window from which he leaped into the lake when he exchanged his sovereignty on earth for that of the waters under it. He was endowed, they say, with the gift of transforming himself into any shape, and his wife requested him to exhibit some of his transformations before her. He warned her, that if he did so, and she displayed any symptoms of fear, they would be separated for ever. She still persisted in the spirit of female curiosity, and in perfect confidence that she could look on unmoved. On his assuming, however, some very terrible shape, she shrieked with terror. He immediately sprang from the window into the lake below, and remains there an enchanted spirit; his enchantment to continue until, by his brief annual ride, the silver shoes are worn out by the attrition of the surface of the water. Of the race of the O'Donaghues, "the Annals of Inisfallen" have furnished various particulars, which give a pretty clear insight into the character of gone-by times, when "might made right;" and illustrate the utter insecurity of life and property, that kept the "petty kings" always armed lest the stronger should come and strip them. From the year 1024 to 1238, of the "Kings of Locha Lein," nineteen out of twenty were "slain;" some in open fight, some by treachery, and some having been previously driven out of their territories. The last item in the dismal account stands thus:—"Jeoffrey O'Donaghue, and Saova, daughter of

trict of Ireland then was with bog and forests, that the boat has been generally considered to have been nothing more than a raft. An accident enabled us to remove all doubts on the subject.

In the wall of the ancient church of St. Multose, at Kinsale, we discovered an old tomb, partly concealed by rubbish; and learned that this division of the structure had, until very lately, been blocked up by heaps of stone and mortar. The inscription on a wooden panel, almost rotted away, and fixed immediately over the grave, was in Latin. The word "Kerria" excited our curiosity; and, on clearing the stone, we are amply rewarded for our labour.*

As we have observed, from all parts of the lake, and from every one of the adjacent mountains, the castle of Ross is a most interesting and attractive point in the scenery; and it amply repays the honour it receives by enabling the visitor to obtain, from the summit of its tower, a commanding view of every important object by which it is surrounded. An hour passed in walking round the island will be an hour pleasantly and profitably spent; and curiosity may be gratified by inspecting the surface of the famous copper mine, the debris of which is scattered in profusion upon the western shore; among them are several huge por-

Douchad Cairbreach O'Brien, his wife, as also his brother and his three sons, burned in his house at the garden of the Greenford, by Fineen M'Donnell Gud, being betrayed by his own huntsman." Among the "fierce leaders of battles," nevertheless, there were a few distinguished as "gentle at arms;" and some "who never forsook the muse." This list, however, which gives so dark a picture of the age, refers to the O'Donaghue of the Glens, and not to the ancestors of the spirit chieftain. Yet the milder branch has altogether withered and vanished; while of the "turbulent," "the ruthless," the "proud and stern in battle," the representative still exists.

* The following is a translation of the epitaph: —

Here, with his father, lies Thomas, by surname Chudleigh.
For the kings of the English both built ships.
The father's skill was uncommon: alas! alas! *his* life was short.
He caused a ship to sail on the land;

tions of a steam-engine — the first, we believe, ever introduced into Ireland. When opened by Colonel Hall in 1804, he obtained unequivocal proof that they had been worked previously; but at a period very remote, and when mining, as an art, was utterly unknown.*

That the ship did sail on the land Kerry well knows,
The tower of Ross taken with difficulty proves.
Proceed, Muse, I implore; study to sing the *praises* of the son.
He was very ingenious, skilled in the same art.
He built a ship for the King to which Kinsale gives a name:
He built, but to another great praise was given;
He built this, I say, reader, though another bore away the honours.
Thus, for another, not for itself, the vine affords sweet grapes;
Thus, for another, not for himself, the horse bears heavy burdens;
Thus, for another, not for himself, the dog courses over the plains;
Thus for another, not for herself, the ship herself sails the seas.

The descendants of the ship-builder are still living, and the name of the ship of war, "the Kinsale," appears in the old Navy Lists.

* The Mines. It will be impossible to visit Killarney without hearing perpetually of the Mines. The history of Ross Mine, is thus given in "Croker's Researches in the South of Ireland:"— "About the year 1804, Colonel Hall, an English officer, who had been some time quartered at Killarney (with a regiment he had raised in his own county of Devon), conceiving a favourable opinion of Ross Mine, induced one or two gentlemen in the vicinity to join him in re-opening it. Having succeeded in clearing out the water and rubbish, the little company were encouraged by the flattering appearances to proceed to work it; which they did on rather an extensive scale, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances of its situation, nearly close to the lake, the ground not rising much above, and dipping towards it at an angle about thirty degrees from the horizon; so that in a short time the workmen had excavated completely under the lake, with every fear of its waters breaking in on them. The richness and abundance of the ore was, however, a sufficient inducement to counteract this danger and inconvenience, as, during the four years that Ross Mine was worked, nearly 80,000*l.* worth of copper was disposed of at Swansea, some cargoes producing 40*l.* per ton. But this very richness was the ultimate cause of its destruction, as several small veins of pure oxide of copper split off from the main lode, and ran towards the surface. The ore of these veins was much more valuable than the other, consequently the miners (who were paid by quality as well as quantity) pursued the smaller veins so near the surface, that the water broke through into the mine in such an overwhelming degree, that an engine of thirty horse power could make no sensible impression on the inundation; and thus a forcible stop was put to all further proceedings."

The late Col. Hall (the father of the authors of this work) discovered and opened no fewer than thirteen mines in the south of Ireland. Some of these he worked for a considerable period; and, although his efforts were in the end unsuccessful, he set an example of enterprise and activity, and supplied evidence of the vast mineral wealth of the country, which entitle us to claim for him some tribute of public gratitude, and justify us in classing him among the benefactors of Ireland. He was among the earliest of those who laboured to turn to account its great natural resources — to encourage men of larger means — men who will probably reap the rich harvest for which it was his destiny only to prepare the ground, and to direct public attention to a source of profit for

During our recent visit we found that the island had undergone great improvements. Portions allotted to most delicious flowers are succeeded by lawns and shrubberies, prairie and wood, the noble ruin of the O'Donaghue giving an air of magnificence to the whole; so that it seems like some fairy enchantment—the island in itself containing a sufficiency of beauty, without looking to the lake or mountains beyond. What visions too of old, old times, crowd the memory, when pennon and banner floated on the breeze,—when the glen chief received homage and tribute within those walls upon which the green ivy clusters,—when abbot and knight passed through the portal, and the mountains echoed the war-pipe or the shout of joyous revellers!

A visit to Ross Island naturally suggests a consideration of the legends of the O'Donaghue—the most fertile topic of interest connected with the Lakes. We shall therefore delay the reader while we relate some of the most striking.

Wander where you will in this delicious neighbourhood, either up the mountain, along the valleys, upon the water, or in any one of the islands, you are sure

the undertakers, and of employment for the people. Like many others who have pointed out the way to fortune, it was his fate to behold the achievement of his hopes only from a very remote distance; but he enjoyed the enviable knowledge that his labour had not been in vain; that he had been the means of spending some hundreds of thousands of pounds in the country; of giving advantageous employment to masses of the people in various districts, and of showing how others might certainly do that which he, as certainly, failed of doing.

to find some object connected with the Legend; every rock of unusual form is forced into an illustration of the story; the guides and boatmen will point out to the Tourist O'Donaghue's horse, O'Donaghue's prison, his stable, his library, his pigeon-house, his table, his cellar, his honeycombs, his pulpit, and his broom.

Although its variations are numerous, the original story may be told in a few words. In ages long past, O'Donaghue of Ross was lord of the lake, its islands, and the land that surrounded it. His sway was just and generous, and his reign propitious; he was the sworn foe of the oppressor; he was brave, hospitable, and wise. Annually, since his death, or rather disappearance, he is said to revisit the pleasant places among which he lived—

"So sweet is still the breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er."

Every May morning he may be seen gliding over the lake mounted on a white steed, richly caparisoned, preceded and followed by youths and maidens, who strew spring flowers in his way; while sounds of unearthly sweetness glide along the waters, and become thunder as they make their way up the surrounding hills. Although he appears in state only on May morning—

"For when the last April sun grows dim
The Naiads prepare his steed for him,
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee,"—

he is seen on various other occasions: and lucky is the child of earth by whom the immortal spirit is encountered; for be he peer or peasant, good fortune is sure to

wait upon him—and therefore many are they who peer with longing eyes along the lake, at sunrise or in twilight, to catch a glimpse of the chieftain, and listen with eager ears for the music that heralds his approach.

We have said that many living witnesses are ready to testify to the appearance of the O'Donaghue, either riding over the lake, walking on the shore, or playing "hurly" upon the surface of the waters; and we have conversed with so many of them, of credit and repute, that we can have no hesitation in believing them to have actually beheld that which they affirm they *have* "seen with their two eyes." The circumstance, however, is now easily accounted for; although, a few years ago, it was impossible to consider it otherwise than supernatural. The legend, told in so many ways, is a fertile source of amusement to visitors. Every rock of the Lower Lake is in some way or other associated with it: the most remarkable of these rocks is "O'Donaghue's Horse," of which the accompanying print will convey an accurate idea; although from some points of view it bears a much closer resemblance to the form of the animal whose name it bears. We were the more desirous of preserving a copy of this natural wonder; for, its base being nearly undermined by the continual action of the water, it is not likely it can long remain on the comparatively slender props that now sustain it. In a few years the "horse" may be an inmate of the chieftain's stable under the waves; but he will cease to be an object of interest and attraction to the dwellers upon earth. The guides and boatmen have all, of course, "had a sight" of the chieftain, and will tell the Tourist amusing stories — but those they have only heard — of their ancestors, who not only saw, but conversed with him, and shared his hospitality in his palace below the waves.

Our guide directed our attention to a scene of surpassing beauty, and exclaimed, "That's the place, and a beautiful place it is — a place that any country may be proud of. I've seen people that would float beneath the shadow of those mountain woods for a whole summer day, and then return again in the twilight, and wait to see the moon rise, and then stay out until she had nearly finished her rounds in the heavens. I don't like it," added sir Richard, shaking his head, "I don't at all like it; the lakes are mighty lonely, and even along the shores you seldom hear the song of a bird, or any *living* noise, except the belling of the deer. It's a lonesome place without the company of one's own kind—though I'm not saying that's the *best* one might have in it — still, it's mighty lonesome in itself."

"There's a spot somewhere about this mountain of Glenà, is there not, called 'The Lady's Leap?'"

"There is; and some say it is that point, and others say it is this one, just above us, pushing out there through the trees."

"Do you know the legend?"

"Oh, that's no laigend at all—not the sort of thing Sir Richard do be making to amuse the strangers!" said one of the boatmen; "but as thrue as that the heavens are above us. Everybody knows that the lady who made the leap was never afterwards seen upon earth, any way."

The legend we gathered from the various versions of our guide and boatmen is this: — Long, long ago it was, that a beautiful young lady lived out yonder, in an old ancient castle, which, like many a fine place that was among the hills, and in the glens of Ireland, isn't there now. She was more lovely to look upon than all the other fair daughters of Kerry — bright as a sunbeam, gentle as a dove, light-footed as a white roe; her hair was darker than midnight, and her young heart spotless as snow when falling; her voice was so full of music that the bards used to listen, and echo it upon their harps, then throw them aside in despair, and call them tuneless; the poor blessed her as she passed them, for she came of a generous race, and added fresh glory to their names; and the rich honoured her, though she did not honour *them* because of their riches. She was the only child of her father; and when he said, "Oh, my daughter, wilt thou not choose for thyself from amongst the princes of Erin one to be a protector and friend to thee, and a father to my people when I am gone?" she turned the light of her bright blue eyes away from her father's face, and wept. It seemed as, with the power of making all hearts love her, she thought not of love towards man, but closed her heart against all earthly affection. Upon this, the holy people, priests and nuns, said, "The fair maiden will be one of us, — she has no love for the vanities of the world." But the more experienced among them answered, "Not so; behold the fashioning of her robes, their varied colours; and see the blue of her mantle, the curious embroidery, and needle-work, and the jewels that glitter on her brow and in her hair: those who think of cloisters do not delight in gauds." There was only one among her maidens — Una, of the raven locks — that kept silence, and opened not her lips; the others called their mistress a second Bridget, and chattered of how they would not use their lovers so — if they had them; but Una, her chosen follower, her humble friend, made no comment; thinking, doubtless, like all of quiet tongue, so much the more. Now every one knew that wherever her lady went, Una followed: and the two maidens would wander days and nights together along the borders of the lakes. Sometimes Una would carry her lady's harp; and when the fishermen heard their voices in conversation or music, they would row far from them, respecting them too much to disturb their retirement. Sometimes the lady would sit in her boat, which was lined with purest gold, and Una would row her along the silvery lines traced by the moonbeams on the waters; and the lady would play and sing in that lonely way, until the first rays of morning warned her that the night was past. The month of April drew near its end, and when the last day came, the lady said to her attendant, "Una, sleep on to-night, for I mean to work a spell, and discover if it can be given to mortal to converse with him who dwells beneath the glorious waters of the beautiful lake." And Una was sore afraid, and trembled; yet she laid down and tried to sleep. But she could not sleep, for she wondered why she should be told to do so; and she followed her

mistress secretly and in silence. When Una arrived at the margin of the lake, she concealed herself behind an arbutus; but the lady stood beneath the cliff, and Una could see only the star that glittered on the top of her silver wand as she moved it to and fro.

Una was not long there before she heard a noise as of foaming waters; and then it came nearer and nearer, until she beheld the form of a knight on horseback, his white plumes waving above his helmet, which seemed one huge diamond, his armour laced together with all manner of coloured jewels. The horse was half hidden by the foam of the wave; but Una said it seemed as if the knight bestrode a rainbow. The softest, sweetest music that ever was heard accompanied him to the shore; and when he sprang upon the bank where her lady stood, every tree on Glenà bowed down its branches to do homage to their native prince. Una was not so overcome with the sight but that she heard the knight praise her lady's beauty, and promise that if she would be faithful to him, and him alone, for seven years, meeting him on that spot every May morning until the seventh morning, that on the seventh he would bear her away to his lake-guarded palace, and make her his bride. This she promised to do; and sorry was Una to hear her, for she thought within herself how sad it would be for the country to lose so fair a blossom, the poor so good a friend, and her aged father so dutiful a daughter.

For six May mornings, following each other with their flowers, and wreaths of hawthorn, and tender lambs, and singing-birds, and maids as innocent as the one and as blithe as the other — for six May mornings, before the lark sung its carol, or the thrush left its young to seek for food, did the lady meet her royal lover in the same place. The seventh morning was at hand. She changed not, she thought of no other. Her heart was with the Water-king; and every other suitor was dismissed, to her father's grief and the disappointment of her people.

Una counted the days of April with sorrow; mingling her tears with its showers, and watching her beloved lady with more than usual anxiety. "Surely," she thought, "she will never have the heart to leave her old grey-headed father;" and she thought this the more, when she saw how her lady's eyes filled with tears when the good old man kissed and blessed her — alas! for the last time. This night, also, she permitted Una to receive her saffron robe and jewelled coronet, and, then taking her hand, she told her she had been a faithful servant, and, she knew, had kept her secret; and Una fell at her feet and embraced them, and lifted up her voice and wept bitterly; and she felt her lady tremble, and hot, large tears fall upon her brow; but she said, "Una, I am pledged to my love to be his bride, and I go to keep my word — do thou be a child, unto his death, to my father, and divide my jewels and garments amongst the poor. I shall take nothing with me save this white robe — my bridal robe — and this wreath upon my head:" and the wreath was made of the white water-lilies — their cups more pure than silver,

and their threads more bright than gold. This wreath she placed upon her brow with her own hands; and then walked out into the balmy air, while the stars were alive in the sky, and the wood-pigeons dreaming over their nests. Una followed at a distance, and saw that the Lake-king was waiting for his bride. For a moment her lady stood upon the bank, and waved her arms towards the home of her youth; then paused, and turned towards her lover, whose noble steed stood as firmly on the liquid waters as if his silver shoes had pressed the earth — the white plumes of his helmet waved and danced in the morning air — he stood in his stirrups to receive her, and the same moment the sweetest music floated all around. The lady sprang from earth for ever; and away — away — away, swifter and brighter than a thousand sunbeams — the Prince and his beautiful Bride flashed across the lake!

> "And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
> Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers."

We have not yet done with the O'Donaghue legends; and whether the reader weary of them or not, we must give two or three more.

"And did you never hear of O'Donaghue's pigs? Sure, the pigs he had war wonderful — so fat and large and handsome, broad-backed and deep-chested — more like cows, — the wonder of the whole counthry they were. Well, he was a little a' one side for want of money; and he said to his wife, 'My darlin,' he says, — for he was very fond of her, always, — 'My darlin,' he says, 'the times are bad enough, and there's so much talk about the pigs that I'll sell 'em.' 'Sell 'em!' she says, looking all ways at him—for she knew her own know—'is it sell them?' 'Whisht!' he says, 'and don't be talking of what you don't understand; keep to your little parlour, my dear, and leave O'Donaghue to manage his pigs.' Well, whatever she answered, she said half to herself; and by that token it was'nt, maybe, agreeable, — for when a woman doesn't care to spake out, there is something she wants to keep in, you may be certain sure of, — and O'Donaghue put a frown upon himself that would terrify the lake into a storm at any hour of the day or night; and so she made a curtshey to him, by way of obadience, and left him to himself. "Well, he thought to himself, while he was taking a turn in his library (you may see it in the lake now), that, as he only wanted the money for present use, he might as well sell the pigs; and so off he druv them to market the next morning. Ye think it quare he'd drive the pigs? Bedad! and so it was; but he had a rason for it — *they wouldn't be druv by any one else.* So presently a travelling pig merchant came up to them, as well as he could through the fair — for the crowd round the pigs went beyant all, to see O'Donaghue on his white horse standing at the tail of a hundred o' pigs. Well, he offered for the pigs; and O'Donaghue, when he buttoned up the money, says, 'My good man,' he says, 'if ye'r discontinted wid yer bargain, jist let me know, and I'll give ye yer money back again.'

But the vagabone thought how soft O'Donaghue must be, for he knew he got the pigs for half their value. And one went home, and the other went home; but the home of O'Donaghue and the home of the pig-driver did not lie the same road. Well, the man drove off his pigs; and they most broke the heart in him and his men, from the unasy way they wandered — here and there, up and down, in and out. Still, when he thought of the fine bacon they'd make, he went on, never heeding the trouble. After two days' weary journey he came to a river ford; and if ever there had been a bridge there, it was broke down, and the river was foaming and dancing over and around the rocks, cutting and slashing like fun, and glittering like diamonds. Well, the very minute the pigs saw the wathur, they dashed into it; and sure enough as they did, every pig became a rush ——"

"A what, Sir Richard?"

"A green growing rush, rooted under the wathur — quite natural-like, waving, with its little tuft of brown bud at the top. — There war his beautiful pigs — his broad bacon turned into green rushes! First of all, he set up an ullagawn that would shake the Reeks; and then he turned back fairly and softly towards Killarney to get his money back from the O'Donaghue. When he reached the castle, he knocked at the hall door wid the Dane's hammer that hung there; and out comes the lady. 'And what do ye want, my good man?' she says; so he explained to her. 'Then,' she says, 'you must go up to the Prince's bedside and shake him up,' she says, 'for he is asleep; and if you find that won't do, pull him by the foot.' He did as she bid him; but sorra a wake he'd wake. So lifting up the golden quilt that covered the bed, he pulled his foot; and if he did, as sure as Glenà is darkening the wathur, foot, ankle, leg, and thigh came away in his hand. Oh! how he blessed O'Donaghue and his pigs—*the wrong way*—as he stood holding the limb, and the Prince sleeping as sweet and as quiet as if the May breezes were playing round his head. So he tucks the leg under the tail of his coat; and though he was trembling from head to foot, he walks past the lady as *bowld as a ram*, and says, 'Thank ye'r honor,—I've finished my business.' He flew off like the wind, and the leg slipped from under his arm; and as sure as it did, it took to running before him! Whichever way he ran, it was before him. More than once he raised his hand to make the blessed sign, *but he had no power.* And sure his condition was not bettered when, looking back, he saw O'Donaghue hot foot after him. 'Stop,' he cries, 'ye beggarly pig-driver! What ails ye, that ye can't stop when a gentleman tells ye? Give me my leg,' he says; 'and I think it a very unmannerly thing of ye, and a proof of yer ill-breeding, to come to a gentleman's house, and to stale the leg off his body without his lave, and he asleep. Give me my beautiful leg,' says he, coming up to him. 'Plaze yer honorable honor's glory for ever!' says the fellow, stopping. 'Sure,

it run away sir—it's on before, sir. 'Where?' thundered out the Prince; and every echo from the Eagle's Nest to the Gap of Dunloe shouted 'Where?' 'There,' answered the nagur. 'Oh! Oh!'—and the O'Donaghue laughed,—the leg was in its own place. 'And there,' said the Prince, throwing a purse towards him. 'My pigs are at home, and there's yer money. I only wanted my turn out of the Saxon's goold.'"

We have yet another legend:—

"It was sleeping he was, the poor innocent boy with not enough brains in his head to make it ache—an innocent chap intirely—sleeping sometimes—and sometimes watching the cows' tails, to see if rain was coming, and sometimes counting the stars, or hallooing to the echoes, the only company he had, the craythur, on the mountain. Well he was sleeping; and all of a sudden some one shuck him by the showlder,

"'Wake up, Jerry!' says a fine dark gentleman in black, 'Wake up, Jerry, and take this letter for me to the Emperor of Proosha.'

"'De Emperor of Proosha, is it!' says Jerry, rubbing his eyes—'Oh! by dis and by dat, I don't know where to find him.'

"'Get up, you fool,' said the dark gentleman, 'get up,' and he shook his head, with a three-cocked hat upon it at the poor boy—'here's my horse standing ready, and he'll take you to him at once.'

"'I'll go wid all de pleasure in de world,' replied Jerry—'if yer honour 'ill just tell me who'll be mindin' de cows till I come back.'

"'I'll mind them,' says the dark gentleman.

"'Oh! yer honour's glory, I'd be sorry to throuble de likes of yer honour.'

"'If you don't be off to Dublin this minute,' says the dark gentleman, 'and give this letter to the Emperor of Proosha, who you'll meet wid the King of Roosha, and the Prence of France, all walking arm in arm into the Parliament house in College Green; if you don't fly this minute, and give it to the Emperor of Proosha—the shortest of the three he'll be, with sandy whiskers, and a stoop in his neck; for his crown'—goes on the dark gentleman, with a bit of a wink—'his crown, is like many another crown in the world, more than he can convaynently carry; give him the letter, and don't wait for an answer, and if you don't do it, I'll—!' and as he shook his fist in the poor boy's face, every single mountain, even the three reeks that form the crest of the Mac Gilly Cuddy, trembled like young rushes. 'It's done, yer honour!' shouted Jerry, brave as a lion and bould as a ram, springing on the horse's back as a kid springs to its mother's side, and off went the horse, making the mountains his stepping stones, until he stopt in College Green, and then turning his head like a christian to Jerry, he says, 'Get down you fool, and don't be keeping me waiting, for the smoke of the city makes me sneeze.' So poor Jerry got down, and sees the King of Roosha, and the Emperor of Proosha,

and the Prence of France, all walking into the Parliament house, and he up at once to the Emperor of Proosha, and making a bow, gave him the letter, and then mounted his horse that was trying to keep in the sneeze, and away they went, till he came to where he had left the dark gentleman, who was no other than O'Donaghue himself,—and, 'Ye'r a nate boy,' says the chief to him, 'mighty nate, and if you want to see raal sport, come down to-morrow morning to Castle Lough, and make this sign over yer eyes, and its there you'll see fun,—only, if you dare to open yer lips it will be the worse for you.'

"So Jerry thought he'd take one day's divarshun out of himself; and sure enough he was earlier than the sunbeam at Castle Lough—and doing as he was bid—and there he saw the Emperor of Proosha, and his hurlers—and the Prence of France, and his hurlers—and the King of Roosha, and his hurlers, all walking on the lake, and trying their bits of hurleys; and of a suddent up rose O'Donaghue and his boys, with black oak hurleys, and every man of them had a white silk shirt tyed about his middle with green, and the pipers playing O'Donaghue's whistle as grand as Gandsey; and wasn't Jerry, by the same token, as proud as a red deer, that he belonged to the kingdom of Kerry. Well, it was O'Donaghue against Roosha, and Proosha, and France—and one Kerry boy to three furriners—but Kerry had the best of the day, until—but Jerry—for he was but soft, you understand—Jerry never could tell *what* turned the luck, but it *was* turned—and whir-r—the Irish were bet—just for a while—and the poor boy clapping his hands in a fair agony, he shouted out, 'Oh, O'Donaghue, are ye going to live and stand *that?*' And as he spoke something *rowled* in the heavens above his head, and he was *struck* down between the two eyes; and when he did rise up, he rose up a blind boy upon his own mountain, and remained blind to the day of his death. Some said he was struck by lightning; but, considering everything, it was more natural to suppose he was struck by O'Donaghue for not minding what he told him."

And another legend still:—

Killarney is no more exempt than other parts of Ireland, from "*hard men*,"—sub-letters of the soil, who extort to the uttermost farthing. One of these had been "very hard intirely" upon a widow—a lone woman—who had been industrious but unfortunate. He had come to her "little place," and told her that unless her rent was paid the next morning, he would distrain forthwith,—there should be no more delay. The widow knew that, as the man had no pity, her time was come. She sat for a few minutes watching the turf ashes smoulder upon the hearth, wondering if they would go out or continue burning until after twelve,—and then throwing the hood of her cloak over her head, she thought she would just walk down to the quay of Ross Island, and "see if the air would raise her heart." She came to the quay, and sat down, praying (if it was God's will)

that he would take her out of her trouble — that she might be as calm as the lake, and she prayed also for patience, and when she arose, she felt stronger both in body and mind than she had been for many a long day. She turned her steps homeward, but, just as she raised her eyes, "she was struck," by seeing a tall fine-looking gentleman before her. She curtsied, and was passing on, when he bid her good evening, very kindly, and asked her what she was doing there by herself, so late, just as the moon was rising; so she told him, how her little place was to be taken from her in the morning, and how she had come out just to breathe the fresh air, and be alone with God and her own heart for a while, and was going home to sleep, maybe for the last time under her own roof. The gentleman watched every word she said, and asked her how much she owed; and she told him, and it was both a long *gale* and a heavy rent. So he made no more words, but pulling out a purse that looked both long and heavy, "take those," he says, "and go home, and pay your rent before a witness, and take a receipt. Well, they were gold pieces she held in her hand, and while she was down on her knees blessing him he was gone. So she went home, and calling on a neighbour, they both went to the hard man's door. "It's no use," he says—and he smoking his pipe like a gentleman *forenint* his tumbler of punch — "it's no use, ma'am, coming to me; — the money — or the road." "Here's the money, sir," she says, "if you'll be pleased to give me the receipt."—Well, to see the look he gave at her, and then at the money—and then at her again—and how he tested the gold, and was mean enough to ask her how she got it—for the rich of his kind are mighty fond of thinking the poor are thieves—but she scorned to give him any satisfaction beyond the money;—her neighbour saw her pay it, and she took her receipt, and the hard man locked up the rent in his strong box—but the next morning—never was there any thing higher than the "ullagawn" he raised—for in place of the ten gold pieces the widow gave him, what had he in the strong box but ten "arrabutus leaves!"—and then all the town knew it was O'Donaghue himself that righted the poor widow, and punished the hard man."

Our readers may believe as much or as little as they please of these stories of actual interviews between children of earth and the spirit of the disembodied prince: but that he has been seen, accompanied by "troops of friends," there can be no rational doubt. Among other witnesses to the fact, we summoned one who was very unlikely to be influenced by pre-established superstition — an Englishman, a Protestant, and, moreover, a soldier of the 30th regiment, of the name of Thomas Reynolds. We sent for him to our hotel, and found him a plain-spoken native of Devonshire; a sturdy ploughman, who last year won the prize at a ploughing-match. The man had evidently no imagination, and was as little likely to invent a fiction, or to give it currency, as any one we have ever

seen. His story was this: — He was ploughing at Inisfallen with another man, an Irishman; they were engaged in ploughing up the ancient church-yard of the island — a labour which Reynolds disliked, and to which his comrade strongly objected, but Lord Kenmare's steward insisted on its being done. The morning following the day on which they commenced their work, they were mooring the boat in which they had proceeded to the island, when they saw a procession of about two hundred persons pass from the old church-yard, and walk slowly and solemnly over the lake to the mainland. Reynolds was himself terribly alarmed; but his companion fainted in the boat. This circumstance occurred at daybreak, when it was almost twilight. He affirmed that he saw, repeatedly afterwards, smaller groups of figures; but no crowd so numerous. In answer to our questions, he expressed his perfect readiness to depose to the fact on oath; and asserted that he would declare it if he were on his death-bed. The people, he added, were astonished to find him — an Englishman and a Protestant — confirming their story. The man had certainly no object in coining a deceit; we have not heard of his ever having previously told it to any stranger: it was mere accident that made us acquainted with it, and he was evidently indisposed to satisfy the inquiries of the curious.

Before the science of optics was well understood, these very curious and very interesting appearances were supposed to be the result of supernatural agency. We now know that all such phenomena are the effects of natural causes, and can even be reproduced artificially. They are caused by refraction or reflection of the rays of light, and sometimes by both combined, and differ from "the airy child of vapour and the sun" (rainbow) only in being more rare; because they require more unusual atmospheric changes, and uncommon localities, of hill and plain, land and water, to produce them.*

* This tradition, therefore, is founded upon natural causes, and the spectre of O'Donaghue is a real vision. Many such illusions are on record. The mirage of the sands of the East exhibits distorted images of real objects, so as to deceive all travellers. M. Mongé, who accompanied the French army in Egypt, and Dr. Clarke, witnessed and have described those phenomena — lakes, trees, and houses in the midst of a naked desert; and so great was the optical deception, that they would not believe it such till they passed through the apparently lovely spots, and found nothing but a few miserable Arab huts and stunted shrubs in a waste of arid land. Similar appearances are recorded by Scoresby and others as occurring in the Arctic seas: one of the ships seemed, as by enchantment, floating in the air; which Scoresby afterwards discovered to have been the reflection of his father's vessel which accompanied him in the atmosphere, though the real ship was at a distance far beyond that at which objects could be seen by direct vision. From a similar cause arise the "Fata Morgana," in the Straits of Messina, described by Swinburne and others. Beautiful landscapes, with men and cattle in motion, appear on the surface of the seas. These are found to be reflections of objects on the distant opposite coast of Reggio. In certain states of the atmosphere, these spectra are lost as it were on the surface of the sea, and every sheet of water as it passes becomes a distinct mirror reflecting them. But perhaps the

Of the Islands, next in importance is Inisfallen — sweet Inisfallen! It receives from all tourists the distinction of being the most beautiful, as it is certainly the most interesting, of the lake islands. Its peculiar beauty is derived from the alternating hill and dale within its small circle; the elegance of its miniature creeks and harbours; and the extraordinary size as well as luxuriance of its evergreens; and it far surpasses in interest any one of its graceful neighbours, inasmuch as here, twelve centuries ago, was founded an Abbey, of which the ruins still exist, from which afterwards issued "the Annals of Inisfallen" — among the earliest and the most authentic of the ancient Irish histories.* On approaching it, we seem to be drawing near a thick forest; for the foliage is remarkably close, and extends literally into the water, many of the finest trees having their roots under the lake. On landing, however, we find that

most striking of these appearances is the celebrated "Spectre of the Hartz Mountains," which kept the district in terror and alarm from time immemorial, till M. Haue, the French chemist, discovered the cause. He went for the express purpose of witnessing the phenomenon; and for thirty mornings climbed the Brocken Mountain, without being gratified. At length, early one morning, he observed on the opposite side of the hill the gigantic figure of a man turned towards him. The distinctness of the form left no doubt of the reality of the figure: while he contemplated the monster with wonder and awe, a sudden gust of wind nearly blew off his hat, and when he put up his hand to hold it on, he observed the giant do the same. He now found that it was nothing more than a dilated image of himself reflected from the surface of an opposite closed atmosphere. No doubt the legend of O'Donaghue took its rise from some similar optical deception. It is said to be seen at the same hour of the morning, and at the same time of the year, as that of the Brocken Spectre. Some horseman riding along the opposite shore of the lake is reflected by the atmospheric mirror, and seems to continue his course along the surface of the water. Upon this principle it is easy to account for the appearances which from time to time terrify the peasantry—and the scene witnessed by Reynolds is to be thus explained.

* The original work, written, and for several centuries preserved, in the abbey of Inisfallen is now in the Bodleian library. It is on parchment in medium quarto, and contains fifty-seven leaves. The earlier portion consists of extracts from the Old Testament, and a history of the ancient world down to the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, in 432. From this period it treats exclusively of the affairs of Ireland—terminating with A.D. 1319. It appears to have been the production of two monks; one of whom carried it to the year 1216, and the other continued it to the year 1320. There are several copies of it extant; one of which is in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe; part of this was translated and printed in 1825 by Dr. O'Conor. The facts are narrated in the smallest compass, and present a dry but sad "succession of crimes, wars, and rebellions." Sir James Ware selected and published several passages, to which he refers as authorities; a single quotation may satisfy the curiosity of our readers —"Anno 1180; this abbey of Inisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donaghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the Mac Carthys. But God soon punished this act of impiety and sacrilege by bringing many of its authors to an untimely end."

the lofty elm and magnificent ash, mingled with hollies of gigantic growth, and other evergreens of prodigious height and girth, only encircle a green-sward, of so pure and delicious a colour as to demand for Inisfallen, beyond every other part of Ireland, the character of being pre-eminently "the Emerald Isle." Vistas have been skilfully formed through the trees, presenting on one side a view of the huge mountains, and on the other of the wooded shores of Ross. Of the abbey a few broken walls alone remain; it is said to have been built in the seventh century by Saint Finian Lobhar (the Leper), the descendant of one of the most renowned of the Munster kings; and it was subsequently appropriated to the use of the regular canons of St. Augustin.

After our visit to Inisfallen in 1840, it became associated with our dreams of happiness — it was to us a vision of beauty — of peace — of loveliness. To every thing we saw in other lands, however lovely, we exclaimed, "But what so sweet as Inisfallen!" The traditions of the past were mingled with the beauty of the present — *our present;* for we had but to close our eyes, and there it was, sleeping like an enchanted emerald on the bosom of the crystal lake, — the romance of ages, hallowing every tree, and stone, and fairy bay. Again to visit it, merrily we went; the music of young Spillane's bugle pouring forth the melodies of glen and mountain. Rapidly we glided over the surface of the bright lake, paying but half homage to the isles we skirted. Yes, there is Inisfallen, — but oh, how changed! The storms, they tell us, uprooted some, and rendered topless others, of those noble trees, now but the relics of their former greatness; — shorn of every bough and leaf, — headless trunks. The forester says "they will sprout out!" Sprout! like pollards, — the trees that seemed rooted for eternity. The tempest and the whirlwind might have done battle with them; but really we doubt the right of saw and axe to lop off the heads and hew away branches that had withstood the storm, —lest they might fall by the storm. It is impossible to fancy any thing more indicative of fallen majesty than these huge naked trees, chopped off in the middle. But it is not only that: truly the glory has departed, for a time, from Inisfallen. Did we say "for a time?" alas! much has departed that never *can* return. The beautiful little oratory changed, in latter days, into a banquetting house — that graceful ruin, crowning the cliff, a relique of the seventh century, its Romanesque doorway, enriched with cheveron and other mouldings — a gem of beauty — has been almost pulled down. An attempt at preserving the arch has been clumsily made — patched with red brickish plaster: surely a little trouble would have procured the original red sandstone from Glengariff. The bay-window, which commanded a view of Ross, Torc, and Mangerton, is altogether gone: indeed, the whole is now an unsightly mass. Patching a Romanesque doorway with red plaster is something like rouging cheeks that age had designed to render venerable.

We turned away from that hallowed part of the island with soreness of spirit,

and pursued our walk round its shores with an aching heart. The spell was broken. Those who have not visited it before, and come hereafter, will still think it lovely. Nothing can destroy the beauty of its shape and form, resting, as it does with so much ease and grace, upon the surface of the lake; indented with the most fairy-like bays; elevated into rocky, though not rude magnificence at one side, while the opposite shore shelves to the water's edge, and runs out into shallows. It is a miniature of a beautiful country, — lawns, and dells, and thickets, and vistas, with the most lovely views of the lake and the main land, that assume new aspects from every point of view; and though the forest-trees at present look like gigantic clothes-props, they *may* shoot out into thick-set trees. The hawthorns on the side opposite the landing-place are as lovely and *natural* as ever. One of the legendary objects, the "needle's eye," will be "threaded" no more by gentlemen who desire long life, or ladies who hoped for a number of "olive branches" around their hearths; for the storm and the hatchet have destroyed that: but the "bed of honour," an indented ledge in the rocky part of the island, overshadowed by a venerable yew-tree, still remains. The legend bears much the same moral as the "Rich and Rare" song of him whose poetry is the very language of Ireland. The daughter of one of the chiefs in the neighbourhood of the lakes was wooed by two youths, both of renown and noble name: but the one the maiden loved was not her father's choice; and, fearing she would be forced to a marriage in opposition to her affections, she flew with her lover to the island of Inisfallen; dreading either from its being of easy access from the shore, or from superstitious feelings, which would prevent their liking the proximity of the abbey, with its stores of graves and legends of supernatural appearances, for a resting-place, they wandered to the opposite side. The lover pulled a quantity of long grass and moss, and made his lady a couch upon the ledge, whereon she slept, while he watched lest they should be followed by her father and his rival. The sun had hardly risen when the breeze brought the sound of the war-pipe to the lover's ears, — the gathering cry of the hostile clan; and presently boats were seen visiting and searching the various islands; the war pennon floated, and the music came towards Inisfallen. First of all the angry father set foot on the holy isle, then the rejected lover, and a troop of retainers: all, as huntsmen, seek the hare, fifties to one. The fugitives were soon discovered. "You will not take her now?" said to his rival the youth who had kept watch in Inisfallen. "Surely you will not take her now?" "I know," was the reply, "that holy priest has not blessed you, nor united you: and such is my faith in her virtue and your honour, that if twelve months instead of twelve hours had passed, I would take her as trustingly as if she had never left her mother's side."

The lady, however, was for once constant, and was united to the object of her love; and the ledge of the rock has retained its name until the present time.

Our guide, Sir Richard, conducted us up and down the tiny hillocks, and through the miniature vales, of this delicious isle, and listened with evident pride and pleasure to our expressions of exceeding delight. And then he and Spillane took advantage of our disposition "to sit awhile and rest," for the day was very fair, and the sun was sinking "with a pure light and a mellow," to enlighten, and interest, and amuse us, by relating some of the legends of the lakes. Although we have no design to detain our readers for so long a period as these capital raconteurs kept us, under the shadow of the venerable tree, we design to incur the hazard of wearying them by compressing some of the tales — premising that they may be, and we hope will be, told at greater length and with far greater effect, by the two worthies themselves.

They told us ——— How St. Patrick never came into Kerry; but only looked into it, holding his hands out to it, and saying "I bless all beyond the Reeks." ——— How Fin Mac Cool kept his tubs of goold in the lake under Mucross, and set his dog Bran to watch them; this was ages ago, long before the flood. An Englishman — a grate diver intirely — came over to try wouldn't he get the goold; and when he went down, the dog woke from his slumbers and seized him; and I'll go bail he never tried th' experimint agin. ——— How, when O'Donaghue leaped out of the windy of Ross Castle, his enchanted books flew after him — and there they are — O'Donaghue's library, to be seen this day; only turned into stone, and like the Killarney guide-books — rather heavy. ——— How, right under the Crebough there was a huge carbuncle, that, of a dark night, lit up the rocks under the lake, and showed the palaces and towers of the ould ancient city that the waters covered. ——— How Darby got his "garden" — a group of barren rocks in the Lower Lake. He asked ould Lord Kinmare to let him cut wattles out o' the trees of Inisfallen. "I will," says my lord, "as many as ye plase between an hour before and an hour after midnight." So Darby took him at his word, and went to work. But no sooner did he touch the bark of one of the blessed trees, than he was whisked away in a whirlwind, and flung with a skinful of broken bones upon the bit of bare rock, that we call Darby's garden, to this day. ——— How a holy hermit fell into sin, and did a hard penance for seven long years, just where the trees under Mucross dip into the water. He walked straight into the lake, and stuck his holly-stick into the gravel at the bottom, and made a vow never to leave the spot until the kippen threw out branches and leaves. And for seven years he stood there, without sleep or food; till at last the stick blossomed, and in one night became a grate tree, and then the holy Hermit knew he was pardoned; and 'twas he that did the wonderful cures from that day out, till all the county was running after "the Hermit of the holly tree."——— How the first O'Donaghue was a tall slip of a boy; and he was sitting in his ould nurse's cottage, when she set up a screech that the O'Sullivans

were staling the cattle. So up he gets, pulls an ould sword out of the thatch, and kills every mother's son of the thieving blaguards. When the fight was over, up comes his gilly, and "didn't we do that nately" says he; and "were you helping me," says O'Donaghue? "I was," says the gilly. So with that, O'Donaghue goes out and sticks one of the dead men agin the wall, with his eyes staring open, and his spear in his fist; and he calls to the gilly, "kill me that big fellow," says he; and the gilly was frightened, and tried to skulk off. "I knew ye were a coward," says O'Donaghue; and hanged him on the next tree. ——— How the Englishman inquired of a Kerry peasant, by what means Ireland happened to have so many mountains — to which the Kerry boy made answer thus, "Ye see, Ireland being the finest and the best country in the world, in coorse was the last country that Nature made; and when Ireland was finished, Nature had a dale o' stuff to spare; so she left it there — and that makes the mountains." ——— How the giant Eel, that lives in a goulden palace in Lough Kittane, walked one mid-summer night into the Lower Lake, kicking up a bobbery in the halls of the O'Donaghue; for which impudence the Eel is chained for ten thousand years to the rock we call O'Donaghue's prison; and many's the man that's heard its moans, and seen the water rise and fall above it, as it twirled and twisted, trying to squeeze itself out of its hand-cuffs. ——— How Fin Mac Cool fought at Ventry Harbour, the battle that continued without interruption three hundred and sixty-six days. And Dalav Dura, the champion of the Monarch of the world, slain six hundred of Fin's best troops in six days, all in single combat; so Fin successively killed Fion M'Cuskeen Loumbunig, Finaughlaugh Trackluskeen, and the champion Dulav Dura; and fought so long and so lustily, that his limbs would have fallen asunder if they hadn't been kept together by his armour; till, in the end, Fin totally destroyed his enemies, and took possession of the field with trumpets sounding, drums beating, and colours flying, having been fighting for it one whole year and a day. ———How Macgillicuddy of the Reeks was a boy or gilly to the Mac Carthy Mor; and he went into Connaught to seek his fortune; and he fell in love with a young lady and she with him; and he boasted to her father that he had more ricks than the father's land could grow hay enough to cover with hay-bands; so the father sent a messenger into Kerry to know the truth of his riches, and whether the young stranger had the grate fortune he spoke about. And, to be sure, the daughter gave the messenger a hint; so he thravelled to Kerry, and saw young Macgillicuddy's father ating his dinner on his knees, with heaps of rats all about the cabin he lived in; so he goes back and tells the fair maid's father, that the Macgillicuddy had more live cattle about him than he could count, and was ating off a table he wouldn't part with for half Connaught. So, in coorse, the boy got the girl. ———How Ossian used to see white horses riding through his fields. "So," says he, "by Jakers, the next time they come I'll mount one of 'em," says

he. And he did. And they took him to the Thierna na oge—that's the land of eternal youth; and a mighty pleasant place he found it, wid beautiful ladies, fresh and fair as a May morning. Only after a while, "I'll go home," says he, "just to ax how my friends are." "Och, they're dead," says the king; "dead these fifteen hundred years," says he. "Pooh," says Ossian; "sure I haven't been here more than a year." "Well, go and see," says the king; "mount one o' my white horses; but mind if ye get off of his back, ye'll be ould, shrivelled, and withered," says he; "and not the fine bould gorsoon ye are now." So Ossian went; and he wondered grately to see such a many ould castles in ruins — for ye see, yer honours, 'twas after Cromwell went through the country like a blast; bad luck to his seed, breed, and generation; Amin! Well, Ossian meets an ould clargy, going home to holy Aghadoe, and he trying to lift a sack o' corn on his back; and "help," says he, "for the sake o' the Virgin." "Faiks, I will, honest man," says Ossian; "for the sake of virgin or married woman, or widdy," says he; for ye see Ossian was a hathen, and didn't know what the holy father meant by "the Virgin." So he leaped off his horse, and in a moment he was an ould shrivelled withered man, oulder looking a dale than the Priest he was going to help wid the sack o'corn. So the blessed monk of Aghadoe knew that the spell of the enchantment was broke; and he convarted Ossian; made a Christian of him on the spot — and by the same token, it was to a dale finer and better country than the Thierna na oge, that Ossian was carried that same night.———How the blessed abbot of Inisfallen walked for two hundred years about the little island that wasn't a mile round. And the way of it was this: — He was praying one morning early, before the sun was up; and he heard a little bird singing so sweetly out of a holly tree, that he rose from his knees and followed it, listening to the music it was making; and the little bird flew from bush to bush, singing all the while, and the holy father following; for so sweet and happy was the song of the little bird, that he thought he could listen to it for ever; so where it flew he went; and when it changed its place, he was again after it; the little bird singing all the while and the holy father listening with his ears and his heart. At length the Abbot thought it was nearing vesper time; and he blessed the little bird, and left it. When he stepped back to his convent, what should he see and hear but strange faces and strange voices; the tongue of the Sassenach in lieu of the wholesome Irish. And the Monks asked him what right had he to wear the habit of the holy Augustines? And so he told them his name, that he was their abbot, and that he had been since daybreak following the music of the little bird that was singing sweetly among the branches of the holly tree. And they made answer, that two hundred years ago the holy abbot had left the convent, and was never heard of afterwards — and that now the heretic and the stranger was ould Ireland's king. So the holy father said, "Give me absolution some of ye, for my

time is come;" and they gave him absolution: and just as the breath was laving him, they heard at the lattice-window the sweetest song that ever bird sung; and they looked out and saw it, with the sun shining on its wings that were white as snow; and while they were watching it, there came another bird; and they sung together for a while out of the holly-tree, and then both flew up into the sky; and they turned to the holy father — and he was dead.

We must refer to our guide, Sir Richard, for a longer catalogue of Lake Legends; his store will hardly be exhausted between sunrise and sunset of a whole summer day.

But we have surely stayed too long at Inisfallen — "fair Inisfallen!" — we must away among the other islands. They are few, however, and none of them remarkable; here is O'Donaghue's prison, a rock covered with a thick layer of peat, and containing only a single stunted tree; here, on the other hand, is Lamb Island, a mass of underwood and finely-grown forest trees. Here is the tiny morsel of evergreen called Mouse Island; the chances are that we shall see a craven cormorant* issue from its half a yard of sedge. Passing Brown, or Rabbit, Island — so called from the myriads of coneys that formerly peopled it, and were all drowned in a single night by a sudden flood — and leaving the river Laune a mile or so to the right, we cross the lake to visit O'Sullivan's Waterfall. Many prefer it to that of Old Torc; it has a more solitary character, has been evidently left more completely to self-government: there is, in short, more of Nature about it. Rowing southward, we pass Stag Island, then Burnt Island, and pause a minute or two to look at "Darby's Garden" — a low ledge of rocks, out of which grow a few meagre Arbutus trees. Here we are again right under Glena Mountain, floating through Glena Bay, looking once more at Glena Cottage, and listening yet again to the echoes of Glena — beautiful Glena!

We have a choice of water-paths into the Lake — one straight before us, under Brickeen Bridge, the other round by Dinis Island, passing again through the narrow channel, which extorted a compliment from the great Magician of the North. Let us enter Torc by one way, and pass out of it by the other.

* Cormorants were formerly great pests of the Lakes; but Mr. Herbert has taken care to thin their ranks by ordering his gamekeepers to shoot them wherever seen. They used to destroy enormous quantities of fish. Their successors are "*the cross-fishers;*" i. e. unfair anglers, who do incalculable mischief to the fishery. This atrocious mode of poaching is thus practised: — Two boats go out, each with a line, rod, and reel; their lines are joined, and depending upon them are a score, sometimes three score, of flies. A vast number of fish are thus hooked; and several are landed, although a large proportion of them escape, in consequence of the inutility of skill to "play" them. It is a butchering libel on the art; and an angler who practises it ought to be expelled the "gentle craft."

And now for a rich treat—a delicious termination to a day of luxury—A ROW ROUND TORC LAKE. Luckily it is evening. Bright and glorious as the lakes look in sunshine, there is something sweetly soothing in a row upon their waters just as the twilight is deepening into night. Fortunately, we asked Spillane if Torc had any echoes? "Of course," he said, "it had; but so few, comparatively speaking, went round Torc Lake, that its echoes were not so celebrated as they deserved to be."

The evening was clear and grey; and our boatmen, Myles Mac Sweeny and the elder Hurley—just the boatmen fitted for the scene,—knowing when to keep silence, and most anxious to arouse and display all the Lions of the Lakes, for the Tourist's enjoyment.

Respectfully Spillane saluted Torc Mountain—as we entered his domain—with one of his native airs. There was neither ripple on the lake, nor breeze from the mountain—all was hushed: there was a pause,—lowly and faithfully were the notes echoed: another pause,—more faintly it sounded in the distance: another pause,—the echo this time was imperfect in the semi-tones: but faint though the next repetition was, it seemed correct.

"Success, Spillane!" exclaimed Myles Mac Sweeny. "Sure, then, when ye'r gone, it will be long enough before any one will come so natural to the echoes—or the echoes so natural to him."

Another strain was played with still better effect: the echoes were now thoroughly awoke—one and all answered—the mountains were alive with music—harmony floated all around us. "Himself has some understanding with them more than any one else," said Hurley; whose rigid and embrowned face was lit up with the pleasure the Irish always derive from music. "Sure they never get sulky with Spillane." "And no wonder, they know him longest," answered Miles: "and longest known longest loved, is Kerry language."

And now we are fairly in the lake—shut in by those "Eternal Hills;" our oars skim the water, so that we go very gently along—softly, and then pause, our boatmen resting on their oars, while Spillane again summons the "air-maidens," by the magic sound of the "Meeting of the Waters." At the end of each bar he pauses, and then it is repeated—again—and again the answer comes in the luscious voice of "Sweet echo—sweetest nymph!" The Torc Waterfall appeared but as a silver ripple, straying down the mountain. We thought of the delicious view we had enjoyed from the top of that same Fall, and how the lake looked from the summit of mighty Mangerton,—the water over which we were then floating seeming as if it would all hold in the palm of a giant's hand! The Torc cottage was seen to great advantage, its smooth lawns undulating, and then extending to the lake, the smoke curling up the mountain, imparting a *silent life* to the landscape, while suddenly the dinner-bell rang forth its cheerful summons, and then the boatmen plied their oars bravely, for we were anxious to view the caves on the opposite side.

These caves are exceedingly picturesque, the summit frequently so slightly covered with clay, that you wonder how the trembling London-pride can find sustenance; and yet the arbutus and other trees flourish triumphantly above the rocks, which form most fantastic openings. You can see a considerable distance through many of the fissures — grim and grey, and worn by the waters are these rocks, so that many enormous masses seem on the point of falling into the lake, which gurgles and frets around them. Having been introduced, of course, to "Jackey Buce," — Yellow Jackey, a "manly-looking rock," we proceeded slowly round the lake, examining first one cave and then another, until, when we came again beneath the mountain, our boatmen paused: — "Now, Mr. Spillane!" said Myles — "Now's a fine time for the laugh — O'Donaghue's laugh." There was an instant hush, while Spillane rose, and, placing his bugle to his lips, blew strongly a succession of discords — an imitation of what might be called "Satanic laughter." Crash, crash it went — and roused the angry echoes, — which repeated, now loudly, now faintly, then in the distance — far, far off, — the phantom-like sounds. Certainly, it was most unearthly music — ringing sharply, and then deeply, — as if the echoes, retired to their slumbers, were enraged at a rude waking; and their voices gave existence to a succession of bitter curses.

Out again we issue, right across the lake, on our homeward voyage. Once more we pass by Inisfallen; once again we listen to Spillane, as he plays, while we repeat the words,"

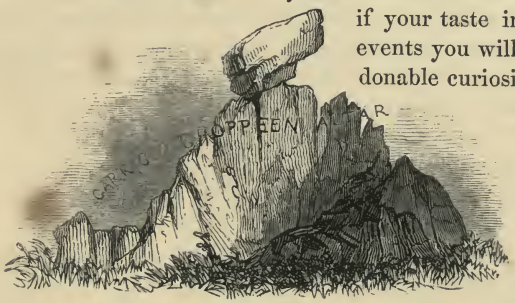
"Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

But although our row round the lake was after sunset, it does not follow that others will postpone it to an hour so late: those who are voyaging earlier may row by Inisfallen, and enter the river Laune — the river where the naiads meet the mer-maidens of Old Ocean; for it connects Killarney with the broad Atlantic.

THE FIFTH DAY'S TOUR.

OBJECTS OF MINOR IMPORTANCE IN THE VICINITY OF THE LAKES.

START not, gentle reader, at finding a description of the magic beauties of Killarney terminated by the uncouth objects which head this page. From such as these you are about to derive no inconsiderable enjoyment, if your taste incline you to antiquities; at all events you will gratify a very natural and pardonable curiosity; and, if we mistake not, some of the singularities you design to examine will make impressions on your mind so strong, that time will not rapidly remove them. Our introduction to them must be managed with sufficient brevity; we must, indeed, content ourselves with doing little more than leading you to two or three deeply interesting spots, and leaving you to your own dreamy speculations over themes and heroes of three centuries ago. The value of Killarney to the Tourist is unquestionably augmented by the fact that the



"Work of Druid hands of old"

may be inspected in the midst of so many natural beauties.

About two miles from Killarney, and a quarter of a mile perhaps from the main road, is the singular Cuairt or circle of Loisavigeen. It is situated in the centre of a field, near the summit of a hill; and consists of "seven low upright dallans, or pillar-stones, each between three and four feet in height, and forming a small court, the diameter of which is fourteen feet; that of the outer earthen circle is thirty-four feet." (We adopt the measurement of Mr. Windele.) About sixty feet south of the entrenchment stand two other dallans, the tallest of which is eleven feet high. They stand nearly east and west, and are distant from each other seven feet. Circularity in their stone monuments was a favourite form with the pagan Irish. It is observed not only in their temples, such as these circles and fire-towers, but even in their dwellings, their Cahirs, forts, &c.

The hill overlooks the Glen of Ahahunning. It is a pretty glen. Through the soft grass and moss appear numberless grey stones, which the people say were used in fairy warfare. It is planted with trees, which thicken into a wood if you follow the winding of the river to any distance. At one side the banks slope to the water, on the other they are abrupt and broken into ravines. A pretty gentle little girl guided us to both the hill and the glen, and to the tree that has a melancholy notoriety amongst the peasantry, from the fact of a young and beautiful woman having hung herself from its branches, — a rare occurrence in Ireland. "You see, ma'am," said the girl, "that it happened, when the wood was first planted, that one of the Mac Sweeneys deluded a poor young girl from some part of Munster into this glen, promising to make her his wife, which he could not do, for a reason that he had a wife of his own. When she found how it was, her heart was crushed altogether; and stealing out into the glen, she cut those words, as you will see, upon the stone: —

'Mac Sweeney took me from my place:
May he, like me, meet sure disgrace.'

And then she hung herself out of the bough of the tree — the largest tree in the wood it was then: and now you see — for there it is — it is the smallest; it never grew a stroke since — a stunted ugly tree."

No wonder the tree should have a legend attached to it, for it is very singular. Every branch, no matter how small, has a crooked bend: and certainly, at its foot lies a stone, on which a little trouble will clearly trace the couplet our little guide repeated to us. There is nothing traditionary in that.

The Tourist is on his way to Glenflesk; and let him visit it. Its beauty will amply repay the trouble; to say nothing of the interest attached to "Labig-Owen" — the Bed of Owen, — a huge crevice in Phil-a-dhaoun, the Demon's Cliff. It is a "good step" from the road; up a very steep hill, or rather a succession of rocks — some pointed, others flat and smooth; here and there the foot sinks into patches of bog, and the hands grasp for help the feathery birch-boughs

or gigantic heather. The way to the "Labig," the "easy way," as it was called, is greatly intersected by roots of trees, crossing and recrossing the various passes, some overgrown with moss; while from every crevice spring up the broad green leaves and thin transparent stems and blossoms of the London-pride. When near the summit the visitor will look down upon the valley, which from this point of view is of exceeding beauty; the straggling course of the tremulous river is masked, and its murmurs supply appropriate music; while the opposite sides of the mountain show their bared and craggy sides, in contrast to the rich but wild luxuriance of the foliage at our feet. At length, by climbing, scrambling, and crawling, the foot of the outlaw's rock is reached. A ladder having been previously obtained at one of the surrounding cottages, the "bed" is entered. It is a flat space of about twelve feet square in the side of the hill; a crevice is pointed out as the sleeping place, and a jutting rock as the table of the outlaw. A safer asylum can scarcely be imagined; it is completely screened by naturally planted trees, some of which are very aged; completely inaccessible on three sides; and on the fourth the entrance might be defended by one man against a hundred. Here several outlaws have taken shelter; the last was a common-place murderer, about fifty years ago: to an earlier seeker of its protection, however, an interesting story is attached.

Owen, the real hero of the Phil-a-dhaoun, was of the noble race of the Mac Carthys, and, as in duty bound, an ally of the O'Donaghues of the Glens. He was a rover of the most daring character, a man of great personal strength and beauty, bold and brave, possessing the qualities which even now exercise an almost unbounded influence over the Irish peasant. It is said that one of his followers was so devoted to him, that he left kith and kin to companion his wanderings; and when trouble (*i. e.* justice) was in pursuit of the mountaineer, and he found it necessary to retreat like the fox to his lair, or the eagle to his eyry, when he made Phil-a-dhaoun his resting place, and slept upon the heather-covered rock, his friend would sit at the entrance to the cave and watch his slumbers. With the assistance of this untiring comrade he kept possession of the heights, the peasantry supplying him with food, placing goats'-milk, oaten cakes, and whiskey in the crevices of the rocks, or beneath the thick moss. Thus he subsisted for a long time; but although a price was set upon his head he became weary of restraint, and also thought that by retiring into the wilder and deeper glens of Iveleary he might withdraw suspicion from his favourite Phil-a-dhaoun. His follower resolved to maintain his post, so as to divert attention, and enable Owen to make good his retreat to the house of one Reardon, in the glens of Iveleary, who, while professing the greatest devotion to the outlaw, cherished a bitter hatred towards him. The determined bravery and great personal strength of Owen Mac Carthy prevented the false coward from resorting to open violence; but he resolved to ensnare what he dared not combat: he placed the bed of the gigantic glensman over a trap-door, and when he slept secure in

the hospitality of an Irish roof, Reardon and his accomplices lowered the bed, murdered their guest, and cut off his head. The disgrace of this cold-blooded and treacherous action clings to them still, for the Reardons of that district are still called *Reardane na cean*, meaning "Reardon of the head." Owen's faithful follower, who had remained at the *Labig*, when he heard of the murder flung himself off the ledge in a fit of despair, and was found dead amongst the rocks in the glen.

The Tourist should return from Glenflesk by the old road, which, leaving to the right the ancient Castle of Killaha, runs for some distance by the side of, or at least not far from, Lough Kittane. It is a barren lake on the eastern side of Mangerton, or rather at the base of Crochan Mountain, and is supplied by the streams which run from both; its own waters are poured into the Flesk by the river Finou. The pedestrian may examine many magnificent objects among the neighbouring glens. We refer to it chiefly to indicate the locality of a wonderful cave, or rather series of caves, of which we may claim the merit of discovery. Raths abound in the neighbourhood of Killarney; and our curiosity was naturally excited to ascertain if any one of them contained excavations — which it is said are the common characteristics of all.*

It was rumoured that an ancient house of the O'Donaghues, in this vicinity, was abandoned soon after it was built, as "unlucky," in consequence of the builder's erecting it "convenient to a Rath." This was a clue: we followed it up; and, under the guardianship of Sir Richard, proceeded to make our inquiries. The result was the proceeding about half a mile from this ruined house, with half a score of candles, and a couple of stout fellows with spades. We found the Rath easily, — a green mound on the summit of a small hill, perfectly circular, the circle formed by a hedge of mould; of the artificial character of which there could be no doubt. We saw what we supposed to be the entrance to the chambers underneath; it was nearly in the middle of the enclosure, and open — as they all are — to the east. With some difficulty we persuaded our workmen to aid us in the task of clearing away the stones that had been flung into this opening. After a couple

* There is no object which the peasantry regard with so much superstitious dread as the Rath, from the belief that it is the especial property of the fairies. It is difficult to find a labourer who can be tempted by any reward to put his spade into one of them. They have consequently remained undisturbed for ages; and often a large space is therefore suffered to continue an unprofitable waste in the centre of a fertile meadow. Stories in abundance are told of punishments that have followed attempts to open or level these Raths, and of scenes and objects witnessed by persons who have unconsciously slept beside them, or passed them at night. They are always circular. They are vulgarly attributed to "the Danes." That they are structures of very remote antiquity is apparent from the circumstance of their being found in places where the Danes never settled; as also from the cromleachs and stone circles sometimes found on their summits, plainly identifying them with the age of heathenism.

of hours' hard labour, we had the satisfaction to find the passage clear, and wide enough to admit the body of a man.* As the service was one of some little danger, we drew lots with Sir Richard who should adventure first. The task fell to him. Lighting each a couple of candles, and bearing each a small stick, we entered as nearly together as we could. Having descended about ten yards — a gradual slope — there was a sort of landing, upon which we took rest: the passage was so narrow that we could not sit upright.

The descent was resumed. Presently some loosened stones fell, and informed us that beneath us there was water: about twelve yards lower, and to this water we came. The stick assured us that its depth was not dangerous; and so, into the cave we went, — the first of human beings, most probably, who had entered it for two thousand years. The cave was a perfect circle, about sixty feet in diameter, and in height not above five feet: we could not stand upright: the water was about two feet deep, so that, unfortunately, it was impossible for us to ascertain if any object of interest was to be found on the floor, for the water became mudded very rapidly.† Probably some remains of bones might have been discovered; for the best authorities seem to consider them sepulchral. Peering narrowly about us, we perceived a hole that looked like a fox-hole. It was, however, barely big enough for us to crawl through; and we entered another cave, smaller, but similar in form and character. Another such passage led us into another such cave. We could find only those three, but have no doubt that others exist; indeed, we felt quite certain that another hole in the Rath, much about the size and character of the one we opened, would lead to precisely the same results — the discovery of a line of subterranean chambers; and we have little doubt that they go all round the hill. An old man pointed our attention to a spot somewhat distant, both from the entrance we explored, and that to which we now call attention, which he said he recollected to be named "the chimney," and which assuredly was an opening into a room under ground. The chambers we explored appeared to have been merely scooped out, and in a very rough manner; there was no evidence of the exercise of skill, except that the corners of two of the rooms were formed by a wall of uncemented stones, each about 14 inches by 7, and evi-

* One of them caught a very severe cold, in consequence of his visit below; and of course his illness was attributed to the effects of the curse upon all who put a spade in a Rath.

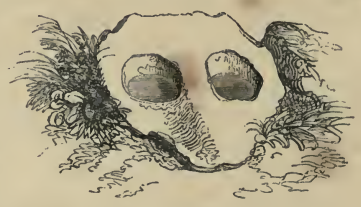
It is the invariable custom to fill up all such openings; first, because it is considered unlucky to the land to leave them open; and next, because occasionally they break the legs of cattle, whose feet stumble in them.

† The weather had been exceedingly wet for some days before our visit; water had therefore made its way into the cave: but that in dry seasons there was no water there, we had conclusive proof. On examining closely, we found the sides of the cave scraped in a singular manner, the marks being evidently fresh: a little reflection convinced us that this arose from the rabbits, who had made their way in, and had been searching about to find a way out.

dently selected with some care. These had been laid one above another from the floor to, we imagine, within two feet of the roof; they of course passed considerably higher than the rooms, which, we have observed, were only five feet high.

A question will naturally occur — what was the motive for forming this singular, and apparently useless, excavation: if constructed for human habitation, it would be difficult to devise one more unnaturally uncomfortable. In fact, no one who examines this series of chambers will for a moment entertain the idea that they were formed for human beings to live in. To determine their uses — whether for concealment, for religious rites, or for sepulchral purposes — must rest with others. We believe Mr. Windele is prosecuting researches that will throw light upon the singular subject; and that in the course of his inquiries he has examined several similar "caves" in various parts of the south of Ireland. This one, so near a neighbourhood where many persons will have leisure and inclination to gratify curiosity, may be considered as an acquisition of some value to the locality. At least, Sir Richard thinks we have added another lion to the many lions of Killarney; and will of course—and as in duty bound—be very happy to conduct any adventurous tourist through the three mysterious chambers: still more happy will he be, and far more gratified shall we be, to find him accompanying some one who will make further and more minute inquiries than we were enabled to make — opening the other entrance we have indicated, and making a discovery, compared to which ours may be a mere rabbit-hole.

We have still another Druidic remain to introduce to the reader. Those who walk in Lord Kenmare's beautiful demesne — opened to the townspeople on Sundays, and to strangers at all times — should on no account omit to visit the famous "Clough-na-Cuddy," the stone of Cuddy. It is surrounded by trees, chiefly hawthorn, of immense age and growth, and planted in a circle. From time immemorial this stone has been considered holy by the peasantry. It is visited continually by the ailing — the blind particularly, who wash their eyes with the water contained in two holes here indicated.



When the Tourist has examined Clough-na-Cuddy, the circle of Loisavigeen, the Logan Stone in the Gap, the Ogham Library, and OUR cave, he will have, perhaps, a clearer notion of the works of the Druids than he can have within an equally limited space elsewhere.

Another of the beautiful drives about Killarney is the drive to Lord Kenmare's Deer Park. The road to the right leads to a very extensive view, but that to the left conducts to a delicious little glen, through which the coquettish Deenagh meanders, — dimpling, and brawling, and eddying after the most fastidious fashion.

Let no one leave Killarney without rowing a mile or two down the Laune, and visiting Dunloe Castle by water;—as we did, in the "gloaming" of a summer evening, when the lake was calm—the grey fly floating on its surface, and the salmon and trout springing from the waters. As you turn into the Laune, the current flows so silently that you will wonder how it is you rush past the ferry, and then float on through a wilderness of water-beauty. The river widens at each side into little bays, over-arched by trees of the most luxuriant growth, and foliage of every tint; then turns, so that you get another view of the mountains of the Gap to the left; while on the right all is of the most soft and sylvan beauty; then "the bittern sounds his drum,"

"Booming from the sedgy shallow;"

or a heron flaps past; or the grey hawk screams from the mountains; and the small shriek of the plover is answered by the plunge which the wild duck or the coot makes into the water—disturbed from the rushes by the stroke of our oar, fall it ever so lightly; or perchance an eagle comes soaring from the cliffs, where his eyry has been time out of mind, not deigning to notice the world beneath; the small trout spring on both sides, so that the river is dimpled all over; every bush and brake is full of existence:—you hear the low of the mountain cattle, and the bleat of the wild goat; and you see the thin wreath of cottage smoke toiling through the atmosphere; and then there are fresh bays, and creeks, and huge trees lying almost across the stream; and a troop of ponies shake their ragged manes at you, and then neigh and gallop into the thicket; and the clouds that float above you, and above the glorious Reeks, are "fresh from the pavilion of the setting sun,"—some pale as the leaves of mountain-roses, or tinged with a faint primrose, or so filmy, and white, and tender, that you see the blue sky beyond them, and a star or two glancing therein; and then—but here stands the Castle on its bold promontory above the river—a firm, fearless-looking keep, approached by a steep hill-road, recalling, both by its shape and situation, one of the Rhine towers. Land by all means, and, as it is permitted, ascend; and, passing through a turngate, walk along the terrace, which commands a view of the magnificent slopes, which a little pains might easily convert into hanging gardens. The greater part of the kitchen-offices were burnt down by accident some years ago, so that the dwelling-castle has a gaunt and isolated appearance in accordance with the wild mountain scenery. Major Mahony's hospitality was known to every visitor of the Lakes in by-gone days; and his son, the present possessor of Dunloe Castle, is universally respected. We heard much to his honour in his immediate neighbourhood. We were never more struck by the grandeur of a situation than while rambling through the woods and by the river-side: the evening was deepening into night, and it became difficult to determine where the Reeks ended and the clouds began.

When we re-entered our boat, the mists were rolling up; the mountains, and the water, and atmosphere, appeared of the same tone of colour — almost of the same quality. Occasionally a distant bugle would tell the return of some party who had been rowing on the lake. As we passed the ferry, we could hear the chorus of a song, while the figures of the singers were dim and phantasmagoriac. On the flat beyond, lights sparkled through the windows of the picturesque residence on "Mahony's Point;" and so dim and indistinct had all things become before we reached the Victoria Pier, that the glancing lights in our hotel seemed dancing in mid-air.

There must be limits to every human work; and in book-making they are specially prescribed. Our space is exhausted before the subject.* Yet we cannot conclude our introduction to "the Lakes" without giving some account of that which every Tourist is pretty nearly certain to encounter — A WET DAY.

* Among the inducements to visit the Lakes, there is one we cannot omit to notice. For a description of it we must draw upon a friend, as we were not ourselves fortunate enough to witness it; we allude to one of Killarney's far-famed stag-hunts. Both our visits to the Lakes were paid during months when the young fawns were about, and when a "stag hunt" was impossible without doing much mischief. It is not generally known that the mountains abound with red deer. Torc alone contains many hundreds, and in the summer evenings they may be heard belling on all sides of its lake. The hounds are now kept by Mr. Herbert; — a famous pack, well suited to the wildness of these glens. The place of meeting on this occasion was Derricunnihy, the beautiful cascade on the Upper Lake. The morning was fine, and we procured one of the many fine boats which are to be hired at Killarney. They were all in requisition; nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene as we threaded along the various windings between the Upper and Lower Lakes; boats, lustily manned, filled with ladies, whose gay attire and cheerful faces caused even the mountains to sing with pleasure, — for the merry laugh from each boat as it passed the far-famed Eagle's Nest was returned tenfold by its echoes, which kept up a constant reply to the view-halloo of the boatmen, the bugle of the helmsman, and the fainter cadence of the female voice. At length we reached the Upper Lake, and were surprised at the number, beauty, and appointments of the various boats; — Lord Headley's with his crew, Mr. O'Connell's, O'Sullivan's, &c. &c., the flags bearing their respective mottoes, all eagerly awaiting the moment of action. At length Mr. Herbert arrived in a splendid cutter, manned by some old college friends, himself pulling stroke — his blue banner bearing the title of his bark, the "Colleen Dhas" (the beautiful maid). The hounds were now laid on, and soon made the echoes ring with their music. We pulled along shore parallel with their cry; at length we turned into a bay at the bottom of the lake, and then lay-to by the advice of our boatmen. We had scarcely reached the spot when the helmsman raised his hand in silence, and pointed towards the glens; we saw a majestic stag bounding towards us. Within a few yards of our boat he dashed into the lake, and was quickly followed by the hounds, tracking him with fatal accuracy. They soon reached the opposite shore, and climbed the mountain side; at length the bugle sounded, and a hundred voices proclaimed that the monarch of Torc had fallen. The novelty of the scene, the excitement of the peasantry, the beauty of the rowing — all contributed to render interesting this novel pastime.

Lower Lake of Killarney

We shall picture one — or rather two — and require no aid from fancy.

Pour — pour — pour — a thorough day of Killarney rain — pour — pour — pour — unceasingly. The noble trees of Mucross absolutely bend beneath the weight of waters. The cock who crowed so proudly yesterday, and carried his tail as if it were a Repeal-banner, has just tottered past, his crested neck stooped, and his long feathers trailing in the mud; — the hens have disappeared altogether. The pigs! — no one ever did see a pig at liberty about Cloghreen; — compulsatory stay-at-homes! But there is a pony waiting to carry some one up Mangerton — his ears laid back, and the water flowing down his sides. Three of the glen girls, with their goats'-milk and potteen, have stood for at least two hours under what, in ordinary weather, would be called "the shelter of the trees," — but now the trees look as if they themselves wanted shelter. And so the glen girls — with their yellow streaming hair — and piggins and bottles, and cracked tea-cups — have disappeared. Dill, poor little fuzzy-faced dog, has crept into the parlour wet and shivering, — and is now looking up at the fire, composed of logs of holly and huge lumps of turf — in a *distrait* sort of way — not grinning as usual, the nearest approach to a human laugh we ever saw on a dog's face. The men who passed and repassed yesterday, carrying hampers of turf slung across their shoulders — what has become of them? Certainly they did not hurry at their occupation, but took it easy — "very asy;" lounging along in a somnambulist sort of style, indicative of a strong desire for repose. A few of the village children have passed to the pretty school; and they have either galloped through the rain like young rough-shod colts, or gone in detachments — threes and fours — sheltered beneath their mother's cloak — a moving tent of grey or blue cloth. Every thing appears shivering and nerveless — Nature's energies seem washed away — the calf that was "mooing" all yesterday to its mother has not the spirit now to move its tasselled tail, or raise its ears, or ask for a drop of milk. The gentle patient "fishing gentleman," whom three years ago we left in a boat on Torc Lake, and discovered on the very same spot this summer — he whose name is never mentioned without a blessing — has come forth — looked up — shook his head twice at the clouds — then disappeared altogether, to tie flies — or perhaps count, as we have been doing, the number of rain-drops hanging from the window-frame — and wondering which will fall first. A little shock-headed girl, whose wild eyes glitter from out her hair, her cloak hanging in what artists call *wet drapery* around her, has just brought in news that the bridge is under water. — "The Flesk Bridge!" we repeat in astonishment. "No, de road ladin' from Klarney town to de bridge." "And how did you come?" "Trough de water." The little girl's arrival is an event; for we seem shut in from every external thing this morning, save the sound of the pouring rain: even the arbutus girls, the Killarney accompaniments, have not made their

appearance. If we open a book we cannot read, for we are watching to see if there is any chance of the clouds breaking; we look out of the window, grumbling, and discontented, instead of being thankful that we are not undergoing quarantine in the dirty beggar-crowded town of Killarney, instead of Roche's pretty Hotel at Cloghreen — or, as it was once called, Droumirourk, — at the foot of broad-backed Mangerton, almost within sound of the thunder of Torc Waterfall, and opposite the bowers and groves of Mucross. How different is the soft splashy sound of the bare-footed peasants, who, at long intervals, slop past the windows, to the sharp clinking pattens of English dwellers in country villages! We have heard no baying from the deep-mouthed hounds this morning, though usually they make the village ring with it — particularly if Spillane or young Gandsey sound their bugles. If the rain ceases even for a minute, thrush and blackbird burst into a loud song of joy, — and Jerry, most attentive of waiters, watchful, for our sakes, of the weather, pops in to tell us, "that though it's terrible rain intirely for the time of year — glory be to God! — yet the glass is rising, or — going to rise." Then Mr. Roche comes in with information, that never was any thing so magnificent as the boiling flood at the Old Weir bridge caused by last night's storm; — and that we really must drive to Dinis Island, and see it — no matter "the pour;" we might come to Killarney a hundred times — and never see the Old Weir in so much glory; the foresters have been in the woods since daybreak, clearing away the branch-wrecks of the hurricane; and the torrent wreaths itself into foam — curling above the arches. Our worthy landlord says it is worth enduring a week's confinement from rain and storm to see the Lakes fuller than they have been for twenty years; to see the Old Weir foaming and shaking — and to see Torc Waterfall dashing down his eighty-foot torrent — with as much zeal and energy as if he was "got up" to please the Queen! It is therefore decided that though the rain pours as violently as ever; that though Jerry — always ready to hope in the very teeth of despair — can only say he thinks "the glass has a *mind* to rise;" still we are to drive to Dinis Island in a covered car — and there get out and look at the Old Weir in his "flurry." At what hour are we to set out? Mr. Roche, the most provident of all major-domos, says at twelve; but then comes the question, by which of the TWO CLOCKS are our movements to be decided? Mr. Roche shook his head and smiled — he, or some one else, had regulated the clocks yesterday; and yet — the clocks would not keep together!

Clocks have been remarkable for having a will and a way of their own since their creation: one would almost fancy it impossible for so much obstinacy to be enclosed in such proper, discreet-looking mahogany cases. But these *two clocks* appear to us to be more opposed to each other's opinions than any clocks we ever met before. When first we came, if the hall clock struck three, the clock on the landing would remain most obstinately silent for about three quarters

of an hour, when it would, in a loud and decided tone of voice, proclaim the hour to be two; in another quarter the hall commander would maintain the justness of his own opinion by striking four, which statement the landing clock would reply to some time after by saying it was three: the housemaids seemed to think the landing clock was the most correct, because "it was the ouldest." Jerry put faith in neither, but, treating both with singular disrespect, always appealed to his "own repater," which he said kept good Cork time. We think the cook must have had an oracle of her own, for she certainly did not keep time either with the hall or the landing. The three quarters' opposition had ceased during the last two days: but the two clocks had gone off on another tack; the hall clock would begin gravely and soberly to tell forth the hour, and, supposing it was five when it struck as far as three, whir! bang! the landing clock would begin — strike, strike, strike, as fast as possible, until it got on to the insane number of thirteen or fifteen, when, as if out of breath from the exertion, it would make a sudden pause, and then mutter one or two click clicks, as much as to say "I talked him down." We asked the housemaid what she had to say to her favourite after that; and she replied, that "the hands were right enough, but that it had grown weak inside from hard work." The clocks were evidently of opposite parties, so opposed to each other that they would not work together: whatever one proclaimed right, the other protested to be wrong. The one in the hall had four anchors at the four corners of its fair clean face, emblematic, doubtless, of its maker's hope that it would keep good time. There are castles and a ship at the top — Black Rock Castle, perhaps; the maker's name, "James Byrom, Cork," a right good name. Now for the one, the opposition clock, that will not hear what his neighbour has to say, but *will* talk him down; while the other, just as violently, continues on his own course. The landing clock is simply ornamented with a bunch of roses, "James Byrom, Cork!" — both by the same maker, both made in the same town, both probably by the same hands, both perhaps out of the very same tree! — yet — no harmony between them; rather than go together they will both go wrong: if the clockmaker set them alike, and we think they are proceeding harmoniously together, some shake, or "filthy pebble in the wheel of justice," is sure to set them at loggerheads again: if they jog on in clicking amity for half an hour, be sure they differ upon some mite, some flaw, some thread of time, in which neither are right; and so away they go, in error both, and, what is worse, setting the whole house by the ears, because of their trumpery party differences, which, like the big Endians and little Endians of Gulliver, seem matters of nothing to all else in the world.

But it is a matter of moment to be ready in time for our car, — inculcating a lesson of punctuality in others by being punctual ourselves. So we agree to "never mind" the clocks, but attend to Jerry's watch, which is "always with Cork;" and the driver Jerry, being as quick and anxious to gratify us as the waiter Jerry,

we migrate from the dwelling house to the covered car. It is a sort of miniature waggon; and though the wind still blows, and the rain still pours, we heed neither, but drive through the Mucross gate, opened by the civil Nolan. Certainly the Kerry people are the civilest and gentlest in all Ireland,—ever ready and good-natured. It pours incessantly; yet the driver Jerry, heedless of the rain, only hopes we shall get a view of something, for we deserve it. The beautiful cows are grouped under the trees that so often afford them shelter—but now each leaf is a water-spout. We can only distinguish the outline of the Abbey — pour — pour — the lake has overflowed all its banks, and we splash through the water where the road is generally high and dry. Suddenly, as we arrive at Brickeen Bridge, the rain ceases, and while we get out of the car the sun bursts forth through the gorged clouds; his face has a damp drowned aspect, yet words convey no idea of the effect of the sudden sunshine on the landscape; the view, both to the right and left, created, as it were, in a moment by the sudden burst of light, is magical; the clouds roll up the mountains—woods, hills, valleys, rocks, cascades, are all illuminated: but, in less time than we have taken to write this line, the sun is again enclosed by a wall of black clouds; the vapours pour down the mountains, and we are thankful, as we ought to be, for the shelter of the "covered car." We dash through the drive that girdles the beautiful demesne; up hill and down dale; Jerry pausing every now and then, and exclaiming, "Oh! den, but it is a pity! dere is a beautiful view, just dere!—Well, praise to de Almighty, but it is a wonderful day of rain, and no end to it." We get out at Dinis Island, and walk through the pouring shower to the best point for seeing the Old Weir. Ay! that is indeed worth seeing—it is almost impossible to believe we have ever glided under that arch, as if floating on air; the mountain streams are rushing down on every side; they have roused the lake; torrent meets torrent in fierce encounter; they lash each other, and foam and raise their crested heads, until the Old Weir bridge seems to sink into the raging flood. It is really very glorious—"well worth the trouble?"—yes—certainly—*very* well worth seeing, although it be of all others the thing in nature most distasteful—a beauty in a passion.

Again the rain has ceased—paused suddenly. According to Jerry, "de day has taken up for good;" and, after a little more driving, we arrive at the mysterious-looking green gate that admits to the path leading to the Torc Waterfall. We climb the ascent, slippery though it is; and certainly the waterfall is beautiful—roaring in its pride of power as it dashes on—one mass of crystal foam over the ledge; we never saw it in such perfection. The surrounding woods are so dark and heavy from recent rain, that the foaming torrent looks doubly bright; in general, there is a yellow tone of colour, as if some clayey matter was mingled with the water; but here every drop is clear—pure—transparent—pellucid. From the height where we stand to the lowest fall it is one mass of sparkling

crystal: the sunbeams fall occasionally upon the haze that floats like a halo above the falls, imparting the hues of earth's brightest gems to the trembling dews — violet and amber — a hundred tints of light and glory.

As we entered our hotel the clocks were at loud variance; the hall clock deliberately beating three, while that on the landing rattled on — ding — ding — ding — until it paused, from fatigue it is to be supposed, at twelve.

"The clocks are gone to folly," said Jerry; "but it is well to have a repater in the house that keeps Cork time."

Courteous reader! Has our wet day wearied you? Not, perhaps, if you have been actually shut up, because the pour, pour, has kept you a prisoner; and, if you have had no rain, you have been better occupied than in testing the truth of this picture. We shall try your patience, however; for having described a wet day at Roche's, we must, in common fairness, describe one at the Victoria! Remember we spent ten days at the one hotel, and ten days at the other; and do you imagine we passed twenty days with but ONE "wet day?"

We had attended service in the pretty church of Aghadoe, which the good taste of Lady Headley is rendering exceedingly picturesque by the addition of a tower. After service we had a delightful drive through the Headley Woods, catching occasional glimpses of the lakes and the surrounding scenery; the coney and the hare crossing the road and bounding up the tangled banks every moment. We hastened through the drives; for the mountains were backed by a deep lurid light, and huge drops of rain splashed amid the trees, — mountain mutterings told of the coming storm. We had hardly reached the shelter of our hotel when the thunder began in right down earnest; and glorious it was — commencing behind the Reeks, rushing through the Gap of Dunloe — then, bursting forth anew above the Toomies, and shaking the echoes of Glenà, pealing hoarsely through the glens and fastnesses of Mangerton — broad, hoary Mangerton! — while the lightning played like a diadem around the beautiful brow of Torc. We sat at the open window of the Victoria, which commanded a panoramic view of the mountains we have named — Inisfallen sleeping in the dark waters of the lake beneath. Every other sound was hushed — even the rail ceased its croaking; — all was silent, save the eagle, whose broken wing secures its liberty in the grounds of the hotel; and as it sat upon the garden-seat, its head outstretched to the mountains, to which it could never soar, it answered each fresh peal of thunder with a scream, bending as if to listen for the echoes, which, rolling amid the mountains, now loudly, now indistinctly, were indeed most glorious! Sometimes the thunder crashed, as if one fierce cloud encountered another — and then the royal bird clapped his wing as if in triumph. We would have given much to have seen him soaring away through the storm, — one of the grandest, the boatman said, they had witnessed for many years.

And now that we have advised the reader how even out of a wet day at Killarney he may obtain some enjoyment, let us bid the pleasant subject farewell.

The Tourist who follows in our track will not require to be told that we have rendered very insufficient justice to the exceeding beauty of the Killarney Lakes; or that we have passed over some objects of great interest and value, from which he will not fail to derive amusement, instruction, and enjoyment. It is indeed difficult, if it be not actually impossible, to convey a notion of the numerous and wonderful attractions of these Lakes. The pen of the writer and the pencil of the artist will equally fail to picture them, for they are undergoing perpetual changes that cannot be described; and it will not be easy to recognise at noon, or at evening, the scenes that may have been closely examined, and even copied, in the morning; so infinitely varied are the effects produced by the peculiar fluctuations of light and shade that occur over the whole district—the islands, the shores, the water, and the mountains.

Yet, we trust, our main purpose has been worked out; — to supply an agreeable and useful Companion to those who visit the district, and to increase the number of Tourists thither, by exhibiting the almost inexhaustible fund of enjoyment supplied by

THE KILLARNEY LAKES.

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